THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W[illegible]
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Clarence Budington Kelland — Albert W. Atwood — Will Irwin — Frederic Coleman
Rob Wagner — Charles E. Van Loan — Joseph Hergesheimer — Stewart Edward White

FREE BOOKLET

If your dealer does not carry Everlastic Roofings and Barrett Specialties, write us and we will send you illustrated folder telling more about them.

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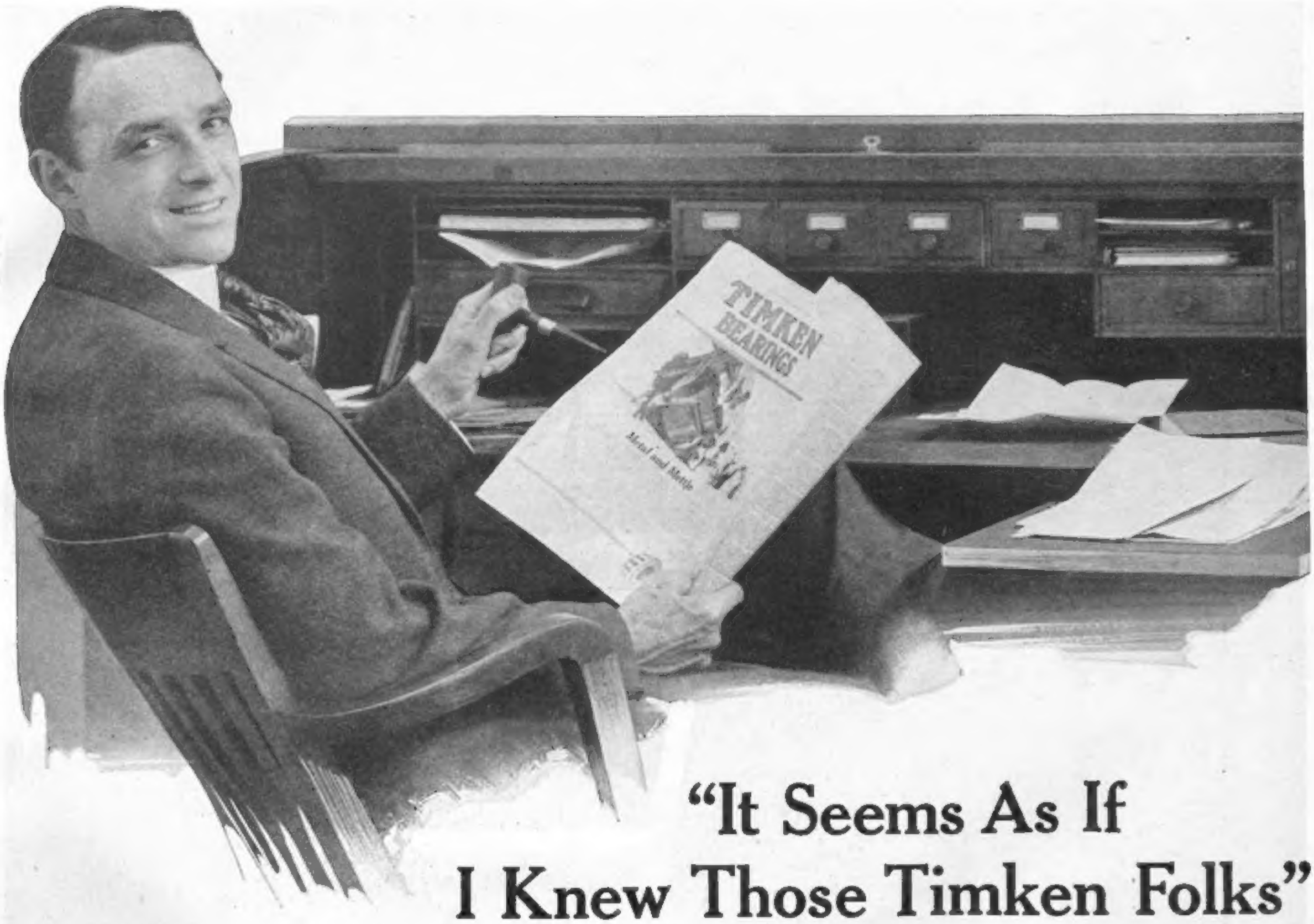

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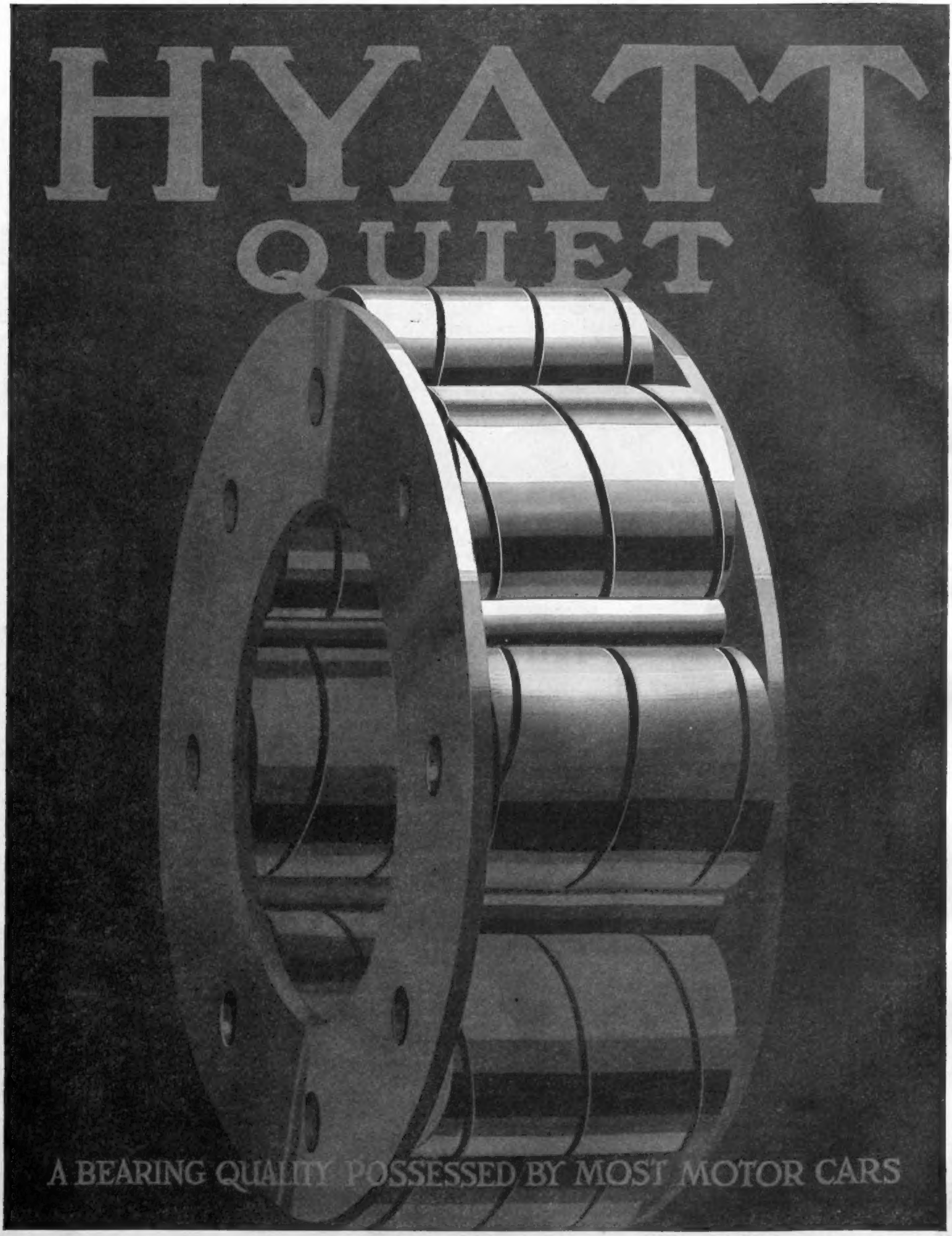
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Why Does a Crowd Look Down a Hole?

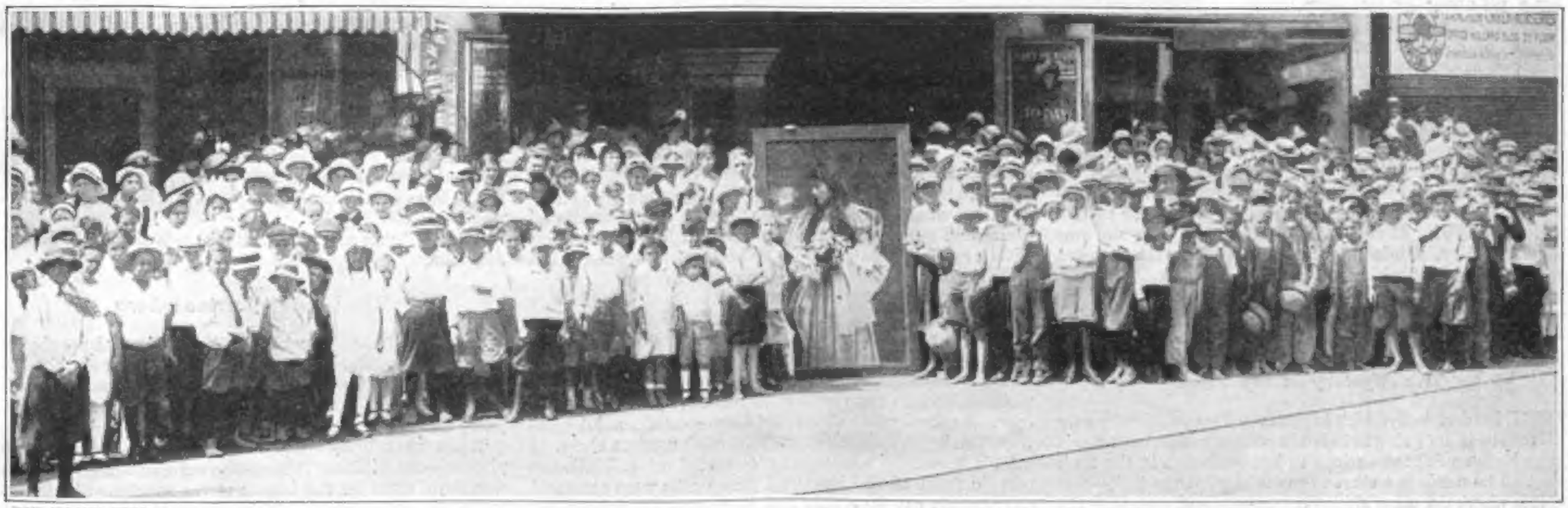

PHOTO. BY C. LABAL, FRESNO

The Kids Flock to the Saturday Specials, Where Kid Prices Obtain

By Rob Wagner

WHY does a crowd look down a hole? That sounds foolish, but it really is a profound question. It took me years to find the answer. I also know why men who shave every day of the week will stop and watch a gesticulating mute sharpen a razor in a drug-store window. And it is because I know these things and a lot of others—as apparently piffling—that I am one of the most successful moving-picture exhibitors in the country.

This story is to be essentially about You—and your tastes and idiosyncrasies—but incidentally it will be about Me. For years I have been purveying your fun and entertainment, so, as much as I loathe doing it, I've simply got to talk about Me—if only as an introduction to You.

In the spring of my sophomore year at Unity College, Connecticut, I received an urgent request from the president of that institution to leave its classic walls and nevermore come back. And all because I got up a wonderful side show wherein I had joyfully bunked the whole college, including the faculty. The students all thought I had shown delicious humor, but faculties are serious institutions and do not like to be kidded. Their salaries are such grim jokes that they forget how to laugh. From the day of my matriculation the Prex eyed me askance. He seemed to think I was going to frisk his watch or paint something on his bald head. I have never seen such a suspicious nature, and when I staged that side show he was sure I was bent on wrecking the institution.

"Young man," said the great educator, "I'm afraid you are in the wrong place. Your talents are likely to express themselves better in entertainment than in engineering. You might do very well with a circus."

"You are right, sir," I replied in clear, ringing tones; "the mechanical problems of digging a great hole never seemed half so fascinating to me as why the whole village would stop to look into one, and why the crowd is always in direct proportion to the depth."

The poor man thought I was spoofing him and he left me most abruptly. Next day I received a notice to go away from there. But I really meant what I said—I was lots more interested in people than paraboloids.

And then, just to rub it in, I got this dear little trade-last from my old man: "Harrie, I'm afraid you are no good. You would rather fool an audience with a deck of cards than work. You don't take life seriously, so I'm going to let you bump your head." And this from a man born in the state that boasts of wooden nutmegs and reveres the name of P. T. Barnum! None of my family cared much for me, and that made the compliments just even. New England ancestors are not congenitally joyous, so my love of the passing show was beyond their understanding. When an offspring doesn't run true to type the biologists call it a sport. I was a sport.

With fifty dollars and a ticket to Chicago my tearful family thought they were sending me out into a cold, cold wur-ruld—but they weren't. On the contrary I went right to heaven—for the year was 1893, and the Midway was ablaze. World's Fairs may come and go, but all showmen date their calendars from that glorious carnival.

Needless to say I lived on the Midway—got a job there, in fact, spieling in pantomime for the Turkish Theater. Let those who liked spend their time in Machinery Hall or among the canned prunes of the food show; I was more interested in the human procession that was on pleasure bent—and many broke. That fair clinched my career.

I'll not take time to recite my ten years' experiences as a showman, for I wish to talk about You; but I will just remark that I ran the whole gamut—spieler, grinder, black face, ringmaster, vodvil, carnival showman, lecturer and moving-picture exhibitor.

Once, at a circus in Buffalo, I stood, in my silk hat and high varnished boots, within ten feet of my two married sisters, and they never dreamed that the handsome ringmaster was their little Harrie.

I was pretty young at this time, and though my adventures may seem useless and perhaps undignified I was learning valuable lessons. If one wishes to purvey amusement to his fellow men he must know the psychology of crowds and audiences, and I know of no better place to study them than at a carnival, for here the successes, side by side with the failures, will discover to the analytical mind just what the people like and why they like it.

This brings us up to You; and to explain how the showman gets your number and attacks your loose change I shall disclose the mystic workings of a typical side show. Parenthetically I wish to state that Barnum was platitudinous when he said that the world wished to be fooled. We all know that.

A side show is a direct challenge to the crowd, and goes jousting for victims with rare understanding of human weaknesses. There are three

Even the Country Theaters Have Pretty Big Auditoriums

distinct parts to the attack. First is the ballyhoo, which is a performance or demonstration in front, simply to attract attention. A sword-swallower, acrobat or Turkish lady will bally for a few minutes, or perhaps—as in a tank show—a fellow will blow a bugle, and when the simple villagers turn their heads he will call out: "Come up close, brother, and I'll prove to you that an alligator has no tongue!" These devices invariably work.

A tank show always pulls well, for it stimulates the curiosity of even the most sophisticated and blasé villager. The layout of this particular hokum is familiar to most men—few have remained unstung. An elevated platform, preferably a gaudy circus wagon, has in its center a pit about six feet deep, and round it, waist high, runs a board railing over which the spectators may peer at the mystery below. It is to this interrogation that the ballyhoo has lured you with his alligator.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF LLOYD BACON

Uncle Tom's Cabin Under Canvas in the Old Show Days

Attack Number Two is called the opening. When the boobs have seen for themselves that an alligator is tongueless, another chap, the opener, begins his spiel about the beautiful mermaid in the tank. Half girl, half fish! Captured on the island of Bazz-baa-zook by a party of British sailors—alive! Alive! Alive! He only says she was captured alive. Curiosity is further roused by the eloquent faces of two men looking intently into the tank. What can it be? It must be alive! These two absorbed spectators are shills—a shillaber being a professional patron working with the show or free-lancing all over the carnival.

The Mystery in the Tank

THE hardest-boiled hick in the crowd may feel quite sure that he is not going to behold a real mermaid, but by this time he is so darned curious to know what is in the tank that all he needs is a start to make him hit the trail—and this is where the other shills play trumps and stampede the enemy up the hill. The signal—called "shillabers all"—for this advance is given by the spieler when he mentions the "price." As the magic word is uttered the shills begin to move forward, ostentatiously elbowing and pushing—and the crowd with them—toward the stairs. Lest there be a let-down at this important moment another individual, known as the grinder, begins a loud and hurry-up patter of no particular information, but of great volume and excitement.

When the grown-up children are lined up round the railing, looking foolishly into the tank, the spieler will call out: "Well, what do you think of it, boys?" and a couple of shills will nod approvingly and say "Great!" There are always a few short sports who crab when they have been stung for ten cents, even though they expected it. When one of these glooms comes down the stairs the spieler will go up and, putting his arm round his shoulder, will soothingly call him brother, and ask him how he liked the show, and the grouch will whisper "Rotten!" With that the spieler slaps him on the back and calls out loudly "That's what they all say! The greatest show on the lot!" Even a crab will often laugh at such triumphant impertinence.

In the cooch shows—that's short for hoochie-coochie—the shills have another way of stampeding the merry-makers into loosening up on chicken feed. When the little dancer, after a few harmless wiggles, suggests that a slight donation would not be spurned, the shills begin tossing in dimes and quarters, and the boobs herd in. No man out with a carnival bunch wishes to be thought a piker—and the showman capitalizes this human weakness.

You may wonder what all this has to do with exhibiting moving pictures. Lots. It taught me many things about human joys and vanities—things people like, and how.

Most folks are ashamed to display their finer emotions in the fierce white light of day, but in the half-light of the picture theater even the toughest will oft uncork his feelings. I gained most of my light on your shameful emotionalism in the dark while traveling with a prison show.

This sparkling amusement consisted of a black-top tent, in front of which several prison cells were canvased off, wherein sat four pale and hopeless striped convicts, solemnly guarded by a pair of villainous keepers. The program inside included a few gaudy colored slides, two hundred feet of moving-picture prison stuff—with a fake hanging—and my lecture.

Without making it too strong, I'll have to admit that Mr. W. Sunday had nothing on me when it came to making an audience leak all over its shirt front. As the pictures unfolded the unhappy episodes in the life of the lad who went wrong, I told an excruciatingly pathetic tale of temptation, crime and retribution. Standing in the deep shadows I could look out upon the sympathetic faces of my auditors, and I would play upon their simple hearts as one would upon a violin. When I got to the final slide depicting the last resting place of the erring youth, I pulled out all the sob stops.

If you can withstand the dreadful pathos of the following monologue it is because you are missing the rich resonance of my sad and tremulous voice. Stronger men than you have dissolved in tears before this recital:

The prison graveyard—a treasury of shattered careers. This desolate spot has no stately monuments or marble shafts; not even a stone of any kind. A pine board stuck here and there denotes the spot where some poor unfortunate has gone to an unknown grave, rather than have some fond mother, sister or sweetheart know of his dishonored end. When new, these boards bear the name and the date of death, but the elements soon obliterate the writing; the board rots away, and no record remains. It is only one more career ended, while perhaps in some distant state a fond old mother is waiting and longing for the return of her wayward son.

The years roll on. Still she longs, and wonders what his fate might be, until finally she goes to her own grave, never knowing that her lost boy died in prison and fills a nameless grave.

[Gradually the lights fade down to almost total darkness.]

The drops of evening dews are the only tears that ever water these unkept mounds—and the night wind—soughing in the tree tops—is the only mourner that ever sings a requiem—to Somebody's Boy.

What; is it raining without? No, friends; that is but the spattering of salted tears upon the heaving chests of men.

"Bunk!" you say. All right; so was the art of Joseph Jefferson.

The Value of Atmosphere

THE prison show taught me that elemental people are immensely interested in crime and punishment, for the reason that it does—or may at any time—so closely touch their own lives. I also learned the great value of atmosphere and symbolism in the show business.

When next I went out with a three-reel white-slave picture—one of those It-may-be-your-girl things—I got a wonderful slant on the female of the species. She is lots more curious than the male. The show was a very feeble picturing of the underworld, which the most prudent censor would pass with joy, but I always endeavored to shock the town with great expectations. By inviting the mayor, chief of police and uplift presidents to a private view of the film, I'd get the town all worked up, so that when the foolish censors passed the picture the men couldn't get in because their wives had packed the theater. In the ordinary crook picture it is amazing how an audience will sympathize with the criminal. In real life they would be chasing the poor dip all over the landscape.

My first regular movie house was typical of the average theater of that time. A loud, blatant orchestrion over the doorway ripped off discordances that could be heard for blocks, and accompanied the tumultuous reels of train robberies and acrobats quite irrespective of the theme. Having no magazines, the film was run into baskets, which necessitated an illustrated song or lecture so that the operator would have time to rewind.

Sometimes the theater would be full by eight A. M., and we'd run till eleven at night. In order to empty the house as often as possible I would speed up the films until they became a riot. I remember once projecting

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE WOODLEY COMPANY

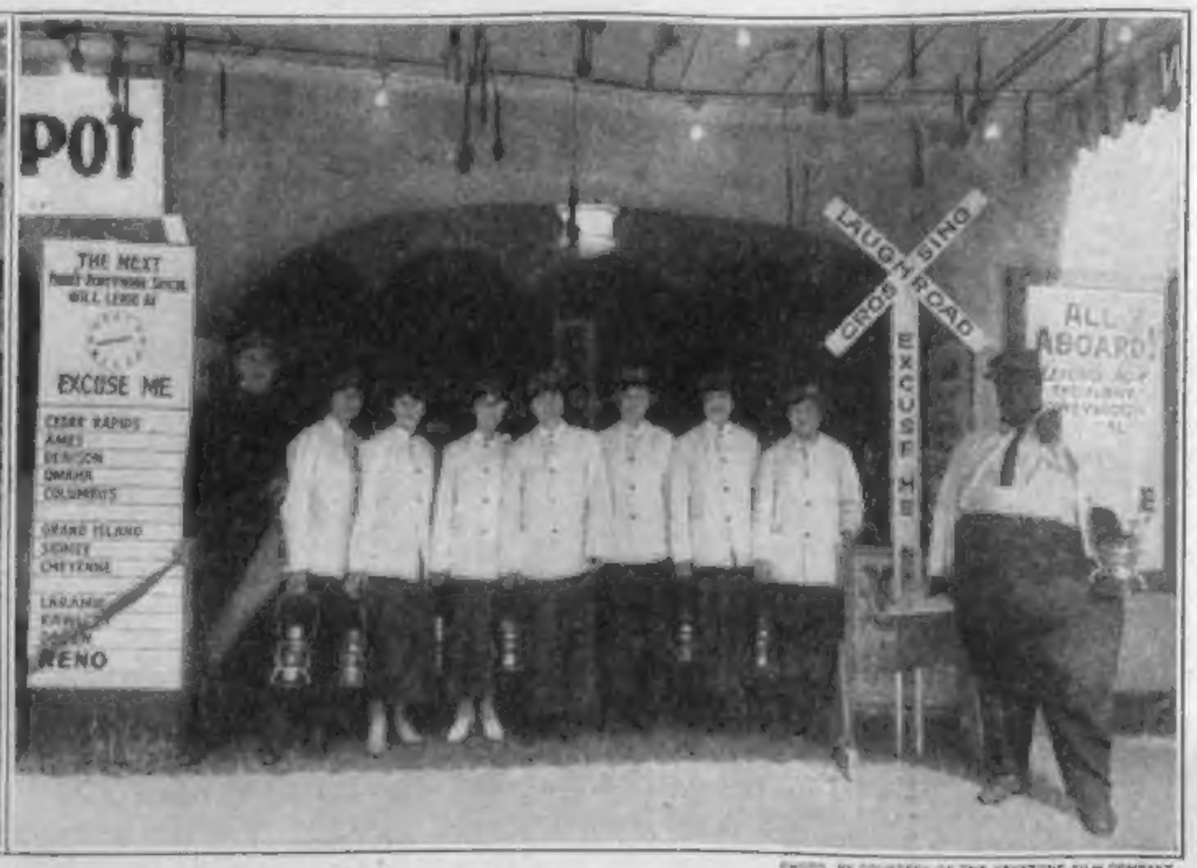

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE KEYSTONE FILM COMPANY

A Present-Day "Front." In the Early Days We Used the Ballyhoo to Attract the Crowd

Roosevelt through the jungles of Africa as though the great faunal naturalist was on casters; and time and again I would pull out two reels and even three so that we could run in a new crowd every few minutes.

A front is a strong card with the gentle Mexican and his gentler American brother, so I went to a lithographing house and grabbed off the darnedest lot of old road-show posters depicting robberies, chokings and other pleasantries, which I used as bait for the bunch. Often the pictures had little to do with the show inside, but the hicks forgot about them when in their seats.

Later we opened a theater whose front looked like a bejeweled seashell, with hundreds of vivacious lights blinking away in luminous pursuit. A five-piece band ballyhooed the passer-by, while within we had a pianist to accompany the pictures. This latter performer was not a great artist—didn't know one key from another, in fact—but he was a bear at improvisation. There wasn't a fellow on the street who could play like him.

It will be noticed that I have lately been saying "we." Ethel was a public stenographer in a hotel in Kansas City when I chloroformed her; and what I didn't know about humans she had learned in that intimate and mysterious profession. Incidentally she has been the determining factor of our fortunes, and if at present we happen to own three of the best theaters in the Middle West she has earned two of them. Also she supplied the good looks to little Raoul, whom we are bringing up to be a producer.

But to resume. All this time we were making a close study of our audiences that ultimately was to be worth much to us. We found out, for instance, that there was a great difference in the character of the crowds that came during the day. At noon we caught the clerks and stenographers, who, having wasted five minutes at a one-armed dairy lunch, had only about fifty minutes to see a show—so it was unwise to let them in on the middle of a long feature picture. We gave them a few snappy one-reelers. In the afternoon came the shoppers and the schoolgirls, so we handed them sweets and romanticism. The evening performance brought the family and the full program.

We learned that nowadays few people care for costume plays. The characters are so far removed from our daily lives that it seems difficult to get our minds into sentimental sympathy with a fellow in tights and tin weskits—the most romantic girl feels that the hero is not real.

She knows perfectly well that no knight will carry her off to his castle keep—insurance brokers don't make love that way. But in a modern play there is always a possibility that her life may parallel the heroine's, and a millionaire in disguise may at that moment be living at her boarding house.

Whenever we put on a big historical feature we raised our prices, put in an orchestra and got a full house—but, alas, they were not our regular patrons! It was a higher-class crowd that was no doubt familiar with the classic from which the picture had been dramatized. The next week we would have to come out with a good strong picture of our favorite vamp or hero in order to get back our own clientele.

In the early days of the films no one dreamed of applauding a photo-drama any more than of stopping to clap an author of a book one was reading; but as the pictures grew better they seemed more real; celluloid emotions began to react upon the audience, and many, no doubt, wished to applaud but felt foolish when they realized that there was nobody there to receive their tribute. One Los Angeles theater runs a slide inviting the audience to applaud when pleased, because, in that center of filmdom, "the person sitting beside you may be a director, actor or camera man of the film you are witnessing."

My training as a shill taught me how to direct the herd instincts of a crowd over just such embarrassments. Lulu, our *pianiste*, was appointed bellwether to the sovereign

(Continued on Page 50)

THE SOURCE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

FOUR men were loading a flat car. They worked in pairs, going two by two into an adjacent shed, to reappear with an object similar to a sack of flour between them, only the object was longer and somewhat limper. They would then approach the car, swing their burden back and forth a time or two to gain momentum and hurl it with enthusiasm to the planking of the car.

Sometimes the load lay perfectly still where it fell; sometimes it twitched uneasily or gave forth a sound similar to a human grunt or groan.

The burdens possessed other points of similarity to humankind. Each had two arms and two legs, each had shoulders which continued upward into something unpleasant to see, which might have been compared to a human head. There the similarity ended. Sixteen of them were loaded onto the flat car, then the largest of the four loaders vaulted up beside them and regarded them dispassionately.

In and Out He Danced. Again and Again He Struck

"Sweet lot of birds!" said he, and proceeded deliberately to walk from one end of the car to the other upon the bodies. He had no end to serve in doing this. It would have been easier to drop to the ground and walk, but the thing was characteristic of the man. It was his fashion of advertising his wares, for he was one who aspired to rule by fear, and he left undone no act which might inflate the legend fast growing up about him in the Vermont woods.

"Where'd these here come from, Langlois?" asked one of the loaders.

"Bums out of the Boston gutter," said the big man in a soft voice. "Them's the kind of woodsmen we're calc'lated to git out thirty thousand cord of pulp wood with this year. Huh!"

It was so. Aboard that car were sixteen bits of human wreckage who, unfortunately for them, had been cast up on the unfriendly beach of a certain bums' lodging house. The proprietor of the lodging house had profitable arrangements with an employment agency, which included the sale of his boarders into bondage. The boarders were given drink to insensibility, were loaded on cars with a competent guard to see that none became sober and escaped, and were shipped where there was present need of them.

This time the shipment was made to the Green Mountain Pulp Company, to be whipped into something resembling a company of lumberjacks. Lumberjacks! There was hardly a man among them that had ever seen a tree not growing behind an iron park fence or between sidewalk and pavement. The race of lumberjacks had vanished from the hills; but from time to time a few were imported at great pains from Canada or from Maine. Hitherto these had been pieced out with day laborers, with Italians, Polacks, anything that could be made to do. Now with the great war moving toward its second year the laborers departed from the mountains, lured to steel mill, munitions factory and industrial plant by promise of undreamed of wages, and their places had to be filled, for spruce must be cut and converted into pulp, or a public hungry for news, hungry for magazines and books, would go unsatisfied. For the spruce tree is literature at its ultimate source. Therefore, the bums from Boston!

Toward the middle of that squalid mass of creatures a bearded, dead-eyed face arose slowly. Its owner blinked, looked owlishly about to find that his elbow was resting on a neighbor's ribs. He shifted, sat more erect, and bobbed his head in what must have been intended for a bow in the direction of the owner of the ribs.

"I beg your pardon," he said. Then he sank back with mutterings to brutish sleep.

Langlois looked down at him and then looked at his helpers.

"Did you get that?" he asked. "What'll be comin' up to us next? 'I beg your pardon!'" Quite evidently the big man was nonplused, for he remained silent a moment, staring at the bum. "Now hain't that a sweet piece of meat to whittle into a lumberjack!"

Presently an excitable little narrow-gauge engine came fussing onto the switch and attached itself to the flat car and an accompanying train of timber trucks. Langlois and his men sat on the flat, their feet dangling over the side, and settled themselves for their twenty-mile ride back into the hills. The little engine bustled away with them.

Soon they passed out from the mills and yards and the laborers' shacks about the mills, and rolled along the river's edge. Below, white water boiled and rushed over a rocky bed; above, the mountain, forest-clad, rose upward and upward. Over them blew the breath of the spruce woods; over the sixteen men on the flat car it blew as well, and they drew it into their abused lungs. Such tonic had never before been theirs. There was a tingle to it, a life, a cleanness that carried away the fumes of cheap liquor, and awakened and refreshed them.

They began to seethe, to roll, to toss and flounder. One by one they sat up dazedly, clutching throbbing heads, peering about dully, affrightedly, curiously, as was the nature of each individual. They began to take stock of themselves, of each other and of their situation, mumbling

He Found Himself Led With His Fellow Bums Over a Tote Road, Which He Did Not Recognize as a Road at All

to each other suspiciously, eying Langlois and his men furtively.

"Say, pardner," said one, emboldened by his curiosity, "where are we at?"

"None of your business," said Langlois dispassionately. "Lay down and shut up." The man who had astounded Langlois by his language spoke again.

"It seems to me," he said in a well-modulated if somewhat hoarse voice, still capable of expressing courtesy, "that we are entitled to so much. Why not satisfy our curiosity?"

"Because I hain't goin' to," said Langlois.

"Then," said the man, "I will guess. I should say we were either in New Hampshire or Vermont, on our way to the lumber camps. I guess lumber camps because of your manners. They seem to be that kind."

Langlois turned and glared at the man. In the glare were both ferocity and appraisal, for one who aspires to lead men must know those whom he leads. He saw a face covered with many days' fair beard. The face seemed to belong to a man in middle life, in the forties at least; but Langlois was able to make some discount for alcoholic excesses and the beard. His guess was thirty. As a matter of fact, the man was twenty-nine. He was lean and tall, and in their natural condition his eyes were blue.

Chins were a specialty of Langlois'. They went far with him when estimating a man's potentialities, and this man had a chin that gave promise or that had given promise. Langlois' eyes roved over the remainder of the bums. They were just bums, rabbits to be dealt with as rabbits, all of a piece. This man might be no better, indeed might prove more useless, but at least he was different.

"Well?" said the man.

"I'm figgerin'," said Langlois, "if it's worth the trouble to come back there and teach you to keep your mouth shut."

"The way I feel at this minute," said the man, "it would be a sort of favor if you would beat me into insensibility."

Langlois grinned.

"If you need it I can tend to it later when I won't have to walk so far."

The man lowered himself to the floor and pillowed his head on his arms, nor did he give other signs of life till the train came to a stop an hour later at Woods' Headquarters, a farmhouse in a pleasant valley where lived the superintendent, John Nord.

From headquarters the narrow-gauge radiated up branching valleys to the six lumber camps; it was the handle of a fan, from which Nord could keep in touch with the workings. Nord, a short, stocky Dane, came out on his piazza and walked slowly down to the track, nodding to Langlois.

"What you got?" he asked sententiously.

"Bums," said Langlois. "Sixteen."

Nord shrugged his shoulders.

"Send ten of them to Six; you take the rest at Four. Go to Six first, then come back here after yours."

Langlois turned to his cargo of derelicts.

"You," he said to the courteous young man, "git off here. And you two, and you and you and you."

The men scrambled off, and with unanimity sank to the soft grass. Langlois leaped aboard again, signaled the engineer, and the train pulled away up the line to Camp Six.

Presently there came round the corner of the farmhouse a young woman, hatless, her yellow hair blowing enticingly about her face. She wore a gray-flannel waist and a short corduroy skirt of the same color. The young man raised himself on his elbow and gazed at her; then quickly removed the battered derby hat from his head and hurled it from him. He ran his fingers through his hair with some anxiety, then passed his hand over his chin ruefully.

The girl walked past the men with no more than a casual disinterested glance. The young man's eyes followed her to the ample kitchen garden, where she filled a basket with fresh vegetables for the noonday meal. The basket seemed heavy as she started back, for she repeatedly changed it from hand to hand. The young man leaped to his feet and approached her.

"May I?" he said, extending his hand for the basket.

The girl stopped and drew back a step. Men of his kind were new to her. She had known rough men, tough men, the product of the lumber camps; but until lately she had never encountered the bum of the city slums.

"May I carry your basket?" he said. "It seems too heavy for you."

"Set it outside the kitchen door," she replied, as though the thing were a matter of course, and turned away; but curiosity overcame repugnance. The man's voice carried the inflection of the born gentleman. There had been little room for grammatical error in what he said, but his few words convinced her that he was not one to be guilty of uncouth speech. She wondered how he came there and why.

"I have never before spoken to one of you—you ——" She hesitated over the only word she had ever heard applied to these wrecks from Boston. "Are all of you polite and grammatical?"

"I'm afraid not," he said. "I am grammatical by habit, but I am afraid it needs inspiration nowadays to make me polite."

"That, I suppose, was intended for a compliment."

"In its poor way it was a compliment."

"Don't you see," she said without haughtiness, but as one stating a fact that should be patent, "that a compliment from a man like you is an impertinence?"

"I know," he said quietly, outwardly unhurt by her words, "but I forgot. Pardon me."

"You are forgetting my basket," she said, and moved away toward the house as though eliminating him from her consciousness.

As he returned to his companions after placing the basket at the kitchen door, one of them blinked and asked:

"Did you get a hand-out, pardner?"

"Such a hand-out, friend, as would satisfy no appetite known to you," he said, and rolled over upon his face.

Thus he lay prone until Langlois and the train returned to bear him to Camp Four.

II

THE returning train excited no interest in the six prone figures beside the track, for they were asleep. Langlois found it no difficult matter to awaken them, for his shoes were thick of sole.

One after another he grasped them by the shoulders and hoisted them to their feet, where they stood tottering and blinking.

"Git aboard there," he ordered.

Their scramble to obey held elements of pitifulness; their clumsiness, their lack of control over their members told a story of physical abuse. One cannot become a bum of the streets and keep intact the body of a man.

"You," said Langlois to the young man, "what's your name?"

The young man regarded him blinkingly. It required seconds for the demand to penetrate to his consciousness.

"Van Twiller Yard," he said.

"What?" roared Langlois.

"Van Twiller Yard," repeated the young man. "Generally called Van." He smiled ingratiatingly.

"'Van Twiller Yard!' Gawd!" Langlois was lost in amazement and contempt. "What was you before you come up here to be a lumberjack? A dancin' teacher? Lemme see your hands."

Yard extended them. They were not immaculate, but, what was less to Langlois' liking, they showed no sign of callousness. They were unused to labor.

"Know what an ax is?" The boss' voice indicated pent-up emotion.

"An ax," said Yard, "is an implement used for chopping wood."

"Huh! Ever see one?"

"Only," said Yard, "at a distance—a considerable distance."

"Well," snapped Langlois, "you're goin' to see one clost. You and an ax is goin' to git to be what you might call companions. Forty bucks a month and board for that!" The last sentence was addressed to the overshadowing mountain.

Five miles of silence ensued. The train pulled in upon a siding to give right of way to a down-coming train of logs. Yard sat up again and looked at Langlois, who was regarding with astonishment and animosity a figure that reclined beside the track. It was a long figure, beginning with dilapidated shoes and white woolen socks, and ending with a shock of colorless hair which rested on a cheap paper suitcase for a pillow. Overalls cut off just below the knee covered its legs; the trunk was sheltered by a woolen shirt. The man did not move, did not pay the train so much as the compliment of a glance. He was reading a magazine with the picture of a beautiful young woman on the cover.

"Hey!" Langlois exploded the word. He was, take him day in and day out, an explosive sort of individual, one who burst suddenly into words, more suddenly into action.

The reclining man did not move. Langlois sprang to the ground and stood over him threateningly.

"What you doin' here?" he demanded.

"Lit'ry pursoots," said the man, looking up mildly. "Figger later on follerin' up this railroad till I git to a camp. Figger on askin' for a job."

"Doin' what?"

"Choppin'."

"You're hired. Throw your turkey aboard and git on after it. What's your name?"

"Sim Samuels." It was a name destined speedily to be contracted to Sim-sam by the population of Camp Four.

The man clambered aboard and sat beside Yard. He opened his magazine again, and appeared to be swallowed up in the interest of its contents.

"Good story?" asked Yard.

Sim-sam regarded him with mild sheepishness before replying, then carefully turned down the corner of a page.

"I hain't exactly sure," said he. "You see, it's like this: I hain't what you'd call a readin' man. No, I hain't. To git right down to facts, I hain't able to tell one letter from t'other."

"But you appeared to be reading."

"What I call readin'," said Sim-sam. "I always hankered to read, but somehow I never made out to catch on how to do it. But I git the sensation, so to speak. Yes, sir. I git me these little books, and I open 'em up and look 'em over. Then I take her line by line, just like I was readin', and make her up as I go along. I pertend I'm a-readin' what's wrote on the page, when the fact is I'm a-makin' it all up in my head. Powerful useful makeshift, say I."

"Shut up!" whipped Langlois' voice.

"Cert'nly, cert'nly," said Sim-sam.

Presently clanked by another little engine, pulling eleven trucks piled high with spruce logs. Langlois' train backed out on the line and started once more for Camp Four.

The train rounded a curve and came to a stop on the east bank of the river. Below and across, Van Twiller Yard saw for the first time a lumber camp, and it did not entice him. From the open-front depot, a sturdy bridge of poles—a corduroy bridge—led across the swift water to a group of squat buildings, black and uninviting, their sides and roofs covered with building paper. There stood the cook shanty, at its rear the bunk house, and beyond that the stables—with the exception of the scaler's shanty, the only log structure in camp. Facing the cook shanty was the wanigan, and next it a small house, evidently a habitation, for it owned a piazza of sorts and a child played on the piazza. Yard was to learn that here lived Billings, the walking boss of the East Branch camps.

A number of youthful pigs rooted

"The Way I Feel at This Minute, It Would be a Sort of Favor if You Would Beat Me Into Insensibility"

between the buildings; the ground was of black muck, littered, wheel-rutted, an offense to the eye. It occupied a semicircle of perhaps an acre; beyond that was forest.

"They're eatin' in there," whispered Sim-sam. "Eatin'!"

Yard had not been conscious of hunger before, but now a faint odor of cookery flavored the air, and straightway he desired greatly to eat. Another matter gave him occasion for surprise—he had not felt that stabbing demand for stimulant which comes on the morning after a debauch. He was in no mental condition to study over this or to tag it with a reason; he simply noted it as an unusual fact, and wondered at it.

Langlois herded his men across the bridge and into the cook shanty, where sixty men sat on wooden benches along rude tables which sprouted like fingers from the west side of the room. On the east side were the big stoves with their huge kettles and pots, and along the wall shelving and drawers made from starch boxes, constituting the pantry. At the far end water poured from a tap into a barrel, clear cold water piped from a near-by spring. As Yard stood there the relic of a refined stomach turned against the food he expected to find. On this matter he was about to receive a lesson.

"Git down there and fill up," said Langlois. Then with a surly grin: "You're goin' to need it 'fore night."

"I should like," said Yard, "to wash first, if I may."

Langlois jerked his thumb toward the water barrel, and took an unoccupied place at one of the tables. Yard walked to the barrel, filled the rust-spotted tin washpan with water with the chill of ice on it, and laved hands and face. It was as though he had taken into his veins an injection of some powerful elixir. He seized the cup and drank thirstily and as rapidly as the chill of the water would permit. Then he turned to the table.

What he had expected to find in the way of food he did not exactly know, but his certainty was that it would be uncouth and unappetizing. On the contrary the table was clean—and the food! There were beef and pork and head cheese; there were potatoes and baked beans; there were tea, pie, stewed prunes, doughnuts, plates of cake, three varieties of cookies. But first of all there was pea soup.

Yard filled his tin plate with it, tasted with some apprehension, and then ate soup as few Bostonians have ever eaten it. As for his companions, it was undoubtedly the finest repast they had ever seated themselves before.

"Forty a month and board," said Sim-sam. "And board!"

Yard finished his dinner and drew from a coat pocket a box of cigarettes, which he examined and to his satisfaction found half full. He lighted one. Instantly it was slapped from his lips and he saw Langlois grinding it under his corked shoe.

"I don't allow them things in this camp," he said.

Yard did not resent the affront; instead he backed away. Langlois sneered.

"Out of here and git to work," he ordered.

Then his eyes caught Sim-sam.

"Chopper, eh? We'll darn soon see."

Yard found himself with a double-bitted ax in his hand, being led with his fellow bums back over a tote road, which he did not recognize as a road at all. What city dweller would? It wound up the hillside, turning out for neither bowlder nor stump. In spots one sank to the knees in black muck; in other spots the road canted almost on edge as it skirted a ledge of granite. It seemed impossible a team could keep its feet there, let alone haul a load. No wagon could have continued whole if it traveled a hundred yards of it.

Presently they reached the end of this, and the road vanished in saplings, dead logs, underbrush. There appeared here and there the top of a stump, freshly cut.

"Here you," said Langlois, "swamp out this road. Clean her out right." He turned from Yard and his companions—looking helplessly at their axes and wondering what one did when he swamped a road—to Sim-sam.

"Chopper, eh? Here." He patted the bole of a fine spruce, then walked straight away from it and pushed a small stake into the ground. "Drive that," he sneered.

Sim-sam walked to the tree, cast his eye casually toward the stake, swung his ax and began notching the tree. When his notch was a matter of three inches deep he paused and glanced again at the stake, then removed a few more chips from the farther side of the notch.

"Saw," he said.

A man was waiting with a crosscut; he passed one end to Sim-sam and retained the other, passing the blade across the tree on the side opposite the notch. Rhythmically the pair began to draw it back and forth, and Yard marveled to see how sweetly and smoothly it melted into the wood. The tree creaked, cracked, swayed. Then with a mighty rush, as of a giant bird swooping on its prey, it fell, ripping, smashing through the branches of tree or sapling in its way, to strike the ground with a hollow boom—precisely upon Langlois' stake, driving it into the earth.

"Huh!" Langlois grunted, and walked away. There was one authentic lumberjack in camp at least.

Yard was speedily informed that swamping a road means to clear it of underbrush, saplings, rotten stumps, fallen limbs. It requires little skill, but is no task for a man without physical stamina. In half an hour Yard's palms were blistered; his back, shoulders and legs aching furiously. He dropped his ax and sat down.

It was at an unfortunate moment, for Langlois had just come up behind him. The boss cuffed him to his feet.

"Pick up that ax," he said. "Drop it again and I'll drop you—so you won't git up without bein' h'isted."

Yard recovered his ax and went dizzily to work again; he dared not rest. The soul of a rabbit and the soul of a bum are strangely alike. He worked on and on, hacking through saplings, tugging pitifully at roots that a healthy boy could have torn from the ground, staggering under weights that a man would have tossed out of the way. But two matters pierced sharply to his consciousness: That he was in torment, and that he was afraid to rest. He groped about, accomplishing little with a maximum of effort. Always he felt Langlois behind him, though Langlois was not there. He was afraid of Langlois, physically afraid, but more afraid of the impact of that dynamic will.

At last it was over and Yard was staggering back to camp, his ax dragging after him, held by his hand the fingers of which feared to let go. Men were pushing and jostling into the cook shanty and he followed them, not because he wanted food, but because others were going, because he was too weary to make a decision for himself.

He began to eat mechanically. The warm food, more especially the hot coffee, gave him back something of what the toil had taken away. His head cleared, but his body was borne down by a weariness such as he had never before known. Why not? Van Twiller Yard had just completed the first half day of labor he had ever done.

He sat with the other bums about the end of a table. They had automatically segregated themselves a little from the rest, for they were in an alien place, among aliens. The man next Yard looked furtively about, whispered cautiously:

"We got to beat it out of here. This here's hell!"

"You know it!" responded another fervently. "I got enough."

"Plant some grub in your pockets," said a third. "It's a long drill to town and no hand-outs on the way."

They laid their plans in an undertone, Yard taking no part.

"Say, pal," said the man next him, "hain't you got nothin' to say? You're with us, hain't you?"

Yard looked up from his plate, peered from one to the other of his companions slowly, then turned his head and looked about the big room.

"No, I thank you," he said; "I think I shall stay."

"Stay! What's the matter with you, bo? Crazy? This here'll kill a man in a week. Sneak some grub into your pocket and beat it with us to-night."

Yard shook his head.

"I shall stay," he said.

"What's the idea?"

"I think," said Yard, "that I have found it."

With which cryptic saying, the meaning of which was, perhaps, not objectively clear even to himself, he struggled to his feet.

"I'm very tired," said he. "Will someone show me where I am to sleep?"

Yard Turned and Saw, Watching Them, a Young Woman Whose Yellow Hair Blew Enticingly About Her Face

III

IT WAS faint daylight when Yard was jerked out of his bunk, clothed even to the shoes, just as he had crawled in the night before.

"You're here, eh?" snarled Langlois. "Where's them other bums?"

"I don't know."

"Well," said Langlois, "I'll soon find out!"

To Yard every movement brought a pang of sharpest pain. He shivered in the chill of the morning; shifted from one foot to the other, for to stand on his feet was not pleasurable.

"Mr. Langlois," he said, "can I get suitable clothing, especially shoes, in this place? You see"—he extended his foot—"that these were not made for use in the woods."

Langlois stared.

"You hain't figgerin' on stayin'—voluntary?"

"Yes."

Langlois snorted.

"Go to the wanigan. You can draw agin your pay."

"Would you mind going with me? I do not know what to select."

This was asked so courteously that even Langlois could find no excuse to refuse. He moved off brusquely.

"Come on," he said.

"I should like a razor, too, if possible," said Yard.

Presently Yard limped into the woods after the other men, outfitted for the work he was to do. He began with suppressed groans, and blundered along until noon with the feeling that every movement was the last he could possibly make.

Strengthened by food and a moment of rest at noon, he went back. At nightfall he was barely able to drag himself into camp.

The third day was little better, but on the fourth the torment was less keen. For the first time he was able to bring something besides futile physical effort to his work. For the first time he was able to think about something besides his suffering. He began to appreciate how futile he was, how little he accomplished. On the fifth day he began to regard his ax with interest. At no distance Sim-sam was notching a tree. Yard left his swamping and walked toward the old lumberjack.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but I wonder if you could give me a little instruction in the use of this ax. I am exceedingly clumsy with it."

Sim-sam was delighted, first, at having someone to talk to, second, at the opportunity to show his skill. He began with the rudiments, showing Yard how to grasp the ax, how to balance it, talking a great deal that was unintelligible to Yard, but dropping much helpful information.

"Now," he said, "come and see what you've learned."

He led Yard to a ten-inch spruce, pointed out the spot to notch, and told him to go ahead. Yard swung the ax high and brought it down so that it bit into the tree a liberal six inches from the point aimed at.

"No, no! Gimme that ax. You'll hack off your own head. Back off there. Now look!"

The lesson proceeded a quarter of an hour, both teacher and pupil lost in the interest of it. Langlois interrupted it.

"Here you, git to your work! You hain't hired for an audience."

Yard cringed back a step, but said:

"Mr. Langlois, this man is showing me how to use an ax. I have never used one, and waste much time. I cannot become really useful until I learn. I think I am getting the idea, and if you will allow us to go on with the lesson I shall be much more valuable. The time taken up by the instruction will be more than made up by my added efficiency."

Langlois loved to rule by fear; he preferred cruelty to anything remotely resembling gentleness; but he was a capable camp boss. It was his effort to get the most out of his men, and his intelligence was not rated cheaply by his superiors.

"Go to it," he said grudgingly; "but don't ride a good thing to death."

So the lesson went forward—that lesson and other lessons. At the end of two weeks Yard actually was able to take some pleasure in his work. The soreness had vanished from his muscles; he was able to eat three times daily such meals as he would not have believed it possible for a human being to consume. His face no longer favored in color a toad's belly; it was taking on a tinge of brown. The sacs which had served for eyelids were vanishing; but something of the old furtiveness, something of the old carriage of the city bum, remained. A man is not made over in a fortnight. He shaved each night, no matter how weary he returned to camp. Yet he still started when Langlois spoke near him.

"I think I've found it," he said to himself more than once.

The second Sunday of his residence in camp he drew Sim-sam aside.

"I'd like to see what work I'd make of cutting down a tree," he said. "I don't imagine Langlois would object if we took a saw and ax back to the cutting."

They went back a short distance and selected a spruce. Yard walked off from it as he had once seen Langlois do, and pushed the point of a small stake into the ground. Then he went back to his tree and commenced to cut the notch. He was slow about it, but he studied each stroke of the ax.

"Now," he said, "if you please, we'll take the saw."

Sim-sam obeyed, grinning broadly, and they began drawing the cross-cut back and forth.

"Hey," Sim-sam complained, "we're sawin', boy. You hain't supposed to ride on that end of her." There is an art to the saw as well as the ax.

It was not long before the tree groaned, cracked, fell. It boomed to the ground a generous six feet away from the stake. Yard looked at it ruefully; Sim-sam with a grin; then to Yard's bewilderment he began suddenly to bow and scrape and duck his head in the direction of camp. Yard turned and saw, standing in the tote road watching them, the youthful Mrs. Billings, wife to the walking boss, and another young woman whose yellow hair blew enticingly about her face. She wore the same gray-flannel waist, the same corduroy skirt she had worn the morning Yard first saw her at Woods' Headquarters. He breathed deeply and stood staring at her. She returned his glance and advanced a step; then, after hesitating a moment, she spoke.

"Are you the man who carried my basket?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"You have changed," she said. "Besides, I thought all the"—she hesitated—"all six of you had run away from camp," she finished her sentence.

"All but myself."

"Why did you stay?" she asked curiously.

"It's hard to say," he responded thoughtfully. "It is not pleasant here. Men like myself are not supposed to like such work as this. But I found I wanted to stay. It is the first work, I think, that I ever wanted to stay with. It seems worth doing."

"You had never found a worth-while occupation before?" she said, half in question, half as though stating a thought of her own.

"No," he replied. "The profession I was educated for, and the trades and businesses I knew anything about, were dull. When your work was done—it was done. That was all there was to it. I don't know why, but I always looked for color in my work, for colors that changed and wove patterns. There was nothing to interest a man and make him want to go on, not merely to earn a living, but for the interest there was in what he did. So I grew tired of looking for it. My great-grandfather followed the sea. There is no sea for Americans to follow nowadays."

"I have thought it must be like that to live in a city," she said.

"I really tried to find something that was worth working at," he said defensively, "but it wasn't there. Now I seem to have found it—but I'm a bum," he ended with some bitterness.

"You were a bum," she corrected him.

He looked at her eagerly, and she found his eyes pitiful.

"You see a change?"

"A great change."

"Then you think a bum need not always remain one?"

"Why should he? If he wants to become something else he can. I think it is all a question of what a person wants to be. You can be almost anything, if you want hard enough."

He shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know," he said slowly, thinking aloud and not consciously talking to her. "Certainly he could never climb up to a place where a woman like you would forget what he had been."

She flushed, but replied evenly:

"I think he could."

He turned abruptly and walked away a few steps, and stood looking through a rift in the forest to the valley beneath. When he came back his eyes were bright with a hope that had long been dead; his jaw—the jaw that Langlois had appraised as worthy of attention—was set.

"Thank you," he said in a voice so low it hardly carried to her ear. Then Langlois strode into view.

The boss saw the little group, increased his pace and advanced savagely.

"How dare you speak to them ladies!" snarled Langlois. "I'll teach you!" His fist snapped from his side to Yard's jaw, and the young man sprawled on the ground; nor did he attempt to rise. Langlois turned his back, knowing well his man. He would not have to strike again.

"I'm sorry he was disturbin' you, Miss Nord," he said, "but I calc'late he won't do it again."

Miss Nord stood frowning, looking expectantly at Yard. Presently she turned to Langlois.

"Is that all?" she said. "Isn't he going to resent that blow?"

"Him?" Langlois grinned at the thought. "He hain't nothin' but a bum!"

"And for a bum," said Miss Nord clearly, "who is also a coward, there isn't much hope. Come, Nell," she said to Mrs. Billings, and turning they walked down the road. Langlois followed them, satisfaction warming his heart. He had shown his prowess before the woman he aspired to impress.

Sim-sam bent over Yard.

"Hurt much?" he asked. "That was a reg'lar wallop!"

"The blow didn't hurt."

"What did, then, for Gawd's sake?"

"Not daring to fight back. And with her looking on."

"Hum! Wasn't exactly the way to git a young woman excited about you. Funny about 'em, hain't it? Abhor fightin' every one, but not a girl but expects her feller to be able and willin' to lick all comers. A homely fightin' man's got more chance every time than a peaceful fellow that's as handsome as a actor. Was you always afraid of fightin'?"

"There was a time ——" said Yard, gritting his teeth.

"Well, then," said Sim-sam, "I figger there can git to be a time agin. This here's the way I look at it—you've sort of let go all holts, and darin' to fight was one of 'em. You've got the bum disease, so to speak. Bein' scairt of folks is jest a symptom of it. See? Well, it looks to me like the last couple weeks got you to convalescin' like. You hain't near so sick as you was, but neither be you cured yet. Sev'ral more doses of the same ol' medicin's necessary. When you git the measles you're all spotty. When you git well of 'em them spots go away. That's how it'll be with that there timidness of your'n. Sure."

"I'm afraid not, Sim-sam."

"Now hold on! If you git a relapse now it'll go hard with you—always does. Maybe you won't git well a-tall. Once I heard tell of a feller that was sick and up and died because he jest wasn't able to want to git well. Don't you git that way. You keep right on wantin' to git over bein' sick with this bum sickness, and the chances is with you. Keep on a-wantin'."

Yard turned his face to the ground and lay silent for a long time. Sim-sam sat beside him, also silent, watching with real sympathy while the young man fought his fight. Presently he touched him on the shoulder. Yard got slowly to his feet and began to walk away.

"Boy," said Sim-sam, "you hain't mad with me?"

"No, Sim-sam, you've thrown me a rope, and I've caught it. Now I want to go back in the woods and be ashamed alone."

Sim-sam stood looking after him until he disappeared among the trees.

"I never yet got me a pet—cat, dog, man or rabbit—that it didn't up and die on me jest as I was gittin' attached to it."

He wagged his head dolefully and plodded back to camp.

IV

ON A SUNDAY early in October, when Van Twiller Yard had been at the lumber camp a matter of three months, big John Beaumont, true woodsman and owner of the Green Mountain Pulp Company with all its ramifications, including thousands of acres of timbered mountains and a sawmill with a capacity of fifty thousand feet a day, appeared at Woods' Headquarters. He leaped out of his car, eager as a boy for all his sixty-two years, sniffing the odors of the forest joyously. Nord came out to meet him, and though the woods boss' shoulders were the shoulders of a blacksmith Big John made him appear puny, so huge was his bulk.

"Nord," he said, "the row's on. They've started making trouble at the new mill."

"Who?" asked Nord.

"The Swedes!" said Beaumont impatiently. "You know, or ought to know, the situation. New mill is to make Swedish sulphate pulp, isn't it? Foundation for Kraft paper. Before the war Sweden had a monopoly of it practically. Few mills in Canada. There's no substitute for Kraft. Sweden has put an embargo on exports. Canadian mills closed down for want of labor—all in the army. Saw it all coming. Hired an expert and started to run up this mill. Does Sweden like it? Well, rather not! Those manufacturers have had a sweet thing, and they want it again. Don't blame 'em. They don't want America in the game, and they'll keep us out if they can. We're their biggest customer. A while back I get a letter advising me to keep out of it, and offering to buy me off. I answered and told them to go to blazes. They came back with what amounted to a threat that they'd see to it I didn't make good. And they've started at the mill. Next they'll start in the woods. That's why I'm here. I need a man."

"What sort of a man?"

"One I can depend on if I need him—depend on for brains and knowledge and fight. Got any suggestions?"

Nord thought a moment, wagging his head as was his habit.

"How about that fellow you told me of a while back?" asked Beaumont. "The chap, I mean, who's been studying the game. Who took lessons in chopping, and sits under the scaler nights to learn timber, and that sort of thing."

"Don't know much about him. My daughter told me that."

"Ask her out, please."

"Svea," called Nord, and presently his daughter appeared on the piazza with a smile of welcome for Beaumont.

"I'm curious about that lumberjack of yours—the one with ambitions. Tell me about him."

Svea flushed, and was angry with herself for flushing. However she told what she knew, ending with the statement that she had not seen the man for two months, and had her later information from Mrs. Billings.

"Has he brains?" Beaumont asked.

"Yes, and I am sure education. I don't mean just schooling, but a real education. Before he got to be what he was he must have been a gentleman."

"Huh! Honest? Dependable?"

"I don't know. I think he was once."

"Fighter?"

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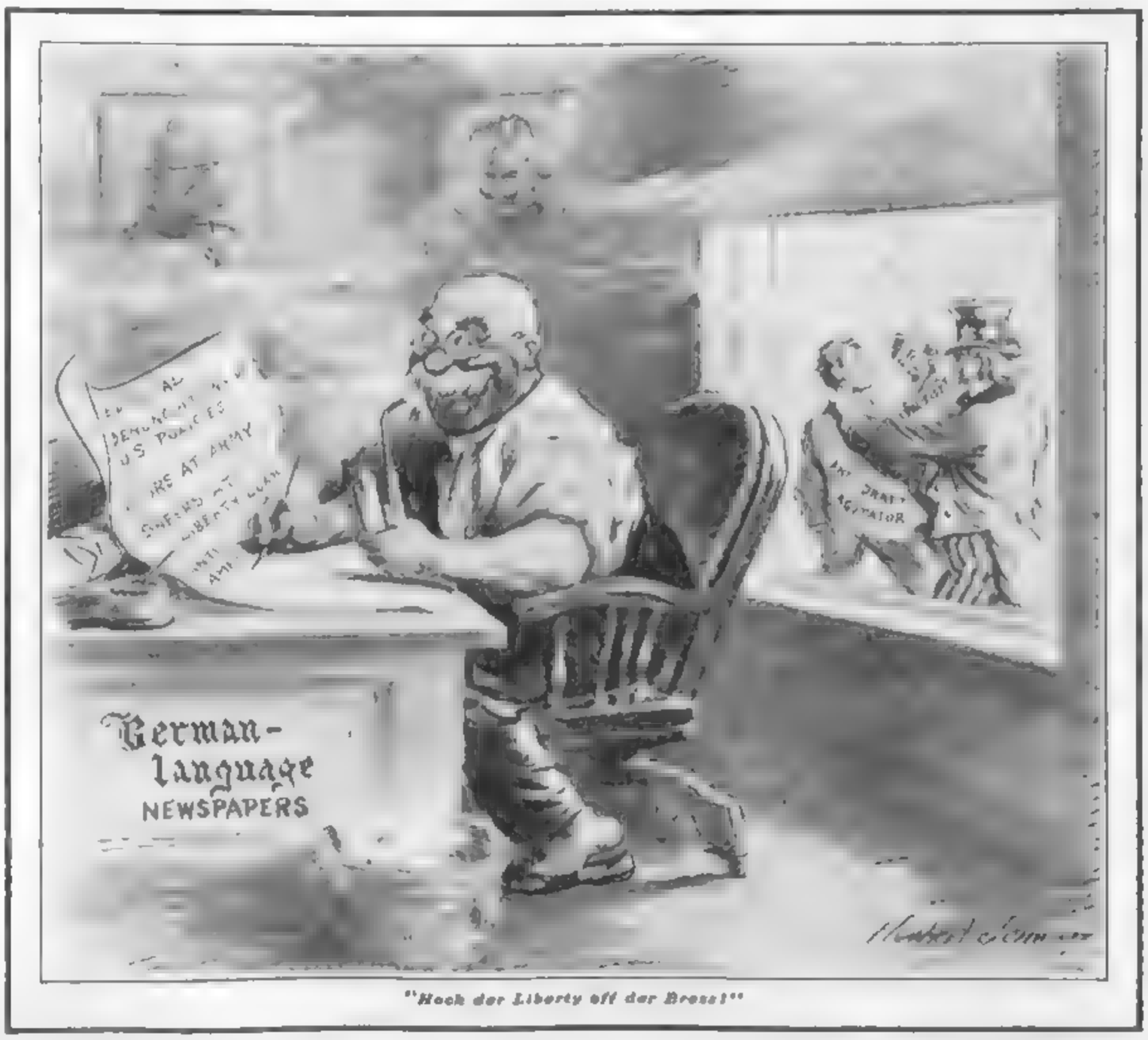
The Man Did Not Move, Did Not Pay the Train So Much as the Compliment of a Glance

SPENDING OR SKIMPING?

By Albert W. Atwood



"Hoch der Liberty off der Brust!"

SHORTLY after the declaration of war against Germany the American people were loudly assailed by a powerful but contradictory and conflicting mass of advice on the subject of personal economy. President Wilson, Secretary Houston, and other men in public life, along with bankers, to whom their fellows are wont to look for counsel, urged upon the people the necessity of the strictest economy. Secretary Houston urged that "economy be made fashionable" and "Make saving rather than spending your standard." It was said that Mrs. Wilson and ladies of the Cabinet were about to cut down their orders for clothes and urge the women of America to do likewise.

Hardly had these warnings impressed themselves upon the public mind when there appeared from many sources directly the opposite advice. Newspapers and the heads of many business concerns took up the slogan, Business as Usual. It was urged that the surest way to win the war was to keep business going. For a time this sort of advice became a tremendous propaganda. Such a sudden change of front was confusing in the extreme to the average citizen, who did not see how he could both save and spend and could find distinguished sanction for any course he might choose to follow.

Most amazing accusations were made. One merchant, who did not agree with many of his fellows, accused business men who tried to keep business going as usual of being slackers. At a convention of silk salesmen the persons who tightened their purse strings were denounced as the real slackers; and one concern even went so far as to describe economy as business treason. The president of a society to promote thrift, who had advocated that virtue in and out of season, suddenly shifted his ground. In this chaos of inconsistencies, when established theories appeared to be melting away and leaders of public opinion could not agree, it was a large job for Mr. and Mrs. Citizen to keep their heads clear.

Which is the right advice—economize, or keep business going as usual? No sale, no job; no job, no wages. That is the argument, in briefest form, of those who believe that business should be kept going. If people stop buying, workers are thrown out of employment and trade is affected in a thousand different channels. It is like hitting the first of a row of bricks, for down go the others; or throwing a pebble into a pond to see the ripples widen.

Opposition to Economy

BUSINESS is largely a matter of confidence. Prosperity or depression is psychological, as President Wilson once said. A sudden wave of extreme and irrational hoarding may upset the whole elaborate structure of trade. There is real danger in frenzied, hysterical saving. To persuade a nation suddenly to enter upon a wholesale campaign of economy might be like yelling Fire! in a crowded theater. At least that is a fair statement of the sentiments of thousands of merchants. An official of one of the great trade associations went so far as to demand that wives of Cabinet members who started an economy movement should check it by a very frank announcement.

"Suppose a general order not to purchase clothing went out," said one frightened merchant. "We should all be naked and starving."

If we all suddenly cut down on food and clothing, the way the Germans have been obliged to do, or stopped new building operations and the purchase of automobiles, the way the English have done, business in this country would undoubtedly reel from the blow. Indeed, there was a decided falling off in retail purchases during the first week or two of the war, and enough further stoppage was feared to make the National Retail Millinery Association utter a warning against the calamity and ruin that might come to all classes in the trade.

It was argued that the business ball must be kept rolling to provide money to pay taxes. You can't burn the candle at both ends, say the keep-business-going people, and have it last long. If you take money by taxes at one end and hoard it at the other there will be nothing left. A nation out at the elbows through ill-timed, excessive and futile economy would simply fall into paralysis. "I have lived fifty-seven years," said one strong believer in business as usual, "and have been through a number of panics; and never yet have I heard the slogan Economize! Retrench! when it was not the cue for hard times."

"The man who destroys business takes the bread out of the mouths of thousands," ran one slogan. That economy might even go to the extreme of absurdity was shown by a story the accuracy of which is less important than the principle involved. A woman of wealth discharged a maid, who later was obliged to apply for relief to a charitable organization to which the mistress contributed. That actual panic might follow widespread economy was predicted by many.

But the bankers and professors of political economy, most of whom belong to the school that believes in war-time saving, came back strong and hard in their arguments. They said that merchants who urged business as usual were trying to sidestep the real issue and sidetrack public opinion. It is like trying to hide one's head in the sand, this attempt to avoid the inevitable. "This organized movement against thrift," announced one enraged professor, "is selfish, shortsighted and dangerous." Another described it as the wickedness of self-indulgence. "Shallow and fearful yelps" was still another description.

The argument for economy is easily understood. It is that both men and money must be devoted to producing the vital, essential, necessary things of war. Labor must be shifted from industries that do not minister directly to the war to those that do; and money must not be spent for luxuries, but must be invested in government bonds to enable the Government to support war industries.

An early, voluntary and intelligent shifting and adaptation of private business to public needs was urged. Why wait for government compulsion? In England imports of certain luxuries are forbidden, private citizens are not permitted to build extensions to their houses or new garages without government sanction, and great numbers of products cannot be used by private concerns without permission. If the war lasts long enough there is no doubt whatever that certain luxuries will gradually be cut off by government decree. There is no question where the financial leaders of the country stand on this issue. Thomas W. Lamont, a partner of J. P. Morgan, in urging the necessity of economy, said:

"Of course we shall be charged with disturbing business all along the line. Yet it is absurd to talk of business going on as usual when we have ten million men subject to draft for the Front, subject to withdrawal from their customary pursuits and turned into consumers."

"The sooner the public gets over the idea that we want business as usual, or can have it during this great war, the better for all," is the way Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank, of New York, talks. "We want to stop all unnecessary work and expenditures short off and concentrate upon all the immense volume of work that has to be done. The country should immediately awake to the fact that it has a great task in hand, and that it cannot carry on a war like this with one hand and continue to do all the business it did before with the other. We cannot give the Government seven billion dollars or any other number of billion dollars of purchasing power and expect to have just as much purchasing power ourselves. That would be a miracle of loaves and fishes which we can't work out."

A General Shifting of Jobs

"THE war is going to take the whole strength of this nation, and it is going to discommode some people—probably a good many. You can't have war without worries. Some persons will be inconvenienced by being obliged to leave one job and look for another. In some instances they will improve their lot; in others they will not place themselves so well."

There are those whose sympathies with the nonessential industries and luxuries are so slight that they argue for an immediate government decree by which men will be drafted into war industry, and private spending for luxuries actually forbidden. They say that Germany understood this policy when the war began, and that England learned it later only through an immensely costly experiment.

A banker visited the plants of a wire company during the campaign for the Liberty Loan. He talked to the operatives, and they listened politely but indifferently. Then he shot this at them:

"This company has war orders from the Government. The Government can't pay unless it has money, and it won't have any money unless you and other men like you buy these bonds. If you want your wages to keep on, use part of them to buy Liberty bonds."

This argument woke the men up and appealed directly to their common sense. They immediately formed a bond-buying club and subscribed generously. There will be no lack of jobs and no lack of wages during the war. Already there is a shortage of labor everywhere, and as men go to the Front the shortage will increase enormously. A certain amount of discomfort, and even suffering, results from any wholesale shifting of labor; but the vital fact is that business, as a whole, is likely to be more active, and the total number of jobs available will increase rather than

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THE SKY PILOTS—By Will Irwin

NEW THINGS AMERICAN AVIATORS WILL FIND IN FRANCE

AN OVERCOMPLACENT official of our Government said last winter: "In the matter of aviation we have advanced at least as far as England, for example, had advanced before the outbreak of the war."

Last week an American army officer, sent to Europe ahead of our forces, told me of a letter he had received from a comrade in arms. "Is there any truth," it said in substance, "in this talk about artillery fire being directed from the air? Of course, I know it must happen occasionally. But is it a regular thing? So much wild talk gets into print nowadays that I cannot trust the newspapers."

Let these two quotations be a text for my remarks on the subject of aviation, as it is practiced on the Western Front, and as we ourselves must be practicing it before next spring breaks. To say that we have reached the point where England stood in 1914 is equivalent to saying that in the whole art of warfare we have at least discovered gunpowder. As for artillery observation from aëroplanes, it is almost the heart of modern warfare. Perhaps I can best expound my lesson from the Front by showing just where England and the Allies in general stood when they entered this war, three years ago, and by what stages they have raised aërial warfare to its present importance.

A French Armed Biplane Chasing a German Taube

In the two or three years before Armageddon broke, the military experts of the world had been working hard with the aëroplane. Everyone understood how profoundly it must influence strategy and tactics. It eliminated almost wholly the element of surprise. The swift, unexpected movements of troops by which old generals won old battles—Kuroki's flanking movement at Mukden; Blücher's sudden appearance on the field of Waterloo—would henceforth be impossible. The aëroplane, as the armies of the world understood it then, was mainly a superscout, viewing and reporting the movements and dispositions of troops with a breadth and accuracy hitherto impossible. The scholars of the military game had imagined other uses for aircraft in war, such as the functions of directing and controlling artillery fire. Except perhaps among the Germans, these speculations had scarcely got beyond the experimental stage. Much work had been done on direct offensive tactics, mainly bomb dropping. Fire from fast-moving aëroplanes, as the experts saw from the first, was inherently inaccurate; and much time, which might have been better employed, was spent in trying to get it accurate. The function of directing artillery fire, since become so important, attracted perhaps the least attention of all the powers of the air.

Air-Scouting on the Marne

THOUGH I do not know the exact figures, and probably could not print them if I did, I estimate that the British Army entered this war with about fifty aëroplanes, and the French with about four or five times that number. Now, in the later stages of the war, such machines would scarcely be used for instruction of the novices in the schools. The best of them had a theoretical speed of seventy miles an hour. There is a difference between the theoretical performance and the practical performance of any machine; and aëroplanes are no exception. The best they could do, probably, under battle conditions and with battle loads, was sixty miles. Fast climbing, as the war has shown, is an invaluable quality of military machines. The best of them took at least half an hour to do six thousand feet. That was nearly the extreme limit of their climbing power; for, though the world's record for height was then approaching twenty thousand feet, the record breakers had used machines specially constructed for this purpose, and had bucked the lighter regions of the air for two hours before achieving their records.

The Germans entered the war better equipped in aëroplanes, as in everything else, than the Allies. Probably their machines, including the much-advertised and now obsolete *Taube*, were no better than those of their enemies—probably were inferior in technical skill to the French. But they did have numbers and perhaps a slightly better understanding of the strategic value of aircraft. During the first period of the war on the Western Front, when the Germans were sweeping on to Paris, both sides used their aëroplanes almost wholly for scouting. The aëroplanes revealed Von Kluck's intention to outflank the Allies, to get between them and Paris, almost as soon as the movement started. They gave just as useful information to the Germans. The decisive moment of the Battle of the Marne was when General Foch, finding that the enemy before him was drawing his lines out until he had got them too thin, drove in his famous wedge and started the Germans back to the Aisne. One or two movements of that early campaign prove how much better the generals might have worked had they possessed more aëroplanes.

The first movement of the Battle of the Marne appears to have been a surprise to the Germans. General Manoury, prevented from mobilizing in Northern France, had withdrawn to Normandy, southwest of Paris, where he organized his army for attack. When he moved forward to the first action of the Battle of the Marne he caught Von Kluck with his flank exposed; the Germans evidently had not foreseen this movement. Now very probably had Von Kluck possessed more aëroplanes he would have had his aviators scouring the skies of France to learn what the enemy was doing behind the lines.

When, in October, the British Seventh Division moved south from Antwerp to the Yser, screening the retreat of the Belgian Army, they knew very well they were outnumbered and stood to be annihilated. So they bluffed. Being strong in cavalry, they filled all the roads with horsemen, who rode up the hill and then rode down again, like the King of France. The bluff worked, because the Germans were able to spare only two or three planes for observation of the Belgian forces. To these observers it appeared that the roads swarmed with British cavalry. Forty or fifty aëroplanes, reporting simultaneous observations, would have revealed the trick.

Scouting in those days was rather hit-and-miss. Since then scientific accuracy has been introduced even into this branch of warfare. The aërial scout saw what he could, with the uncertain, imagination-haunted human eye; and saw it in glimpses. Still, by the time the lines locked, from Belfort to the sea, the aëroplane had done all that was expected of it, and more. Except where generals and intelligence departments had blundered, it had prevented surprise. Because the Germans knew the movements of their enemies, they were able to stand on the Aisne and to turn a rout into a defeat only partial.

PHOTO BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE INC NEW YORK CITY

The End of the Air Battle

Engines on Wings

WHEN the lines locked and a breathing spell came, both sides set themselves frantically to piling up aeroplanes and to improving both the means and methods of aërial warfare. The first great change came in this period. At the Siege of Antwerp, and perhaps in the earlier attacks upon fortresses, they had directed the fire of their famous fortress-smashing Big Bertha guns from aëroplanes. When they had set and bolted down these astonishing instruments of destruction, which made a steel-and-cement fort look like a pie someone has stepped on, the gunners took a sighting shot. Aëroplanes, hovering over the target, signaled the variation of the shot by colored streamers or lights. A few of the sighting shots, and the shell plumped squarely on the target. No sooner were the lines locked than both sides began to use this method of directing their more vital batteries. The aviator, a pilot and nothing else, took up in a two-seater an expert artillery officer who acted as observer and directed the batteries by means of these signals.

It was the British, I believe, who first improved upon this method. Signals are, after all, a primitive means of communication. By October the British were installing wireless telegraphy on their observation aëroplanes. A knowledge of telegraphy became at once a part of artillery education. All sides followed and signals went out, except when the wireless broke down. And as the trench war went on, and officers began to tabulate results, it became plain that artillery fire directed by aëroplanes was the great artillery method of the future. Its use, they saw, was limited only by the number of machines the army could get over the field.

So before the first winter had set in both sides were working frantically to pile up machines and to improve the types. Only a technical man who has been through this mill could even attempt to trace the experiments, the minor improvements, the new types rejected because they discovered flaws when they were sent into the air, the new types accepted and sent to the Front, only to be set aside as obsolete upon appearance of a better pattern. Progress consisted for the most part in working out to perfection principles already known. Especially was this true of engines, an aëroplane being, as one aviator expressed it to me, only an engine on wings. Speed increased

in the course of two years and a half until the two-mile-a-minute aëroplane, from a possibility, became an actuality.

Stability increased until the man doing plain flying, without fancy stunts, found himself in a foolproof vehicle, which would right itself if let alone. An aviator operating a modern machine not only can but must take his hands off the controls at times; he can even at intervals take both hands and feet off the controls. Reliability increased until accidents through the breaking of wires, struts and wings became uncommon; and descents on account of engine trouble were greatly reduced. Only one thing, in this respect, still baffles applied science: No one has ever been able to find a method for eliminating the dangers of landing in a fog or in darkness. So much for the technical side, which is a theme for a technical man.

In October, 1914, I remember I accompanied a wounded aviator across the Channel and talked shop with him. At a height of forty-five hundred feet, he said, a battle flyer was safe from enemy fire. That was the extreme upward range of machine guns. Of course, the enemy also tilted up field guns to fire in the air, but at this height one was such a small fast target that he could count out that danger. In the early days of this siege warfare the Germans changed all that. They introduced new, specially ranged and specially managed anti-aircraft guns, which made the air extremely dangerous up to ten thousand feet. The Allies, of course, imitated at once. Instruments of marvelous precision were introduced for determining instantly heights and ranges. Now an army sufficiently provided with these guns can put up an aërial barrage, a curtain of bursting shells extending from the effective point of machine-gun range to ten or eleven thousand feet in the air.

Still, a moving aëroplane is so small and fast an object that anti-aircraft gunnery never produced all the results expected of it, especially when aviators experienced in the ways of these guns learned certain tricks of twisting and dodging in order to baffle the range finders. The great value of anti-aircraft gunnery was to keep hostile planes high up.

Reconnaissance

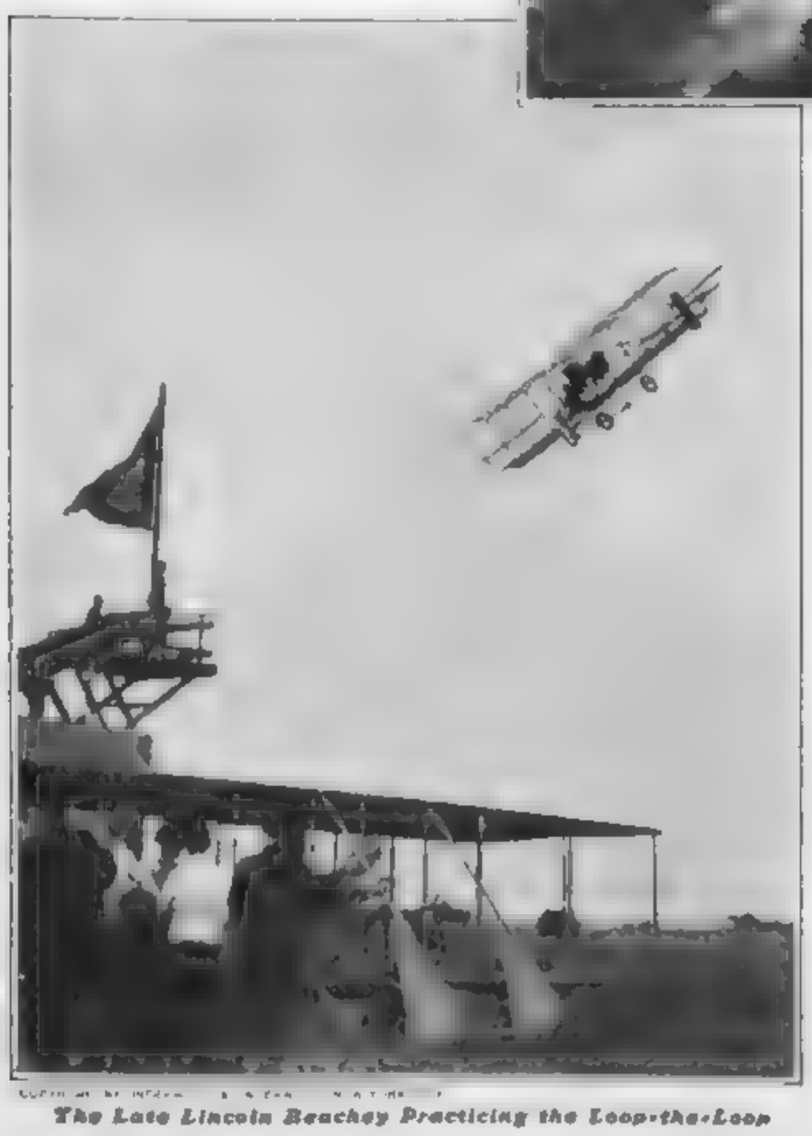
BECAUSE their reconnaissance machines had to keep high, the directors of the air services were obliged to introduce science into their methods of scouting. The human eye was replaced by photography whenever possible. Memory is tricky, especially when it must record a glimpse of something extremely complex, like a trench system. The glance of a camera leaves a permanent and accurate record, which can be studied at leisure. All machines going out for reconnaissance purposes were provided with special cameras to make the photographs, from which intelligence or staff officers could study out the appearance of the opposing lines, the numbers and character of marching troops, and the locations of batteries. Working from ten thousand feet upward, the intelligence department of the air could get infinitely better results than they could when they worked at four thousand feet. Anti-aircraft guns had scarcely fulfilled their purpose.

The only way to be certain of bringing down an aëroplane, the experts began to realize, was to fight it with another aëroplane. Then the dream of the nightmare fictionist, this half-century long, became a reality. Men began to fight in the air.

The aviators who entered the European war in 1914 went up armed with revolvers, automatic pistols, or, at best, rifles. They carried these less with expectation of fighting in the air than of defending themselves in case they had to land on a ticklish spot. In 1915 one frequently saw at the Front a German aeroplane soaring in one part of the sky and a British or French in another. Both were marking for batteries. Though surrounded by the little puffs of anti-aircraft tracer shells, they were paying no attention to each other. Now and then when two hostile planes happened to pass each other in the air the aviators would take pot shots with pistol or rifle. This was exceptional, and the hits were few.

The Air Belongs Not to the Strong But to the Swift

A Remarkable Picture of an Aeroplane Race Taken at Sunset, at Hendon, England



The Late Lincoln Beachey Practicing the Loop-the-Loop

But from the moment when they realized that anti-aircraft cannon had their strict limitations the Allies began to mount machine guns on their heavier-than-air machines, and the Germans to imitate. Then, going one stage forward, they set off machines of exceptional speed and power, driven by aviators of great expertness and nerve, to attack the observation and reconnaissance machines that came over their lines. From that time military aviation split into two departments—three, perhaps, if you consider bombing, which is of far less importance than the others. One class of aviators and machines soared above the lines, directing the artillery and making observations. Another class, made and trained for fighting, and for little else, attacked these machines or defended them against attack.

So it has gone from about the beginning of 1916 to the present day; and with every new type of machine turned out by the factories, with every new improvement in training introduced by the schools, the two departments have been constantly more and more specialized.

When the armies really prepared to fight in the air, they wasted much time and energy in the wrong direction. A good big man can always whip a good little man in a prize fight. A cannon can always beat a rifle, and a battleship a destroyer. In every kind of fighting known on land the decision was with the powerful rather than the swift. So the armies tried big aëroplanes, carrying two, three or four passengers, and sometimes even armed with small cannon. But air fighting is in three dimensions, not two; and experience soon demonstrated that the air belonged not to the strong but to the swift; not to great machines heavily armed but to little machines combining speed with great agility.

New Models

THE race for improvements in fighting planes between the Allies and the Central Powers has been nip and tuck all the way. Late in 1915 the Germans sprang the first well-recognized type of what the British call a scout machine. It was the famous Fokker, an exact copy of the French Morane—a return to the monoplane principle, which had been abandoned early in the war. Being able to fire through the propeller, it had supremacy until the French perfected a similar device. The French then answered with a biplane of greater speed and greater practical agility. That killed the monoplane idea—at least for the time being. The latest machines are all of the biplane or triplane type. The new models have come out so fast that a layman has difficulty in keeping up with them.

Even the fastest, most agile machines of a year ago will be out of date this summer. In July, 1916, in the Verdun sector, I watched a squadron of scout machines maneuvering. They handled themselves like a flock of swallows. Yesterday, at an aviation base near the Front, I watched two aviators, but lately sent up from school, go through their morning practice. Traveling across the sky at incredible speed, they seemed to turn in their own length; they rolled over on their axes as a swimmer rolls over in the water; they flipped their noses downward and dived; they brought themselves to level with a sharp twist.

Compared with those swallow machines I watched last year, they seemed like humming birds. For the constructors, in planning this new type of machine, made an accidental discovery: An aëroplane is a motor on wings. Increase the spread of its wings in proportion to the power of its motor, and, while you add to its stability at a low pace and to its lifting power, you take away from its speed. The art of constructing a fast machine consists largely in giving it the smallest practicable wing spread. It is the motor kicking with unheard-of power against the air, not the wings gliding along the air, which makes it fly.

And this kind of machine, meeting with but little obstruction from its own wings, turned out to have a marvelous agility, a miraculous power of assuming unusual

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THE MAJOR, D.O.S.

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

When He Arrived in Our Part of the World He Brought With Him a Hindu Servant With His Head Wrapped Up in About Forty Yards of Cheesecloth

I DESPISE the sort of man who gloats and pokes his finger at you and reminds you that he told you so. I hope I am not in that class, and I would be the last to rub salt into an open wound; still I see no harm in calling attention to the fact that I once expressed an opinion which had to do with Englishmen in general and Major Cuthbert Eustace Lawes—D. S. O., and a lot of other initials in particular. What is more, that opinion was expressed in the presence of Waddles Wilmot and one other director of the Yavapai Golf and Country Club.

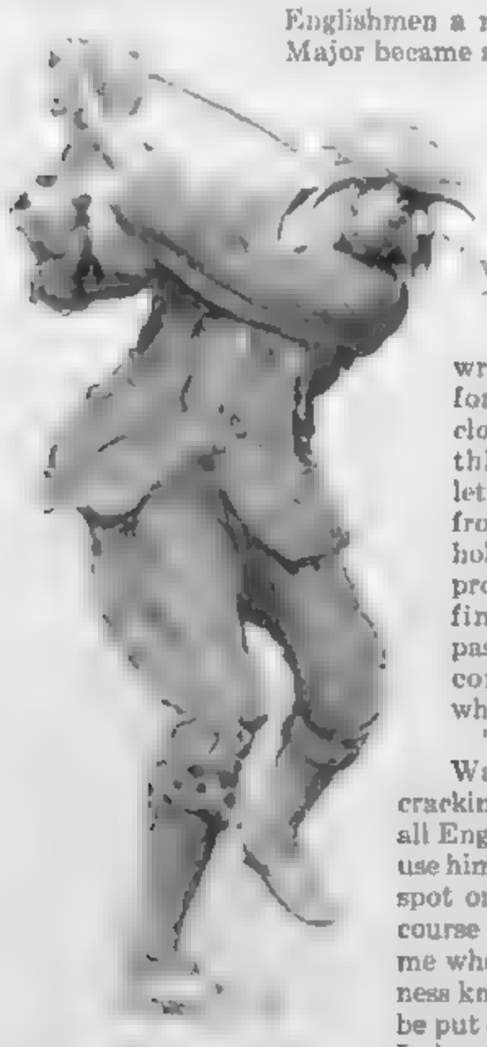
"You can't tell much about an Englishman by looking at him."

Those were my very words, and I stand by them. I point to them with pride. If Waddles had listened to me—but Waddles never listens to anybody. Sometimes he looks as if he might be listening, when as a matter of fact he is only resting his voice and thinking up something cutting and clever to say next.

Speaking of Waddles, the fault is not all his. We have indulged him with too much authority. We have allowed him to become a sort of autocrat, a golfing Pooh-Bah, a self-appointed committee of one with arbitrary powers. He began looking after the club when it was in its infancy, and now that the organization has grown to quite respectable proportions he does not seem to know how to let go gracefully. He still looks after us, whether we want him to or not, and if it is only the getting out of a new score card Waddles must attend to it, having the first word, the last word and all the words between.

If anyone presumes to disagree with him Waddles merely snorts in that disdainful way of his and goes on talking louder and louder until finally the opposition succumbs, blown down by sheer lung power, as it were, gassed before reaching the trenches. Wind is all right in its place, and in moderation, but a steady gale gets on the nerves in time. Waddles is a human simoom, carrying dust, sand and cactus.

I say this in all kindness, for I am really fond of the old boy. He has many admirable qualities, and frequently tells us what they are, but consideration for others is not one of them; and when he plays golf the things he does to an opponent are sinful. He is just as ruthless and overbearing on the links as he is in committee meeting—but of this, more anon—much more. I made my remark about Englishmen a month or so after the Major became a member of the club.



The Major Smacked Out Another Long One

We understood that Lawes was a retired infantry officer in poor health, and when he arrived in our part of the world he brought with him a Hindu servant with his head wrapped up in about forty yards of cheesecloth, an unquenchable thirst, some gilt-edged letters of introduction from big people, and a hobnail liver. He was proposed by two of our financial moguls and passed the membership committee without a whisper of dissent.

"This old bird," said Waddles, "is probably a cracking good golfer. Nearly all Englishmen are. We can use him to plug up that weak spot on the team." And of course he looked straight at me when he said it. Goodness knows, I never asked to be put on the club team, and I play my worst golf in competition.

Some of the other men thought that the Major would lend a bit of tone to the organization. I presume they got the idea from the string of initials after his name.

As to his golfing, the Major proved a disappointment. He did not seem in any haste to avail himself of the privileges of active membership, and when at the club he spent all his time sitting on the porch and staring at the mountains in the distance. I don't remember ever seeing him without a tall brandy highball at his elbow.

Personally, the Major wasn't much to look at. You could just as easily have guessed the age of a mummy. He was long-legged and cadaverous, with thin, sandy hair and a yellowish mustache that never seemed to be trimmed. His mouth was always slightly ajar, his front teeth were unduly prominent, and his chin was short and receded at an acute angle. A side view of the Major suggested a tired, half-starved old rabbit that had lost all interest in life. His eyes were a faded light blue in color and blinked constantly without a vestige of human expression. He was freckled like a turkey egg—freckled all over, but mostly on the neck and the forearms. When he spoke, which was seldom, it was in a thin, hesitating treble, reminiscent of a strayed sheep, and he had an exasperating habit of leaving a sentence half finished and beginning on another one. He could sit for hours, staring straight in front of him and apparently seeing nothing at all. When addressed he usually jumped half out of his chair and said something like this:

"Eh? Oh! God-bless-me! God-bless-me! What say?"

Socially he was a very mangy-looking lion, but we understood that he was very well connected in the old country and not so stupid as he seemed. He couldn't have been, and lived. He was a bachelor of independent means; he bought a bungalow on Medway Hill and a six-cylinder runabout, which the servant learned to drive, after a fearsome fashion. This put the Major out of the winter-visitor class—which was reassuring—but as the weeks passed and he was never seen with a golf club in his hands Waddles began to worry about that weak spot on the team.

Three of us were watching Lawes one afternoon through a window of the lounging room, which commands a view of the porch. The Major was spread out in a big wicker chair, and, save for certain mechanical movements of the right hand and arm, was as motionless as a turtle on a log. As usual, Waddles was doing most of the talking.

"Ain't he the study in still life, eh? . . . With the accent on the still—get me? Still! Ho, ho! Not bad a bit. . . . Gaze upon him, gentlemen; the world's most consistent rum hound! He hasn't moved a muscle in the last hour except to lift that glass. Wonderful type of the athletic Englishman, what-oh? Devoted to sports and pastimes, my word, yes! He wouldn't qualify for putting the shot, but for putting the highball I'll back him against all comers."

"Oh, I don't know," said Jay Gilman, who is a conservative sort of chap and knows Waddles well enough not to believe everything he says. "I don't know. The old boy makes a drink last a long time. He doesn't order many in the course of an afternoon. I've never seen him the least bit edged."

"Fellow like that never gets edged," argued Waddles. "The skin stays just so full all the time. Can't get any fuller. Did you ever try to talk with his royal jaglets? Sociable as an oyster! I tried to get him opened up the other day. He's been in India and Africa and everywhere else, they tell me, and I thought he might want to gas about his experiences. War stuff. Nothing stirring. A frost. Kidded him about the Boers, and the way the embattled farmers hung it on perfidious Albion. Couldn't even get a rise out of him. All he did was stare at me with those fishy eyes of his and make motions with his Adam's apple! Ever notice the way he watches you when you're talking to him? It's enough to make a man nervous! A major, eh? If he was a major, I wonder what the shave-tail lieutenants were like! D. S. O.! They got the initials balled up when they hitched that title to him. It should have been D. O. S.!"

"All right," said Gilman; "I'll bite. I'll be the Patsy. Why D. O. S.?"

"Dismal Old Souse, of course!" cackled Waddles. "Fits him like a glove, eh?"

It was then that I expressed my opinion, as previously quoted: "You can't tell much about an Englishman by looking at him."

But Waddles only laughed. He usually laughs at his own witticisms.

"D. O. S.," said he. "Impromptu, but good. I'll have to tell it to the boys!"

II

BUT for Cyril, I suppose the Major would have remained a chair warmer indefinitely.

Cyril was the Major's nephew, doing a bit of globe trotting after getting out of college, and he dropped in out of a clear sky, taking the Major entirely by surprise. We heard later that all the Major said was "Bless me, it's Cyril, isn't it?"

Looking at the boy, you knew at once what the Major had been like at twenty-five or thereabouts; so it goes without saying that Cyril was no motion-picture type for beauty. He was tall and thin and gangling, his feet were always in his way, his clothes did not fit him and would not have fitted anything human, his cloth hats were really not hats at all but speckled poultices, and he was as British as the unicorn itself. He was almost painfully shy when among strangers, and blushed if anyone spoke to him; but his coming seemed to cheer the Major tremendously. It hadn't occurred to me before, but I presume the D. O. S. had been lonely for his kind. Cyril was his kind—no question about that—and the pair of them held a love feast which lasted all of one afternoon. Waddles witnessed this touching family reunion and told us about it afterward, but it is likely he handled the truth in his usual nonchalant manner. Waddles would never spoil a good story for the sake of mere accuracy.

"It was great stuff!" said he. "They sat out there on the porch and gabbled terribly. A dumb man couldn't have

got a word in edgewise. The Major was never at a loss for a topic of conversation. As fast as one was exhausted he would look in his glass and say 'Shan't we have another, dear boy?' Friend Nephew never missed his cue once. 'Rawther!' he'd say, or 'Right-oh!' Then the Major would hoist signals of distress and make signs at the waiter. Oh, it was lovely to see them taking so much comfort in each other's society—and so much nourishment."

"What I want to know is this," put in Jay Gilman: "Did it liven 'em up any?"

"Not so you could notice it with the naked eye. For all the effect that anybody could see, the stuff might just as well have been poured into a pair of gopher holes. They went away at six o'clock, solemn and dignified, loaded to capacity but not even listing the least bit from the cargo they'd taken on. A lot of raw material wasted. That sort of thing is inhuman—uncanny. It must be a gift that runs in families—what?"

Before long we had a real sensation—the Major blossomed out into a playing member. A mummy doing a song and dance wouldn't have created any more excitement round the clubhouse. Even the caddies were talking about it.

Sam broke the news to me while I was practicing mid-iron shots on the other side of the eighteenth green. Sam has carried my bag for years. He is too old to be a caddie, too young to be a member of the Supreme Court, and too wise for either job. He shoots the course in the seventies every time he can dodge the greens keeper—play by employees being strictly prohibited. He has forgotten more golf than I shall ever know, and tries hard to conceal the superiority he feels, but never quite makes the grade. You know the sort of caddie I mean—every club has a few like Sam.

"There you go again! What did I tell you about playin' the ball too far off your right foot? Stiffen up those wrists a bit—don't let 'em flop so. Put some forearm into the shot, and never mind lookin' up to see where the ball goes. . . . Say, that long, thin gentleman, hum with the nose and teeth—the one they call the Major, that sits on the porch so much liftin' tall ones—I caddied for him this morning."

"You don't tell me so!"

"Yeh, I do. Sure! Him and his relative—the young fellah. Serial, ain't it? Well, they was both out early this morning, the Major beefin' a little about losin' his sleep, and sayin' he wouldn't make a fool of himself for anybody else on earth; but after he connected with a few shots he began to enjoy it and talk about what a lovely day it was goin' to be. You know how it is: any weather looks good to you when your shots are comin' off."

"Can he play at all?"

"Who, the Major? A shark, I tell you! That old boy has been a great golfer in his day, and it wasn't so long ago neither. To look at him you wouldn't think he had a full cleek shot in his system, but that's where he'd fool you. What's more, he knows where it's goin' when he ties into it. The young fellah plays a mighty sweet game—mighty sweet. He hits everything clean and hard and right on the line, but give the Major a few days' practice and he'll carry my small change every time. Knows more golf than Serial—got more shots, and he's a whale with his irons. He's a little wild with his wood off the tee—hooks too much and gets into trouble—but when he straightens out that drive he'll have Serial playin' the odd behind him. Say, it'd be great to get 'em both into the Invitation Tournament, eh?"

Now our Invitation Tournament is the big show of the year in golfing circles. Waddles sees to that. All members of the association are eligible, but visitors have to have a card and an invitation as well.

Waddles always scans these visitors very closely, and if a man is known as a cup hunter no amount of pressure can get him in. The Major, being a member of the club, was automatically invited to participate, but Cyril must be classed as a visitor.

I went to Waddles and told him what Sam had told me, suggesting that here was the chance to coax the Major off the porch for good, and perhaps get him onto the team later. I said that I thought it would be a graceful thing to issue an invitation to Cyril without waiting for a request from the Major.

"You poor fish!" said Waddles. "I was going to do that anyway. Do you think I'm asleep all the time?"

That is the way with Waddles. He can catch an idea on the fly, and before it settles he has adopted it as his own. He doesn't care a brass-mounted continental who scared it up in the first place. Before it lights it is his—all his. He said he didn't believe the Major was half so good as his advance notices, and, as for the full cleek shot, he poohpoohed that part of the story entirely. Waddles has never mastered the cleek, but he is a demon with a bulldog spoon or with a brassie.

"I'll do this thing—as a common courtesy to a member," said Waddles; "but I'm not counting on the Major's golf. A man can't lay off for months and come back playing any sort of a game."

So the invitation was issued in Cyril's name, and we went in search of the Major. He was on the porch and Cyril was practicing putts on the clock green.

Waddles can be very formal and dignified and diplomatic when he wants to be, and as a salve spreader he has few equals and no superiors. He pays a compliment in such a bluff, hearty fashion that it carries with it an air of absolute sincerity.

"Major," he began, "I can't tell you how delighted I am to hear that you have taken up the game again. Aside from the pleasure, it is bound to benefit your health."

"Eh?" said the Major, staring at Waddles intently. "Oh, yes! I'm feeling quite well at present, thanks."

"And you'll feel better for taking exercise," continued Waddles. "We are hoping that you will enter our Invitation Tournament next week. You'll get a number of good matches, meet some charming people and make some friends. Play begins on Wednesday."

"Ah!" said the Major.

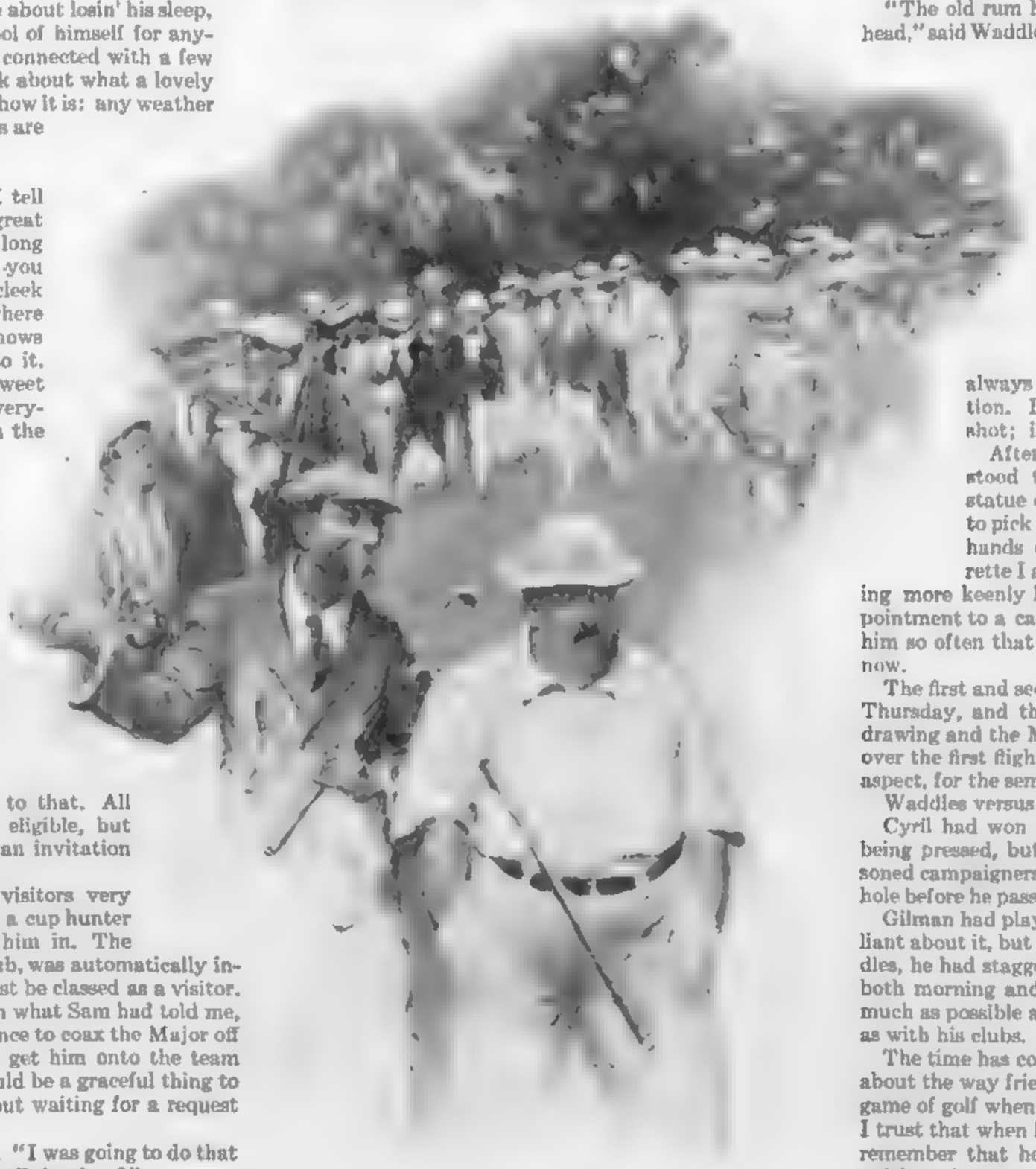
"You can pick your own partner in the qualifying round." And here Waddles brought out the envelope containing the invitation. "I thought likely you might want to play with your nephew."

The Major took the envelope and opened it. After he had read the inclosure he looked up at Waddles and smiled.

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," said he. "Most kind. Cyril will appreciate this. . . . Shan't we have a drink?"

"Can you beat him?" said Waddles to me when we were back in the lounging room. "Just about as chummy as an oyster!"

"Either that or very inattentive," said I; "but just the same I think he'll play. Cyril will persuade him."



The Major Was With Him Every Step of the Way, Blatting About His Friend Fitzpatrick

Waddles' Third Shot Tore the Ball Out of the Thick Grass and Put It on the Green

"I don't care a whoop whether he plays or not," growled Waddles. "I hate a man who can't loosen up and talk!"

"There is only one thing worse," said I, "and that is a man who talks too much."

Waddles took my remark as personal and wolfed at me for half an hour. Why is it that the man who has no consideration for your feelings is always so confoundedly sensitive about his own?

III

FLASHING now to a close-up of the scores for the qualifying round, there were two strange faces in the first sixteen—Cyril's and the Major's—and Cyril walked off with the cup offered for low man. His seventy-three created quite a commotion among the Class A men, but the Major's eighty-one was what knocked them all a twister. Even Waddles was amazed. Waddles had turned in an eighty-five, which barely got him into the championship flight, but medal scores are nothing in Waddles' life. Match play is where he shines—match play against a nervous opponent.

"The old rum hound must have been shooting over his head," said Waddles. "I'll bet he holed a lot of niblick shots."

I might have been in the fourth flight if I had not picked up my ball after playing eleven in the ditch at the fifth hole, and by that act eliminated myself from the tournament. I finished the round, of course, and signed my partner's card, becoming thereafter a mere spectator and a bit of the gallery.

Sam was disgusted with me—so much so that he refused me advice or sympathy. As a usual thing Sam walks up on a drive and selects the club which he thinks I should use. I may disagree with him, but I notice that in the end I always make the shot with the club of his selection. If I am short he tells me that I spared the shot; if I am over he says I hit it too hard.

After the catastrophe at the fifth hole Sam stood the bag on end and turned his back, a statue of silent contempt. When he allows me to pick out a club I know that he has washed his hands of me; when he will not accept a cigarette I am past praying for. I can think of nothing more keenly humiliating than to feel myself a disappointment to a caddie like Sam, but I have disappointed him so often that he should be getting hardened to it by now.

The first and second rounds of match play took place on Thursday, and the pairings put Cyril at the top of the drawing and the Major at the bottom. When the day was over the first flight had assumed a distinctly international aspect, for the semifinalists appeared as follows:

Waddles versus Cyril; Jay Gilman versus the Major.

Cyril had won his matches quite handily and without being pressed, but the Major had caught a brace of seasoned campaigners, one of whom took him to the twentieth hole before he passed out on the end of a long rainbow putt.

Gilman had played his usual steady game—nothing brilliant about it, but extremely dependable; and, as for Waddles, he had staggered along on the ragged edge of defeat both morning and afternoon, annoying his opponents as much as possible and winning quite as much with his head as with his clubs.

The time has come to say a few brief but burning words about the way friend Waddles plays the royal and ancient game of golf when there is anything in sight for the victor. I trust that when he reads this he will have the decency to remember that he had already cut my handicap to the quick, as it were.

To begin with, Waddles has no more form than an apple woman or a Cubist nude. He is so constructed that he

cannot take a full swing to save his immortal soul. Everything has to be wrist and forearm with Waddles, but somehow or other he manages to snap his foolish little tee shots straight down the middle of the course, popping them high over the bunkers and avoiding all the traps and pits. The special providence that cares for taxicab drivers, sailors and drunken men seems to take charge of Waddles' ball in flight, imparting to it a tremendous overspin that gives it distance. I never saw Waddles square away at a drive without pitying him for his short, choppy swing; but he usually beats me about ten yards on account of the run that he gets. I never watched him jab at a putt without feeling certain that the ball was hit too hard to stay in the hole; but stay it does. Waddles actually putts with an overspin, and his ball burrows like a mole, dropping into the cup as if made of lead.

His brassie shots are just pusillanimous—there is no other word which describes them accurately—but somehow they keep on bouncing toward the pin. His irons run halfway and creep the rest of the distance. He always gets better results than his shots deserve, and complains that he should have had more. This one little trick of his is enough to drive an opponent crazy. Every golfer knows the moral—no, immoral—effect of going up against someone who gets more out of every shot than he puts into it, and still is not satisfied. It is like sitting in a poker game with a man who draws four to a deuce, makes an ace full, wins the pot, and then wolfs because it wasn't four aces.

I never played with Waddles without feeling certain that I could show him up on the long game, and it was straining to do it that ruined me. Trying to pick the tail feathers out of that lame duck has ruined many a golfer, the secret being that the duck isn't so lame as he looks. Waddles makes 'em all press—a big factor in his match play; but there are others, and not nearly so legitimate.

Playing the game strictly on merit, observing all the little niceties of demeanor and the courtesies due an opponent, Waddles would be a desperately hard man to beat; but he does not stop at merit. When he is out to win he does not stop anywhere. He has made a lifelong study of the various ways in which an opponent may be annoyed and put off his game, and he is the acknowledged master of all of them.

For instance, if he plays Doc Jones, who is chatty and conversational and likes to talk between shots, Waddles never opens his mouth once, but plods along with a scowl on his face and his lower lip sticking out a foot. Before long the poor little Doc begins to wonder whether he has said anything to hurt Waddles' feelings—and that is the end of Jones. But if Waddles plays Chester Hodge, who believes that the secret of a winning game is concentration, he is a perfect windmill, talking to Chester every minute, telling him funny stories, asking him questions, and literally conversing him off his feet.

Bill Mulqueen is nervous and impatient and hates to wait on his second shots; so when Waddles plays him he drives short and takes five minutes to play the odd, while Bill fumes and frets and accumulates steam for the final explosion, which never fails to strew the last nine with his mangled remains. On the other hand, old Barrison is deliberation itself, and Waddles beats him by playing his own shots quickly and then crowding Barry—hurrying him up, nagging at him, riding him from shot to shot, trying to speed up an engine that can't be speeded without racking itself to pieces. Joe Bowhan hates to have anyone moving about the tee when he is setting himself to drive. Waddles licks him by washing his ball fresh on every hole. Joe can't see him, but he can hear him scouring away behind him. "Hand-laundered out of the contest again" is what Joe tells us when he comes in.

Perhaps the cruelest thing Waddles ever did was in the finals of the Spring Handicap against young Archie Gatter. The kid was inclined to think fairly well of himself and his game, but on the day of the match Waddles lugged a visiting golf architect round the course with him, planning improvements in the way of traps and bunkers, discussing various kinds of grass for the greens, arguing about soil, and paying no attention whatever to the wretched Archie not even watching him make his shots. It broke the boy's heart to be ignored so completely, and he shot the last nine holes in a fat fifty-seven, finishing a total wreck.

These are only a few of Waddles' little villainies, and the fact that he is a consistent winner at match play bears out the theory that the best study of golf is golfers—splitting it fifty-fifty with the late Mr. Pope.

The most exasperating thing about Waddles is the bland, unconscious manner in which he perpetrates these outrages upon his opponents. He never seems aware that he is doing anything wrong or taking an unfair advantage; he pleads thoughtlessness if driven into a corner—and gets away with it too. You have to know Waddles very well before you are certain that every little movement has a meaning all its own and is part of a cold-blooded and deliberate plan of campaign.

With all these things in mind, I had a hunch that Friday's match with Cyril would be worth watching, and I was at the clubhouse at nine in the morning. Cyril and the Major were already there, driving practice balls. It was generally understood that the matches in the semi-finals would start at nine-thirty, and promptly on the dot Jay Gilman and the Major were on their way—both of them off to perfect drives.

I waited to follow Cyril and Waddles—and a long, weary wait it was. There is nothing which secures the angora so neatly and completely as to be all dressed up and keyed up with nowhere to go. Have you ever seen a boxer fretting and chafing in his corner, waiting for the champion to put in an appearance; and did you ever stop to think that the champion, in his dressing room, was counting on the effect of that nervous period of inactivity? Golf is a game which demands mental poise, and Cyril was losing his, minute by minute. He prowled all over the place, searching for Waddles; he walked out and looked down the road toward town; he practiced putting—and hit every shot too hard. If he had not been an Englishman, and schooled to keep his feelings to himself, I think he would have said something of a blistering nature.

It was eleven-fifteen when Waddles arrived, dripping apologies from every pore. Had Cyril understood that nine-thirty was the hour? Well, wasn't that a shame—too bad he hadn't telephoned or something! Waddles stated—and there was and is no reason to doubt his word—that he thought the matches were scheduled for the afternoon. He dawdled in the locker room for a scandalously long time, while Cyril made little journeys to the first tee and back again, growing warmer and warmer with each trip.

When Waddles finally emerged, neatly swathed in flannels, he suggested lunch. Cyril replied a bit stiffly that he never took food in the middle of the day.

"And a hard match in front of you, too," said Waddles. "I couldn't think of starting without a sandwich. Do you mind waiting while I have one?"

Cyril lied politely, but it was a terrible strain on him, and Waddles consumed a sandwich, a glass of milk and forty-five minutes more. Then he had to have one of his irons wrapped where the shaft had split—another straw for the camel's back. By this time the Major and Jay had finished their match, the Major winning on the sixteenth green. They joined the gallery, after the usual ceremonies at the nineteenth hole.

"Are you ready?" asked Waddles, breezing out on the first tee—and that was rather nervy, too, seeing that Cyril hadn't been anything else for three mortal hours.

"After you, sir," said the boy, short and sharp. He knew that he was getting the work, and he resented it.

It always suits Waddles to have the honor. He likes to shoot first because his tee shot usually makes an opponent sore. He popped one of his dinky little drives into the air, but instead of dropping into the bunker it floated beyond it to the middle of the course and ran like a scared rabbit.

"No distance!" grumbled Waddles, slapping his club on the tee. "No distance. I'm all out of luck to-day."

Well, that was no more than rubbing it in by word of mouth. It produced the desired effect, because Cyril nearly broke himself in two in an attempt to beat that choppy half-arm swing. He swung much too hard, didn't follow through at all, and the ball sliced into a trap far up to the left.

"Do you know what you did then?" asked Waddles. "You tried to kill it, you didn't follow through, and ——"

"And I sliced. I know perfectly, thanks." And Cyril started down the course, with Waddles tagging at his hip and telling him what was the matter with his swing. Coming from a man who never took a full-arm wallop at a ball in his life, criticism must have seemed superfluous. I couldn't see Cyril's face, but his ears reddened.

Waddles slapped a brassie to the edge of the putting green, but Cyril, trying for distance out of a heel print, took too much sand and barely got back on the course again. His third reached the green, whereupon Waddles promptly laid his ball dead for a four. Cyril missed a twenty-footer and lost the first hole.

Again Waddles spatted out a drive that narrowly escaped a cross bunker, but it struck on a hard spot and ran fully one hundred yards before it stopped. Waddles knows every hard spot on the course and governs himself accordingly.

Cyril followed through this time—followed through so vigorously that the ball developed a hook. A cross wind helped it along into the rough grass, leaving him a nasty second shot over shrubbery and trees. It hadn't stopped rolling before Waddles was talking again.

"You know what you did then? Too much right hand; and your club head ——"

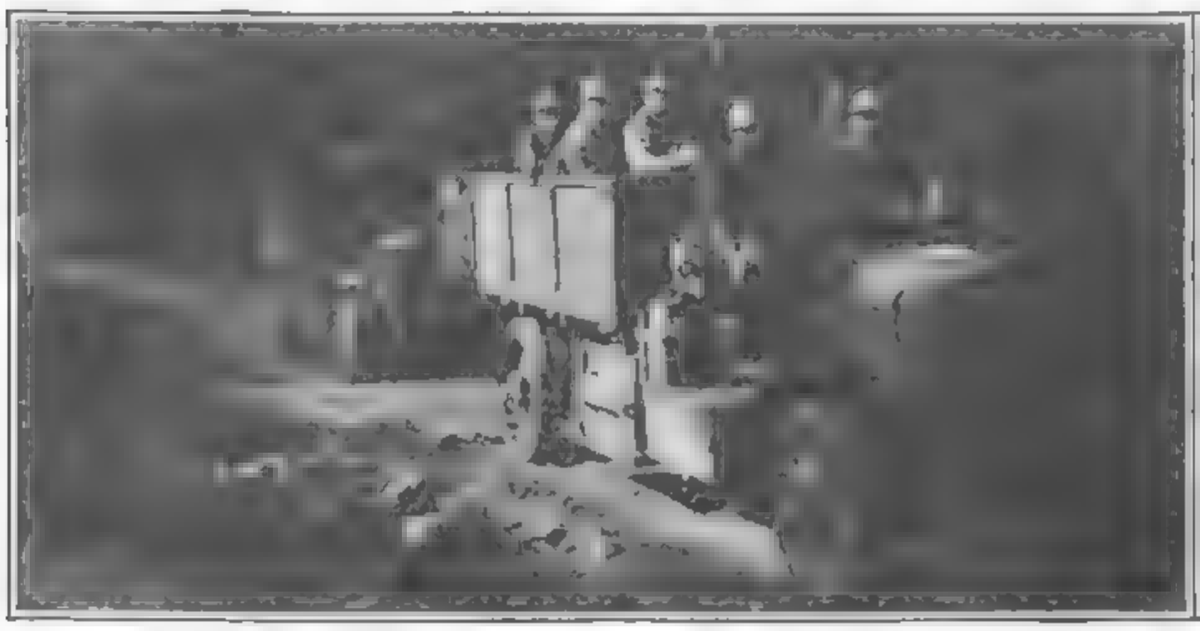
"Precisely," said Cyril, and left the tee almost on a dog-trot; but Waddles trotted with him, explaining what had happened to the club head. He was so earnest about it, so eager to be of assistance, so persistent, that Cyril did not know how to take him. Then, to add to the boy's discomfiture, Waddles played a perfect spoon shot, taking advantage of the wind, and the ball stopped six feet from the pin. Only a miracle could have saved Cyril after that, and there were no miracles left in his system. His ball carried low from the rough, struck the limb of a tree and glanced out of bounds. He played another, which dropped into thick weeds, and then picked up, conceding

(Continued on Page 29)

"Just the Same," Persisted Jay, "I'll Take the Major's End if You'll Promise to Keep Your Mouth Shut"

What You Will Find When You Get to France—By Frederic Coleman, F. R. G. S.

TO THE YOUNG AMERICAN WHO MAY FIGHT IN EUROPE



On the Road

Helping the Cook

IN DUE course of time a new command is moved toward the Front, and at last the day will arrive for it to go into the trenches. This is the critical time on which the fighting value of a unit so much depends.

Experience has taught in France that if a new lot is ordered to take over a sector of the line without first being attached to an experienced unit the newly arrived troops have to buy their knowledge, and the cost is paid in blood. So many factors continually intrude at unexpected moments in the war game that carefully laid plans sometimes must be abandoned. If matters do not materially change, however, it will probably be possible for the units of each new division that arrives at the firing line to be attached to some old division for ten days. The newcomers will thus have the advantage of the experience of well-tried troops, first being disposed in platoons, then as companies, and, last, taking over a battalion sector.

One who has been long at the Front will know of more than one new formation, after an attachment such as I have suggested, which has quickly developed its best fighting qualities. Many of us have, unfortunately, seen the reverse, owing to the necessity of using new troops to fill a gap before they had had any experience of trench warfare.

I remember one instance distinctly in which a battalion that to-day has a splendid reputation let us down badly and was responsible for the loss of a section of line that cost hundreds of valuable lives to regain—all because the senior officers of the command had but a very hazy idea of the exact location of the twisting trench line into which the battalion had been rushed. But those were days when we were deplorably short of men. Our needs of those days are unlikely to recur, thank God!

The Men Who Stuck it Out

I WANT to impress the young American soldier particularly with the fact that he will gain much information from the war veterans he will meet. Their accounts will vary with the sector and the period, for he must bear in mind that conditions in the mud flats of Belgium are very different from those on the chalk downs of Artois. Still more diverse will be the experiences of those who stuck it out and kept smiling during the punishing times of the Great Retreat of 1914, and of those who took part in the successful Allied advances on the Somme, at Arras and at Messines.

Do not forget that the British soldiers, some of them, are men who did stick it out with a vengeance, under conditions more disheartening than will ever surround Allied soldiers again in this war. Do not forget that they kept smiling. They are smiling still, bless them! You may kill the British Tommy, but you cannot, unless you kill him, take away his stout heart and his effervescent cheerfulness. He has proved himself, the Tommy. He will make a firm friend and a fine comrade, and the boys from America will have his whole heart when they come in contact with him. He may see things from a different light. He may express himself differently from what some of us will do. But he is a fine fighting man; and, best of all, he has kept smiling.

Keep smiling, too, boys. It is worth so much just to keep smiling. And it may be harder, sometimes, than one might think.

Let the man who is not a professional soldier, who has come forward in this war to help make greater, newer armies to fight against the inhuman cruelty, oppression and lawlessness of the German, the Bulgar and the Turk, remember that without the nucleus of our trained army we should be helpless. The new soldier is prone to forget the value, if he ever fully realized it, of a sound military training that has been systematically spread over a number of years. When the officer or man who is not a professional soldier meets with the man, whatever his rank, who has given his life, long since, to the profession of arms, let the newcomer to the tents of Mars bear well in mind the fact that the professional soldier's military knowledge has been built on a groundwork that gives him considerable advantage over the soldier that has had a short and necessarily superficial training. The new soldier can always learn some things about soldiering from the old soldier.

The great test of a new soldier sometimes comes with promotion to noncommissioned rank. Recently the son of a very great friend of mine, a colonel in the British Army, became of the necessary age and popped off into the army as a private soldier. This pleased his father in one way, and worried him somewhat in another. The colonel was proud of the boy for taking his place in the ranks instead of waiting for the commission that he knew would be his for the waiting. At the same time the colonel naturally wished that his son could be spared the hardships that must be the part of the lower ranks in a war like this. He resolved, however, for the boy's own good, to let matters run their course and let the lad work out his own salvation.

The youngster took to soldiering as a duck takes to water. His father was a disciplinarian, in the army and out of it. To have known what discipline really means is of more use to the prospective soldier than much gold. The boy's natural bent was not to be denied; and he was chosen, eventually, for the rank of sergeant. Naturally, his father's joy was great.

The boy came to dinner at my home one Sunday not long after and showed me a letter from the colonel. I took a copy of that letter, obtained the colonel's permission to publish it, and here it is:

My dear boy: Your last letter gave me the greatest pleasure, the more so as you tell me that your company commander assured you that your promotion to sergeant, in spite of your youth, is in no way due to the fact that you are my son. I fully appreciate your views, and agree that it would be intolerable for you to be placed in command of better men except on your merits. Promotion for political or social reasons is very much to be deprecated, as it is the ruin of all discipline. In peacetime there is always a suspicion of this in the ranks, and it is always much resented. In wartime the feeling is much stronger, as men know they have to trust their lives to their platoon and section commanders, and unless these are carefully selected for manliness and ability the men naturally feel anxious in action.

You tell me your men are fine fellows and desperately keen to do their duty, as well as to show that they have been well trained. This is satisfactory as far as it goes, and it is up to you to see that they keep this fine spirit when in the line; I must even add when going up to and returning from the line. Nothing reflects the spirit of the men better than the maintenance of training and discipline under unusual circumstances. A platoon marching up to the line, for instance, is of necessity much overladen with all the various articles required: extra ammunition of all kinds; in cold weather, a blanket, waterproof sheet, trench boots, and so on; and the average weight carried is nearer seventy-five pounds than sixty. The pace must be slow, about two miles an hour; but there is no reason for breaking ranks, straggling, or dropping loads in convenient ditches. Inclination and discipline pull in opposite directions, and the picture of a platoon on arrival is no bad indication of its fighting value, and is certainly a true reflection of its commander. Never forget this. If you ever get a swelled head, cast your eye over your platoon in billets, on the march and in the trenches. If they are insanitary, slovenly or slack, you will see a true picture of yourself. In fact, any want of discipline means you are slack yourself or unable to maintain discipline. This test is unfailing, and all the best excuses in the world will not alter facts.

When the young sergeant read that letter over to me he said soberly: "The governor does not intend I shall fail to recognize my responsibilities, does he? Just wait till I get out there. If we ever get near him I will show him a platoon that comes a mighty long way from being slovenly, insanitary or slack."

And I will guarantee that he will too. But his father's words, and others to the same point, will have played their part. My experience is that the young noncommissioned officer cannot strive too hard for the perfection of his platoon. The results, too, will be worth all the effort.

Moving Day on the Line

"TAKING over a trench," said the Sage Youth, "is, I find, very like moving one's residence in private life. There is the same house hunting—for, though the map reference may be found, the trench itself may not—the same transference of personal property, the same discomfort in new quarters and the same ultimate settling down."

Thereupon, with a solemn wink he tramped off trenchward.

In the early days of the war trench relief was much less of a business than it is now, and was, in consequence, much more dangerous. Much depended upon the character of the terrain immediately back of the firing line. I have seen trenches in such water-logged ground that the construction of approach trenches was impossible. When the water lies a few inches from the surface, digging communication trenches is futile. In such sectors we had to send the men up over the open at night, let them lie down behind the trench parados, and stay there until the incumbent garrison was ready to move out. When the exchange took place under such circumstances it was done with celerity and dispatch, usually to the accompaniment of sundry hits by enemy snipers. Five seconds was time enough for that sort of relief. Organized trench warfare and an ever-watchful enemy have made such methods of trench relief costly and impracticable.

Nowadays the relief of a sector of the line begins with what is officially styled reconnaissance. Unofficially the boys refer to it as the Cook's tour. Everything is most businesslike. A party of officers and senior noncommissioned officers from the new unit is taken by motor bus to the vicinity of the trench system to be studied. Guides meet the bus. The party is taken forward to the adjutant of the battalion holding the line, who sends the company

officers still farther forward with their respective guides and himself pays attention to the needs of the officers who will later take over the battalion headquarters. When the Cook's tour party reaches the front trench line proper it is again subdivided, and each little group of platoon representatives finds itself attached to a platoon in the line. Here they live for a couple of days or more, gleaning all available information.

I can give no better advice to a noncommissioned officer who might be selected for a reconnaissance party than telling him to endeavor to borrow a general map of the position and commit to memory the commanding features, ridges, valleys and any tactical points. On arrival in the trench zone, by means of his compass he will then be able to locate various points as landmarks.

It is not often that reliefs can be carried out by day, for troops if detected on the move attract shell fire in a most unpleasant way. Consequently a general knowledge of the lie of the surrounding ground may prove of inestimable value.

Let me advise the man who may be selected for the important duty of visiting the front line, be his stay there long or short, against trusting to his memory. He should jot down in his notebook everything he can learn of the position, such as the number of men holding the part of the line his company will take take over; the Lewis gun and bombing posts; the state of the defenses, wire obstacles, fire parapets, communications and dangerous spots; the shelter accommodation in the support line; cooking, sleeping, washing and sanitary arrangements; information about the enemy—his habits, machine gun and trench mortar positions, his usual hours of activity, and so on.

No trench near the line should ever be entered without the permission of the officer commanding it. Company headquarters in the line may or may not be a desirable residence. The signalers should have the best dugout, and the company commander the next best. If the two can be combined, so much the better; but it is imperative that the signalers be in a good place, because in time of trouble it is the company commander's duty to be on the end of the phone wire.

It may be useful to note how a first-trench system is arranged. A well-organized system consists of a first or firing line, a support line, and a reserve line. The first line should be used entirely for defense and should be well wired, forty to fifty yards in front. The garrison should act as if on outpost, ready at all times, properly dressed, with belts on and with rifles ready in hand. Cooking, washing and sleeping should not be permitted in the first line provided the support line is close up—say, within one hundred yards and the communication back to it is practicable by day.

Larry's Essay on Trench Relief

THE reserve line is intended for the companies in battalion reserve. In short, the system of trenches should not change the recognized outpost organization of pickets, supports and reserves, but should simplify the defense of the position and decrease the casualties of a more primitive arrangement by quite ninety per cent.

It is usual in France in later days for battalions to be responsible for an area of this front system of trenches, including the three lines, on a certain front. Companies occupy a section of the firing line and that part of the support line immediately behind it. This enables the relief of the troops in the firing line to be carried out at regular intervals, to prevent troops from being worn out. An eight-hour tour of duty in the firing line is perhaps the best arrangement for a platoon. This allows eight hours each day for rest and a large margin for the work necessary to maintain the trenches in good order.

In one of the best divisions in France when the battalions are ordered to take over a section of line it is done in two stages. First the incoming troops occupy billets or camps close to the line, and then comes the actual trench relief. The occupation of billets close to the firing line is in no wise different in practice from the taking over of billets in any other place, except that usually more stringent regulations are issued regarding fires and lights. In that division officers and senior noncommissioned officers are encouraged to go up again, subsequent to the first Cook's tour, visit the trenches, learn the latest news, and see that any items of importance are disseminated to the men.

This division has another rule that might well be made universal. It would prevent many misunderstandings. During the day prior to the relief each battalion adjutant and company commander pays a last preliminary visit to the trenches and carefully arranges, for each company, the exact time, method and route of relief. That is thoroughness carried to a fine point, but it pays.

My friend Larry, the junior sub *par excellence*, said he would write me a valuable essay on trench relief if I would print it. Like most of Larry's cheerful effusions, it contained, when produced, some real information and sound common sense. It is unnecessary to translate it. Here it is in the original:

On the occasion of a proper trench relief, company commanders and company sergeant majors in our lot go up at least one hour in advance of the troops. The popular idea is that they do this in order to miss the *Strafe* put on communication trenches by the Hun if he spots the relief taking place. This is untrue. Their object is to be allowed as much time as possible for taking over a varied collection of ironmongery known vaguely as trench stores, which includes practically everything in the trench, from rat traps to latrine pails, by way of rockets and bafflers. I once had three tins of strawberry jam and fifteen Kirchner drawings solemnly listed and signed for with the rest of the stores.

Handed over also are maps, aëroplane photographs, any important correspondence or instructions, plans for work, and a large book bound in dark-red cloth called a log book. This last purports to be a complete record of the life and works of that particular section of trench. Were it kept up to date it might be useful, but one cannot help feeling ruffled when, in search of knowledge, one turns to the section headed Enemy Trenches and finds that the only entry for two months is the laconic remark "Not visited."

Systematic pruning of trench-store lists is helpful, but must not be attempted by the novice, because only experience can teach what may with advantage be deleted. Defective pumps, broken gas horns, wet rockets and the like should, however, be sent down to battalion headquarters at once and replacement requested.

The men having been duly impressed with the necessity of keeping behind cover and quiet during relief, guides having been met and assurance been obtained that the N. C. O.s already know the route, relief of the trench should offer no great difficulty. Success comes to the officer who foresees where trouble will arise and takes steps to thwart it.

Americans Under Instruction are Camped in This Forest. Above, the Cook Hands Out Breakfast

A good relief is one that goes off without a hitch and in the minimum of time. The method of one platoon or company pushing its opposite number out at the opposite end of the trench is not recommended, for should Fritz open up while all the men in the trench are on the move the resultant confusion would be too awful to describe. The better way is for the old platoon to keep its position and sentries until the new platoon has actually occupied the trench and mounted its own sentries. Then the relieved platoon can file quickly and quietly out

Finally, when all is quiet again and the new occupants have asked all their questions and got everything square, the old company commander reports relief complete in prearranged code over the phone and departs down the trench, mopping his brow and exclaiming "Gee! What a relief!"

The full meaning of the expression the reader will fully understand only when he has been there.

Tommy Dodd Was Right

IT HAS become rather a habit with me to scribble notes on things when I have nothing else to do. I confess there were times at the Front when I sat and wrote to keep my mind off possibilities not altogether unconnected with enemy shells. This habit became noticed sufficiently often to rouse the suspicion that I was engaged in writing a book.

"What is it about to-day?" asked Tommy Dodd one sullen morning.

"What could it be about, written here," I parried, "except the doings of all of us? Life, my son! Life in the blessed trenches!"

"I could give an oration on trench life," asserted Tommy Dodd. "Put this in your bally old book, you sorrowful blighter."

He rose till the top of his head threatened to hit the roof of the dugout, and declaimed sententiously: "A trench is a rectangular ditch for troops to live in, so that enemy bullets go over our heads instead of into them. Trenches are joined together at the end so that journalists can refer to them as 'our far-flung battle line,' and in order to allow newspapers to print pretty but usually incorrect maps with even prettier and more incorrect 'front lines' running diagonally across them. I believe we have to thank the American Civil War for the introduction of trenches, but the desire to preserve friendship with our brothers across the Pond prevents us from often mentioning the fact. Trench work is never, never done. Only Lewis Carroll could do justice to the condition of a trench blown in or collapsed:

"'If seven men with seven spades should work for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Captain said, 'that they could get it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Subaltern, and shed a bitter tear."

That proved too much for two other young irrepressibles close at hand, who charged the glowing orator, downed him and soon had choked all the eloquence out of him, with a neatness and dispatch that promised no good times for any Hun officer whom either of the merry stalwarts might meet hand to hand in a trench raid.

But Tommy Dodd was right. Trench life does mean work in plenty.

Life in the trenches divides itself automatically into two parts, the day and the night. Modern invention has endeavored, with considerable success, to bridge the hours of darkness by means of such artificial illumination as Verey lights, parachute lights and searchlights. The use of the first two is practically universal. Searchlights possess one great drawback—lack of mobility. The Hun usually mounts his searchlights on a sort of tram track, thereby exhibiting a moving target that proves to be annoyingly difficult to knock out.

A day in the trenches opens with the morning stand-to. This extends from about half an hour before dawn to about half an hour after it. Every man in the trench is awake and ready for action and is inspected in that condition by his platoon commander. Every man's rifle must be in perfect order; he must have his own special place on the firestep whence he can fire, at the foot of the wire entanglements that have been placed in front of his own trenches; if there is any doubt about this he should be made to fire five rounds rapidly, so that he can see the error of his ways—and shots; his gas helmet must be in good condition and ready; he must know the position of bombs and extra ammunition, the attitude of the enemy and the direction of the wind.

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ASPHODEL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

IN ONE of the fleet, sinking panics that invaded the unaccustomed night of Christian Gow's blindness he reached out a hand over the back of the bench. It touched nothing but the cold painted iron; and, in an anxiety that pierced his resolute effort of self-control, he cried, in French:

"Aurore, where have you got to?"

A clear masculine voice immediately replied, as a thin, firm palm dropped on his shoulder:

"Nowhere but at your side, brother. I was finding a match for Serge's cigarette."

Christian sighed with relief. "If I am not careful," he thought in his native English, "I shall disgrace myself." The smoke from Serge's cigarette drifted in an astringent cloud across his face. In that brief passage he felt a momentary screening of the midday May sun, pouring over his bared head, and shoulders. He heard the vibration of a steamer leaving its dock for the short tour of the lake. Feet shuffled past, with a supplementary dragging over the gravel walk of the Promenade du Lac, in Geneva, where he was sitting. An aged person with a child, he judged.

He wrinkled his forehead in the painful attempt to adjust himself to a new, permanently darkened existence. And he must soon solve the problem of his future sustenance. Christian Gow wished to minimize his charge upon England; and there was literally no one sufficiently intimate left for the proffering of material assistance.

Only some women remained—his mother, old and in narrow circumstances; his brother's widow; and an unmarried sister in a munitions factory. The war had swept them all into the supreme sacrifice of the national effort. Now, too, he realized that his mature life as an Oxford don, though it had been crowded with duties and enthusiasms, had been singularly bare of personal contacts, an isolated island of fixed endeavor in the river of youth forever hurrying by.

But he reminded himself that he had determined not to dwell on the fact of his blindness; it was to be treated as apparently negligible. His duty—service—had not been ended by that last slant of shrapnel hurtling out of a blue veil of poplars above a placid, sodded stream. It was necessary for him to seem cheerful. . . . No curious or silently inimical onlooker must see a quiver of regret, a shade of doubt or panic.

Aurore moved closer to him, so that he brushed the Frenchman's side—a side strangely immobile, stripped of its arm. Serge, beyond, was talking in his eager inaccurate French.

"When the war's over," he declared, "you must both come to Baku and live with me. I won't hear no. We are rich, with petrol fields, and will still be—even afterward. You shall be at ease—gardens, music, tender hands."

Aurore replied:

"A thousand thanks! But—France! I'll be needed there, building up again the Republic. . . . Paris!"

To Christian Gow Baku seemed terribly distant. He was frankly afraid of being blind in Baku. It might be supportable in Devon, lulled by the sea.

"Isn't it time for the little Italian?" he asked suddenly.

Unconsciously he was waiting for the sound of the young, feminine voice that, every morning they had gone to the Promenade du Lac, had greeted them in tones of fresh, warm compassion. They must, he thought, present a deplorable spectacle for a young girl strolling through a space of sun and flowers—three broken soldiers, blinded and crippled!

Serge's leg had been shot off at the hip. Of course he had a new automatic limb, which worked with a faint but audible click and clumped oddly over the ground. But Serge often complained of the manner in which it stretched stupidly out in his excellent Bond Street trousers. And Aurore's wound, ten months old, would not heal cleanly enough for an artificial arm.

A depressing sight for a young girl, with a palpable delicacy in her sympathy, to dwell on!

A thin, sharp inspiration and mutter from Aurore indicated that he was suffering again. Serge cursed all Germany in a harsh Russian invective; but the other interrupted him:

"Stop spitting that! Here's the girl again."

Christian Gow sat erect and, with blundering fingers, straightened his tie. The suit he wore must be badly crumpled by now; he could feel that he was not properly shaved. He heard his companions rising, and he followed their example, swaying until braced against the bench. A voice, serious and charming, cramped in stilted, schoolroom French, said:

"I was kept, but look—by these! Flowers, decorations, for each of you. No, m'sieur; I am to have the happiness of fixing them. First, for the Russian—a red, red camellia. That would be for courage. Now, second, the Frenchman—a purple zinnia. See, in your tunic. For honor, m'sieur."

Christian Gow was conscious of a delicate presence immediately before him, of a stem drawn lightly through his buttonhole, a subtle odor that might come from a flower or a complex source.

"And last ——" She paused. "Third and last, white asphodel for an Englishman."

She stopped in obvious, growing confusion. Christian's heart gave a throb. He stood very upright, chin elevated, lips pressed together.

"I wish," she went on rapidly, "that you would tell me your names."

"Serge Krassilnikoff," one said.

"Aurore Victor Hennique de Grexes."

Christian Gow repeated his name abruptly in the flat voice of the blind.

"I am Elena Sanni-Trigona," she informed them. "And this," she added, evidently indicating a companion, "is Madame Gaard." There was a smooth acknowledgment at her side. "My father is a Colonel of Bersaglieri, and my two brothers have been killed on the Isonzo."

Small impressions sped through Christian's mind: the companion had a Swedish accent; Serge had thrown away his cigarette; the fluttering rhythm of a child's game drifted in the sun; the girl, slightly removed, was regarding them—a deplorable spectacle, three broken men!

"Mademoiselle," Aurore replied for them all, "you must figure to yourself our profound gratitude for the honor you have done us." He placed his hand on Christian Gow's shoulder. "I am going to take the liberty of describing you for our comrade. Brother"—he turned to the man isolated in darkness—"picture the Promenade filled with yellow sun and red geraniums, with the children like a flock of pigeons on the grass. Beyond, the lake is sparkling about the bridges and Ile Rousseau, and the little public launches are hurrying across to the Quai du Mont Blanc, where the alleys of plane trees are very green against marble walls.

"It is all very bright with the gayety of spring and new life. But there is nowhere anything else so charming as the Signorina Elena. She has very black hair, straight and shining, caught loosely in a stream at the back, and cut square across her eyes, which are perhaps blue, perhaps gray, but always widely opened and appalling in their purity. She is slender, as one should be at fifteen—another asphodel, in a crisp white frock, with a bare straw hat, a lilac ribbon about her waist, and slippers like the ebony keys of a piano."

"But that isn't true," she protested to Christian Gow; "it is the French politeness." The companion interposed a discreet Italian period, and the girl responded with an impatient assent. "Good-by, then, until to-morrow." As she said this Christian Gow felt that she was gazing at him.

He had a suffocating desire to tear away the black curtain before him, to escape from the coffin of blindness in which, without a rift, he must descend into the perpetual blankness of death. He had a feeling that Serge and Aurore were standing at salute, and he raised his arm in the formal, correct position.

II

"NIEMANN!" he called irritably when Elena Sanni-Trigona had gone.

"I don't see the rascal," Serge told him. "You'd best rid yourself of him, Gow. He resembles a fishhook. Niemann!" The Russian strongly echoed Christian's call. "He's not about. Now in Baku," Serge Krassilnikoff informed them placidly, "that servant would taste a Cossack whip."

"He's cheap," Christian Gow explained; "and all the really good, unattached Swiss are at the bases. Well, we must be back for lunch. I'll get along with Aurore."

The Russian ceremoniously shook their hands and turned away toward his hotel in the expensive quarter beyond the lake. His artificial leg creaked and he cursed it warmly.

Christian made his way doubtfully, but without assistance, except at the crossings. He recognized the incline of the Corraterie. Above they crossed the wide, paved space of the Place Neuve and entered the leafy walk of the Promenade des Bastions. He remembered it from boyhood—a pleasant, green park with a band kiosk; on the left the towering gray walls of the old city thrust a tangle of spires and chimney pots and weather vanes into the sky, with the University buildings on the right, below. Their small hotel was across the spacious Rondpoint; there was no lift, and Christian Gow guided himself by the wall up the three long flights of steps to his room.

"Niemann?" he half ejaculated, half queried, closing the door.

There was an answering rattle of a newspaper, a scraping chair. "Well?" a sullen voice responded.

"Why didn't you wait for me?" Gow demanded. "You know it is my custom to return at the lunch hour. After all, I pay you something."

"I thought you'd come back with that other fellow." The tone grew insolent.

"I cannot permit you to refer to the Vicomte de Grexes as a 'fellow,'" he retorted sharply. "Have you no correct feeling? If the gong has sounded take me to the dining room."

He must learn to be independent, Christian told himself; he was very strong and would probably last a long while. Niemann muttered beneath his breath. This, more than anything else, showed Gow how he had fallen—the dependent victim of a cheap Swiss valet's contempt.

He occupied, with his attendant, a small table beyond the long table d'hôte; and there he consumed a meager cutlet, *risotto*, a pasty Japanese vegetable, and thin sweet.

Again in his room, a profound depression settled over him. The afternoon was hot, and he sat on the shallow balcony against the long windows of his chamber. The sounds of the Rondpoint rose in a diminished, mingled concord, measured by the regular clangor of a passing tram. The air was dusty on his lips and faintly perfumed by the flowering hedges of the villas outside the city.

He fingered the sprig put in his buttonhole by Elena—asphodel, the gray plant of the dead, of the wide Plutonian

meadows, the pale wreath on Persephone's brow; the flower for him, for Europe. Christian pictured the fresh hordes flooding the classic Nether World—keen airmen in fleece and leather; machine gunners with metal shrapnel helmets; apochryphal figures in gas masks. They mingled with the sandaled archers from the walls of Troy. . . . Asphodel for a blind man!

He was moved at the unconscious irony of its choice by the girl Aurore had so sympathetically described. And yet, his thoughts veered, he had a feeling that Aurore had not exaggerated her charm. Himself was aware of it. Curious how her essence had penetrated to his crippled consciousness! But nothing of such solace remained for him He had known men, injured as he was, who had accepted the sacrifice of a woman's life; but he regarded such a course as supreme weakness. Impossible, he decided.

Aurore usually sat with him on the balcony through the afternoon, and Christian wondered at his absence now. Later he heard a stir within, and called. It was Niemann. The latter muttered something about the laundress. It was surprising how he managed to wear so many of his slender stock of shirts. This morning the drawer where they were kept had been quite empty. It was possible that Niemann had moved them, and he questioned the other.

The man stopped at the open window in an explosion of temper. He wouldn't be eternally questioned and doubted! Was he, Niemann, being accused of stealing the shirts? Heaven knew that, at the wage he was getting, thieving was put at a premium!

Christian explained wearily that he hadn't thought of dishonesty. The burden of his living, his helplessness, were almost unendurable. A chill invaded the air, the sun was sinking, and he went into his room. He required Niemann to read the dispatches in yesterday's Matin, and was certain, from the unintelligible gabble which followed, that the man was omitting whole sentences. A deep rage seized Christian Gow; and, lurching forward unexpectedly, he caught Niemann by the shoulder. His hard fingers dug into the other's loose fiber.

"Careful," he warned him, "or you will go too far! The passers-by in the Rondpoint might see you dropping through space. Ask yourself if I am a man to exasperate."

The other twisted in his grip, protesting that he was serving M'sieur to the best of his poor ability. Christian flung him away. A knock sounded on the door. It was Aurore.

"Brother," the latter spoke, "I would have come in, but my shoulder gave me something to think about."

"Has it been very bad again?" Gow demanded.

"Fairly!" The Frenchman's voice, though determinedly cheerful, was exhausted. Christian Gow sat with his blank gaze lowered, his hands hanging below his knees. "It carried me into the past again—old days at the Sorbonne; incredible hours of peace. Pain is an amazing magician."

III

ON THE following morning Aurore did not appear, as customary, for breakfast. Christian Gow waited for him in the smoking room until past eleven; it was after the hour when they started for the Promenade du Lac, and he laboriously made his way to the other's door. There was no answer to his knock; but he heard a sound within and he admitted himself to the room.

"Aurore!" he demanded.

A rapid, high voice sounded:

"*Petit pioupiou,*
Soldier, paid a sou.
What gained you. . . .
When Prussian ——"

"Aurore!" he repeated sharply.

"My little citizens," the voice hurried on, "once more, for the tobacco shop and Madame, and Sunday in the Bois! See—there's Napoleon, watching from the *escarpe!* And look—La Pucelle shining above the barrage fire!"

Christian stumbled across the floor to a bed. Aurore was sitting up, braced on his single arm thrust out behind him. His face was like hot paper. Christian gathered the thin, rigid shape in his arms and laid it back on the pillow. Then, from the landing, he called Niemann.

"Go at once to the Promenade," he directed; "take a cab. Fetch Mr. Krassilnikoff."

Aurore complained of the pain in his arm, and Christian relieved it from a constrained position; but the former cried: "Not that one, you great imbecile, but the other!"

Serge came hurriedly into the room and Christian waited anxiously for him to speak. He said:

"Aurore is done. Sepsis."

Christian Gow remained quietly seated through the little stir that followed—a strange mingling of terse medical pronouncement, the sonorous Latin periods of Extreme Unction, and a bright inconsequential babble from Aurore. The sound of the trams below rose through the open window like the rumble of distant cannon. With Serge, he knelt by the bed; and, finding Aurore's hand, shut it in his own. It fluttered weakly in his grasp; then turned cold, hard. The Russian touched his shoulder:

"Come!"

IV

AFTER the burial in the Plainpalais Cemetery, Christian Gow and Serge made their way mechanically to their accustomed bench in the park. To the former the world had shrunk appallingly. It had never occurred to him that Aurore would die of his wound. He had counted on him through the dark future. A gay and courageous heart! Serge muttered: "He always had a match for my cigarette." The familiar horror of falling into a bottomless void seized upon Christian's shuddering nerves. He gripped the bench desperately, sweating, when light approaching feet stopped in front of him. A clear, serious voice inquired:

"But, M'sieur de Grexes ——" She ended abruptly: "Oh!"

Gow rose with Serge.

"Yes," he told her; "Aurore is dead. There are but two of us now."

"And soon," Serge added, "if Christian Gow stays there will be only one. A use has been found for me at the Russian Office in Paris."

"Then," Christian thought, "there will be no one but Niemann."

"We will all sit down," she decided—"here, together. Gaard has gone to Rolle to see some Greeks."

She took a place between them, and Christian Gow was conscious of the hem of her skirt brushing him. He recalled Aurore's description of her, word for word—slippers like the ebony keys of a piano. Her nearness, her youthful charm, saturated him. A face, he judged, pale in its hanging of black hair. Elena Sanni-Trigona! . . . A select name. He had an increasing perception of exquisite textures. His hat fell from his knee; he bent to secure it; but she laid a hand, delicate and cool and narrow, over his, and swiftly replaced it.

"You are waiting in Geneva for someone?" she queried indirectly. "Perhaps a—a woman?"

"No," he answered; "there is none. It was," he added, "fortunate."

"But don't you see how it would give a woman great happiness ——"

Serge broke in: "You have to do with an Englishman, a nation incredibly stupid about the heart. It is the victim of a selfish masculine sense of superiority. They cannot receive, mademoiselle; and giving is a simple virtue compared with that."

"The obligation of decency," Christian Gow interposed stiffly.

"There," Serge told her further, "you have the English in a word—decency or death."

"I like that," she decided; "it has a a fixed sound now, when so much is turning like a top."

She was, Christian felt, very mature for the probable age Aurore had announced. But this was a time for early maturity. And, of course, she had the poise of good breeding. He had never listened to a more beautiful voice; it ran clear as a rill, with occasional flutings of deeper gravity. He wondered what she wore to-day. It would be simple—a slip confined by a ribbon; a straw brim dipping across her gaze. Unconsciously he turned his countenance speculatively toward her.

A pause held only the sound of her breathing, growing sharper. At last·

"What is it?" she cried softly. "Why do you look at me with your thin, thin face?"

"It's May," he replied simply; "and I wanted to see you."

He realized that she swayed toward him in a pity like the bending of a flower. A strand of her hair —— She rose. Christian heard a little sob, and then running footfalls, diminishing over the gravel walk. Serge Krassilnikoff philosophically remarked that the hour for lunch had arrived, and Niemann approached at the Russian's abrupt summons

"I'll come to your hotel late in the afternoon," Serge continued. "To-morrow I go."

They lingered through the waning heat of afternoon on the balcony above the Rondpoint, saying little. When the other had left, Christian Gow sat utterly lonely above the removed clamor of the streets, of life. A fragment of song, a cracking whip and the whirl of a motor mocked his depression. The air was heavy with the flowers of Champel. After dinner he returned to the balcony. The noise below had subsided to a faint whisper of feet passing over the pavement. He wondered whether there was a moon, and called to Niemann.

The latter replied negligently that there undoubtedly was—a full and very bright moon. It filled the Rondpoint with light, he particularized, like clear absinth in a glass. He lingered to swear at the cantons for outlawing that satisfactory drink.

Only Niemann, Christian repeated, was left; and that fact lent the attendant an adventitious value. He was, at least, familiar in a world that in a second, a flash of metal, had been reduced to a jumble of confusing sound, a blind contact with mere walls, two swiftly passing companions. Niemann's manner, his sullen speech and continual evasions were the only actualities in the contracted darkness. Perhaps the man would improve. He himself was uneven, captious. . . . Difficult to be blind at thirty-one, but he would learn. A little later he might go tap-tapping about quite briskly on some useful errand.

His thoughts shifted to Elena Sanni-Trigona, and to to-morrow. It was, without doubt, because his life had been emptied of so much that he waited so eagerly for the moment when her crisp young footsteps, her voice, would break through the blankness of the Promenade du Lac. He went earlier than customary to the bench in the park, waiting impatiently, with his face turned in the direction from which she usually came.

Niemann, he told himself, gratified, was more human than ever before. The fellow had chatted quite pleasantly on their way through the city—it had almost seemed as if Niemann, too, looked forward to the Promenade du Lac.

"Here they come," the latter announced; "the young one and Madame Gaard"

"Tell me," Christian Gow asked Elena, "what are you wearing today?"

"It's really quite nice," she replied—"a heavenly blue smocked batiste, with a little girdle of embroidered silver grapes." A low murmur beside them drew away into silence. "Madame Gaard and that Niemann have gone over to the lake," she continued. "I don't like

"We Could Go Back Together to These English Boys, Where a Place Would be Made for You—From the War"

her much; but my father trusts her absolutely. He knows nothing about women. When my mother was alive she spoiled him terribly. I'm certain he allows us plenty of money, I heard him arrange it; but if I want to buy anything—an enameled watch, or even a French hat—Madame says we can't afford it. She thinks of men, men, men; and takes hours over her figure. . . . But that isn't nice ——" She stopped.

A new peace enveloped Christian; sheer contentment in Elena's presence, the clear flow of her voice, the little sounds of her movements. His regret that he should never see her diminished before the sense of her—her spirit, a grasp of her more complete than that of a mere visualization.

Normally he would have recognized his feeling as a beginning love; but he could no longer permit himself the implication, the aspiration, of such a term.

All that he could hope for was a memory of some happy mornings and the realization that there were perceptions deeper than sight.

"Do you never go anywhere but here?" she asked. "I thought perhaps ——"

"Yes?" he demanded eagerly.

"The public launches are fascinating, hurrying about to the quais and landings beyond the city. One can go as far as Ariana, where there is a Botanical Garden to see; and Baron Rothschild's château, on a hill." She stopped and laid her hand on his arm. "I forgot!" she said, distressed. "Suddenly your—it—went out of my head completely."

"So had I," he replied. "It's nothing when you are about. Let's by all means go to Ariana. We'll make a party for to-morrow. The afternoons are long and fine now. And if anyone says I'm blind—they will be sent home."

"They're back again," Elena told him, at a sound of approach. "Gaard has her manner of a papal duchess. She only affects that when she's really interested."

Christian Gow positively laughed.

"Thank You," He Replied Slowly; "That Was Very Beautiful. I Think It Killed All the Bitterness in Me"

V

HE WAS so particular about his appearance the next day that Niemann relapsed into an irritated insolence.

"It might be," he ejaculated, "that you had your eyes and were looking for a love affair!"

Christian replied quietly, conscious of the other's acidulous surprise:

"Thank you, Niemann."

The reminder had been necessary, he told himself: he had been in danger of forgetting his disability. The pleasure largely evaporated from his preparations; he accepted, without a word, the necktie chosen by the attendant, took a stick at random from those in a corner.

The motor launch sped with the shrill rattle of an electric signal across the lake to the station where they were to meet Elena and Madame Gaard. It had not lost way before he heard Elena's welcome; and, a moment after, her palm was on his arm as she took a place by his side. The launch was low in the water and he dragged his hand in the cool lake streaming by. A keen sunny breeze swept the hair back from his brow. The happiness Elena brought him slowly returned.

They sheered in to the landing at Mon Repos, then curved out again into the rippling flood. His companion kept up a bright flow of talk—about Italy; summers at Lucca, a music master, the flowered gardens on Bellagio's edge. He told her, at her demand, something of his old life at Oxford, and she interrupted: "But that is splendid, the one thing you might still do. All those young men would adore you."

He shook his head.

"Practical details make it impossible."

"Not alone, you silly ——" She broke off. "Here," she announced, "is Ariana. Baron Rothschild's château isn't so surprising."

He stepped out, holding Niemann's arm, with Elena on the other side, upon a dock, while the launch churned the water, backing out. Madame Gaard and Niemann fell behind as they made their way to the land. There they strolled, without purpose, Elena guiding him with an occasional light pressure of her fingers. When they arrived at what she declared to be a very superior bank, Christian Gow found a place on a fragrant carpet of grass. Elena picked violets and taught him a game in which they clapped each other's palms and called out numbers in Italian.

"It's a very common sort of amusement," she informed him. "I can just see the others, down on the pavilion over the water." She sighed. "It is quite wonderful, this afternoon; the Savoy hills are as purple as grapes, with Mont Blanc over them like a white rose. Now there are some clouds, and the sun is like a new silver lira. I have a wicked feeling of importance, of leading you to believe what I chose. You will make me do a penance of humility."

"I could almost send you back for that," he reminded her.

"I am making a face at you."

"I should have known you were lovely without Aurore's word."

"I am not hideous," she admitted. "A little thin, maybe." She hesitated. "But you, I think, are the best-looking man in the world."

"How can you say that?" he cried. "When——"

"You'll go home yourself!" she stopped him.

A peaceful silence enveloped them. His hand, twisting the grasses, caught her fingers; and they remained in his grasp. A bee winged past his face; a lark's song rose limpidly into the sky. From far down the lake came the vibration of a launch. Soon he should have to go back to the hotel, the solitary balcony, Niemann. He had a sudden breathless sense of her nearness; her hair, falling forward, fluid and sweet, brushed his cheek.

She kissed him.

She didn't draw away, but stayed so close that he could feel the beating of her heart. His hands were at his side, and an overpowering need possessed him to put his arms round her, hold her desperately for the rest of life. But he recalled Niemann's gibe as they were starting out; his own reluctance—why, he was blind, blind!

Elena moved back slowly. "I am not ashamed," she said; "not if they saw me from the pavilion, or that old man cutting the hedge. I'd have done it in the middle of Rome. I suppose you are horrified."

"Thank you," he replied slowly; "that was very beautiful. I think it killed all the bitterness in me."

"I knew I wasn't going to be correct with you." She sought and covered his hand with her own. "Even after what that Serge said about the English."

"I have nothing—nothing to give you."

"There is an idiotic herd of tourists looking at us," she replied calmly; "and it may be that I'll do it again."

There was a drift of distant voices; the launch arrived at Ariana and departed. Niemann's voice broke in upon his wonder:

"The next boat, in a quarter hour, is the last to-day."

They rose—he could hear Elena shaking out her skirt—and moved toward the water.

"In the morning," she told him; "at the Promenade."

The lark was singing in Christian Gow's head; he felt the pure fervor of young lips as he fell asleep.

VI

WITH breakfast at an end he was waiting impatiently for the moment when he could start for the park, when involuntarily he asked himself where he was going. Of course to the Promenade du Lac: but beyond that, with Elena; where was he permitting himself to wander in the depth of her pity, her generous young emotion? Christian could not consider marriage. And equally he was unable to accept her tenderness as the candor of youthful admiration. There had been a perceptibly mature surrender in the gesture of her kiss, an awakening of emotion in her defiance of possible public opinion.

She was still unconscious of this, he decided; but would she be to-morrow, or the day after? Elena was a headstrong girl, with the genuine contempt for conventions and appearances occasionally found in vigorous and pure young personalities. She had the superiority to rule bred into certain old dominating blood; and, with all the rest, an idealistic mood of self-sacrifice. He realized that he could not hope to restrain her within arbitrarily imposed limitations; a prohibition would only move her the more strongly in an opposite direction.

Suddenly all the anticipated pleasure, the promise of the day faded before a conviction that seized upon him and, increasing in power, easily survived any effort to crush it. He was, in this, responsible for Elena's safety; and the slightest recognition of that fact would keep him away from her and the Promenade du Lac.

He told himself that it was just such a cheap solution of their position as would especially anger Elena. But life, he added, was trite, commonplace; its obligations, after such long repetition, were bald, perceptible to the dullest eye. Charming exceptions, delightful romance, the preeminence of the heart were dangerous fictions to clothe actual derelictions of duty, the failure of responsibility.

The hours before him assumed an aspect more empty and hopeless than the most hopeless days of the past. He informed Niemann, in a leaden voice, that he would not

(Concluded on Page 45)

WHITE MAGIC

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

OLD Shimbo, the witch doctor, was full of business these days. Affairs had piled up on him; and as Shimbo was by now an aged man, with the irascibility of one long in unopposed authority, he considered that he was having a hard time of it.

Outside the routine duties peculiar to his job Shimbo was confronted by two other weighty affairs. A four-year period had passed, and now another batch of youths was awaiting the elaborate initiation ceremonies that should turn them out as full-fledged warriors; the white man's hard-fought war with the Wakamba was coming to an end, and the mighty people, of whom Shimbo was one, lay next in the conqueror's path. These things must be attended to.

Old Shimbo dwelt in a little hut just within the village inclosure.

His wives he kept next door in a larger hut, together with the considerable wealth he had accumulated. No one was ever allowed to enter the little hut. It was a queer kennel, hung with such matters as bits of skin, gourds filled with miscellaneous magic, iron bells on the ends of thongs, bones, dried herbs in packets. A couch of skins occupied one corner.

From this Shimbo stirred his creaking bones only after the sun was well up. Then he huddled at his doorstep before a tiny fire, over which bubbled a mysterious pot. One of his hags brought him food. The cattle had long since moved out from the village to the hills, and the people were busy with their accustomed routine. Shimbo muttered darkly to himself.

To him came rather timidly a bright-faced young native, his arm round the waist of an attractive young woman. They stood waiting bashfully. "Oh, Shimbo!" greeted the young man timidly.

"What is it?" grunted Shimbo.

The young man explained. He was owner of a new *shamba*, or little farm, just beyond the village. His crops were ripening. Thieves were stealing the crops ——

Shimbo waved his skinny hand. "I have no time for such little things," he croaked.

The young man became urgent. He was newly married. These crops were all his wealth—except—he would pay —— He drew from beneath his goatskin robe an ornamented snuff horn, which he offered. Shimbo snatched it, looked it over, thrust it beneath his own robe and silently reached out his skinny hand. The consultant sighed and slowly produced a bead armlet. Shimbo examined this also. Apparently satisfied, he extended a long arm into his hut and dragged from it a leopard skin, which he spread before him. On this he proceeded to spill one by one various seeds and pebbles from a gourd, first shaking them as one shakes dice. As each fell on the spotted skin he examined it closely, but without comment other than an occasional noncommittal grunt. When the last pebble had fallen he sat for some time in silence.

Then, gathering up the leopard skin he disappeared into his hut. Emerging thence he passed swiftly, for one so old, to the council tree.

When the Last Pebble Had Fallen Shimbo Sat for Some Time in Silence

"My Young Men are Hot and Eager for War. My Mind is Troubled to Control Them"

There a few words to the loungers conveyed his wishes. The whole masculine and a considerable number of the feminine portion of the village followed him through the gates into the open fields.

Arrived at the farm in question, he halted the spectators at the boundaries while he himself, bent nearly double, traversed the field from end to end. Every ten feet or so he cast unguessable small objects on the ground, muttering strange gibberish over each. The people looked on with awe. When Shimbo ended by thrusting stones and bundles of grass into tree crotches they were not deceived. These were but blinds; the really potent magic was on the ground.

Then the procession returned to the village, Shimbo, hobbling and muttering, a little in advance. There was no need for words. The crops were safe from theft; for every human being knew that the effect of Shimbo's magic was to bring on anyone who touched it at night a sort of madness, so that he would cry out loudly and thus be caught. Shimbo sank back to his place in the sun with a groan. This was hard work.

But he was not left long in peace. A strongly built, middle-aged man with an evil face planted his spear and sat close to whisper his desires. He had an enemy in another village—he went on at length, detailing his grievances and the harm he had suffered.

Shimbo cut him short. This was serious business, the business of a *muoiin*, who deals in black magic; not of a mere *mundu mue*, who knows only white magic. It must be paid. Ensued bargaining, at the satisfactory conclusion of which Shimbo went into executive session with himself.

"Your enemy has come to visit this village to-day?" he demanded.

"Of course, oh, *muoiin*," said the man. "That I knew to be necessary."

For the second time Shimbo rose, and followed his client to a sandy spot outside the village. The man led him to a little pile of leafy boughs laid on the ground. These being removed disclosed the print of a foot.

Shimbo spat carefully in this print, took up the wetted sand and wrapped it in a bit of skin.

"Now the hyena!" he commanded. "Is it far?"

"Very near, oh, *muoiin*," replied the man respectfully.

He guided Shimbo to the edge of a thicket where lay the body of a hyena, freshly poisoned for this very purpose. Shimbo fumbled in his robe, drew forth a tiny ceremonial knife, muttered a charm, and then proceeded to cut off the beast's nose. Thereupon, followed by his client, he returned to his office.

His next procedure was to empty his kettle and replenish it with a small quantity of fresh—but magic—water from a gourd. Into this he put the sand from the footprint, the hyena's nose, the dung of an ox and a dozen sorts of dried herbs. Muttering spells he stirred his mixture until the water had boiled away. The residue he wrapped in a leaf, which the client accepted. When the magic had quite dried to a powder he would blow it from the palm of his hand toward his enemy. The enemy was thereupon done for.

Doubt? None whatever. Shimbo knew that the chances of something happening to that enemy were pretty strong. And, if the common accidents of life passed by, nevertheless that victim was sure to be informed that magic was out against him. Such is the power of mind over body among savages that he would quite likely give up and die, anyway. His alternative was to get an antidote of Shimbo—at a price. And if anything went wrong Shimbo had at least five prearranged counteraccusations as to faulty procedure by the man who used the magic. As black magic comes high and Shimbo's motto was cash in advance, he felt well satisfied with the transaction.

All this took time. By now a dozen clients were waiting. Their requests were of every degree of importance. Thus, one man from an outlying settlement wished to obtain from Shimbo the power of curing the bites of poisonous snakes. Since this constituted delegated authority, Shimbo insisted on a good fat fee, and, in addition, a royalty on cures; though, lacking the civilized convenience of auditors, Shimbo knew that his chances of accurate accounting were slim.

The witch doctor then proceeded to slit the end of the applicant's tongue and to rub into the cut certain powders. Thereafter whenever this gifted person spat upon a snake that serpent would immediately go into convulsions, writhe about and bite itself to death. And if he were to spit upon a snake-bitten person that person would immediately get well.

Besides those important professional matters, there were many people desiring charms for one purpose or another, and advice on the more ticklish occult aspects of everyday life. Shimbo was a very rushed, harried, important, fussy and somewhat cross old gentleman. As soon as each client was disposed of he walked out through the rear of the little inclosure, to find himself before the larger hut, in which dwelt Shimbo's wives. These estimable old ladies, basking in the sun, were only too ready for gossip. They were very voluble, mainly about the important and busy life led by their distinguished husband. A very free translation of their remarks would perhaps sound familiar:

"You have no idea, my dear, of the demands on that poor man! I give you my word he never knows whether he's eaten or not; and I often say to Mary that if he doesn't take a rest before long he'll suffer a complete breakdown. But he feels that he should not consider himself. He feels it to be a public duty. I don't know what this community would do without him. I think we should all feel deeply grateful that we have a man of his gifts with us, and that he is willing to devote himself to our welfare. But he is overdoing."

II

THIS lively and well-paid traffic suffered an interruption about three o'clock in the afternoon. Half a dozen grave savages filed into the compound and squatted before the witch doctor. One of them carried a richly ornamented stool on the end of a thong, which was an indication of rank; in fact, he was Mukeku, headman of the village. His companions were also men of consequence, among them M'Kuni, the father of Simba. Shimbo glanced up at them half malevolently, made no greeting, and continued to mutter spells over his little fire.

"Oh, *muoiin*," said Mukeku, after formal greeting, "our young men are prepared and waiting. They have been

ready for some days. The *mazungu*—white men—approach with their warriors. It is necessary that all our warriors should be ready. We have come to know the day. Here at hand are all things necessary. The small huts of ceremony are built; the great hut of ceremony, the *nzaiko*, is built. The headdresses of birdskins are prepared. The youth have gone painted the right number of days. At hand are cattle, goats, honey, for the feast. All is ready. Nothing lacks but yourself, oh, *muoiin*. Name the time."

Shimbo muttered and stirred the fire, without, for the present, making any direct reply. He was none too well pleased. This was public duty, unpaid. He knew his power; he could quite well send these people away. They stood in awe of him. But eventually the job must be done. He spread out ashes, made mysterious patterns with the end of a stick, pretended to consult them.

"The omens are right for two days hence," he croaked ungraciously, and buried his nose in his robe.

III

AMONG the youths ready for the initiation ceremonies was Simba, son of M'Kuni, a young man of perhaps eighteen years. His preparation had begun two weeks before. In company with his fellow candidates he had haunted the stream beds, the *dongas*, the bits of forest, where small birds were most abundant. At these he had shot painstakingly with blunt-headed arrows until he had accumulated enough of the skins to make himself a headdress. They were skinned cylindrically and hung to a fillet, so that they dangled about his neck with very much the appearance of corkscrew curls.

Then he assumed a plain unornamented black robe of goatskins and stalked mysteriously about in the brush outside the village compound, religiously observing innumerable prohibitions and inhibitions, eschewing ostentatiously all his fellow beings, and feeling for the first time in his life of decided importance. He slept in a hut set apart for the candidates and he ate only certain prescribed food of limited quantity. This, as has been said, had been going on for two weeks. All had been ready for the last ten days. Simba and his companions were getting decidedly overtrained.

"You Know My People: You Know the Hearts of Men, Oh, Kingozi. What I Could Not Say You Can Say Well"

True to his promise, however, old Shimbo, dressed and painted as devilishly as his vivid imagination and long experience would allow, came for the initiates on the morning agreed. In his hand he held a number of miniature bows and arrows, mere children's toys, which he distributed. Then, bent over and slightly crow-hopping, he led his hopefuls down to the dry stream bed below the village. Here the sun was at its hottest, and the rocks, radiating like furnaces, were aswarm with reptile life. Simba tried again and again with the awkward, silly little weapon, but at length succeeded in transfixing his quarry, a specimen of that peculiar lizard called *telembo* by his people. With this impaled on the slender, tiny arrow, he joined the group round old Shimbo.

When every candidate had his lizard the procession returned to the village, each holding his arrow aloft. They marched in single file, very solemn, and the people stood by and clapped their hands in rhythm. As they approached the *nzaiko* hut they showed the lizards to the elders, assembled in a group; then threw them, with the arrows, on the thatched roof and passed within. Shimbo stood in the doorway, an awesome figure. "By the magic of this day," he announced in a solemn voice, "always shall you shoot straight at your game and at your enemies."

With that he left them and scuttled back to his private practice, which he felt had been sadly interrupted. Simba and his friends sat in the semidarkness of the hut in a silence that lasted all day and all night.

The following morning Shimbo reappeared and led them again outside the village walls. On a sidehill half a mile distant a small herd of cattle could be discovered, guarded by a dozen men. Toward these the candidates made their way, worming from one bit of cover to the next, trying by every savage device to remain invisible. When within fifty or eighty yards, one of the elders, stationed on a rock, pretended for the first time to become aware of their approach.

"Look out! The Masai attack!" he cried.

Immediately the youths leaped to their feet, hurling clods of earth at the herdsmen, running here and there, trying to surround the cattle. The herdsmen replied with missiles of solanum fruit, collected in heaps for the occasion. As the attacking party was strictly limited to the aforesaid clods, it will be seen that the weight of artillery was with the defense; in fact, a solanum fruit would not yield much in effectiveness to a baseball. The embryo warriors were well pelted. Simba caught one on the side of the head that nearly knocked him out, and raised a bump as big as itself. Another, shrewdly aimed, took him in the ribs. A third numbed his arm. Nevertheless, he gave no sign of pain, but pressed on, shouting; for he knew that the old men there yonder were watching closely.

Indeed, after the attack was finished and the candidates, panting from their exertions and considerably the worse for wear, stood before them, old Shimbo, muttering and wagging his head, danced forward and touched Maongo on the shoulder. "*Wea!*" he declared; and the elders repeated after him: "*Wea!*"

By this word, which means coward, they indicated that their sharp eyes had seen Maongo shrink, even ever so slightly, from one of the blows. And Maongo, almost weeping, was forced to fall out from the ranks, which straightway returned to the *nzaiko* hut. He had failed, and must either await another initiation time or—what was more likely—buy his way to a second chance.

After another afternoon and night of silence, the third day found the initiates in a row by the council tree, facing a grave concourse. Shimbo squatted in the foreground. Before him lay a number of sticks of a certain tree, perhaps three feet long and three inches in diameter. He called Simba out from the group to stand before him. With the point of his knife he rapidly cut certain conventional figures on the back of one of the sticks, a sort of riddle in picture writing, as it were. He handed it to Simba. The boy examined it closely for some time in silence.

"The half circle is the rising sun," then he said; "the crooked line is a path—or a great snake," he added doubtfully; "and the other mark is an arrow."

He went on guessing at the significance of the hieroglyphic marks. All listened attentively. At last Simba correlated his interpretations into a sort of simple message or story. It came out pretty well, without too many marks left unexplained and with a fair coherence of its own. Therefore Simba was considered to have passed this test, even though his ideas might not accurately follow Shimbo's intention.

Some of the others were not so lucky. But, since brains are scarcer than courage, therefore here was greater leniency. The candidate who failed was not eliminated. Instead, his father was ridiculed by all those present and was forced at once to pay a fine in *tembo*, which was at once drunk by the elders. What he did later to the stupid youth was not specified in the regulations.

So the days went by, each with its appropriate ceremony or test. And betweentimes the young men sat in the darkened *nzaiko* hut and said not one word to anybody. Thus they did the rite of the *mumbo* tree, with its sticky sap; and the rite of the black goat's blood; and the rite of the *kula kilwa* present; and the *wathi* dances of the young people; and many others too numerous to mention. At the end came the grand *n'goma*, in which the entire village took part, a dance that lasted one night, an affair of great fires and throbbing drums.

When it was all over Simba and his comrades emerged full-fledged warriors, which meant that their front teeth had been chipped down to fine points, that they possessed grown-up war spears and gaudily painted hide shields, and that they were privileged to buy as many wives as they could afford. As for Shimbo, he was all in.

IV

WITHIN two days thereafter came messengers from Leyeye, the paramount chief of all the tribes. These were haughty and arrogant creatures who would have nothing to do with any but the village heads. The purport of their communication was soon known. The white men, having subdued the Wakamba, were on the way. Leyeye was sending out a summons to all his warriors. The message was transmitted through Mukeku.

The inflammable African temperament caught fire. Instantly the orderly life of the village broke into ten thousand kaleidoscopic pieces. Men produced items of equipment and proceeded sedulously to put them in order. Women bustled about, packing provisions and the simple outfit. Children stood wide-eyed, ran on errands, shrieked when trodden on. Old Shimbo, on the verge of breakdown from overwork, made spells industriously and cudgeled his imagination for new effects in personal adornment that would lay over anything any other witch doctor might spring.

By dawn of the following day the battalion moved, sixty-odd strong. It was a wonderful sight, what with the glitter of the spears, the shine of the oiled bronze bodies, the nod of black ostrich plumes, the magnificence of armlet, necklet and belt, the ambers and blacks and whites of the oval shields, the gleam of eyeballs in fierce grave countenances. For they knew of the white man's power and his guns that killed at a distance, like the thunder.

The situation was serious. Every man or youth was perfectly aware of the chances against him. Nevertheless, he would charge blithely at command. It has become fashionable of late to speak of the cowardly native. There are few peoples so tempered that, naked, armed only with spears, they would charge again and again against protected rifle fire—as has the African. Each carried, besides his weapons, only a light covering and a little dried food.

Old Shimbo, remarkably spry for one so aged, marched ahead. He was painted in new and startling patterns, his face was a grinning mask, he was hung all over with charms, he carried a rattle that he constantly agitated, and he had mounted a pair of cow's horns on his forehead, which gave him a thrillingly devilish appearance.

Across the open veldt they took their way in single file. They walked down the long slope, across the bottom, up the long slope again, as over low broad billows of the sea. The wild animals, with which the plains swarmed, hardly stepped aside to permit of their passing—the zebra, the gazelle, the brindled wildebeest, the little grass antelope, and the hartebeest.

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Peace and Patriotism

SOME acute men believe that patriotism is an insuperable bar to lasting peace among nations. It is true that patriotism has been mostly cultivated in an invidious sense, its practical effect being to keep men in a suspicious, truculent frame of mind toward other nations. Obviously, in a league of nations that sort of patriotism would operate as so much sand in the bearings.

But men may be rationally attached to a country without carrying a chip on their shoulders in respect of every other country. In President Wilson's war papers, for example, you will not find that invidious, truculent patriotism whose typical expression is "Germany above everything."

Moreover, the history of every modern state indicates that patriotism will adapt itself to almost any political and territorial arrangement. Formerly the Englishman's patriotism attached itself exclusively to England, the Scotchman's to Scotland, and for love of country they were continually cutting each other's throats. Now the patriotism of each attaches equally to Great Britain. The American colonies were patriotically suspicious and jealous of one another.

Little over fifty years ago the Southerner's patriotism included hatred of the North, and the Northerner's hatred of the South. There is now no difference in the patriotic attachment of both to the United States.

The war suggests that patriotism may be extensively diluted. France and England—each formerly the special object of the other's patriotic malevolence—are fighting almost as one country.

Self-interest becomes submerged when men's emotions are roused—especially the emotion of patriotism, for which they willingly give up goods and life. But self-interest powerfully modifies emotions. The interest of civilized men in lasting peace is so obvious and crucial that it may be relied upon to inspire sufficient loyalty to a political arrangement that seems likely to achieve that end, even though men retain a deep-rooted sentimental preference for a particular country.

One Decided Gain

THE Government has borrowed two billion dollars without any very severe disturbance in the money markets or any check to the country's production and distribution of goods. The big payments that were made on or about July first this year footed up a billion dollars—consisting of the first installments on the Liberty Loan, dividend and interest disbursements, and so on. Many times, decidedly smaller payments have unsettled the money markets, brought contraction of credits and sent a jar through the whole commercial fabric.

The strain of this war, if it had fallen upon the old banking system, with its decentralized reserves and very faulty mobility, would have been almost unbearable. The new system sustains it with ease.

We hardly recall an important movement of a political character or depending upon political action that looked less hopeful than the agitation for reform of the banking system did when it started in a systematic way a dozen or more years ago. Congress was not only indifferent but hostile. Numberless wiseacres said it could not be done, because any reform worth while must include centralization of banking power and the public was inalterably opposed to a central banking institution.

Yet it was done. True, some supposed prejudice was circumvented by calling the central institution twelve banks instead of one. Yet essentially it was done. It stands now as one of the most unequivocal, indisputable gains that the country has made through legislative action in this century.

Those who worked in laying the foundations deserve a credit they have never received. But leaving that aside, it is an inspiring proof that needed reforms can be achieved by untiring effort, in spite of a very formidable mass of political indifference and prejudice.

Depreciated Germany

HOLLAND, Denmark and Switzerland are the three neutral countries with which Germany can trade by land and with which, no doubt, it has the freest trade relations. From them it draws important supplies.

But German money in these countries is worth about half what it was before the war. To say nothing of enhanced prices for goods, Germany must now pay down two marks to get what it formerly obtained for one.

The handicap is so important that some German journals are advocating a large exportation of gold to redress the exchange balance. But Germany, with no exports and no credit in the world's chief money markets, has no means of increasing its gold stock. Circulating notes of the Reichsbank—to say nothing of other forms of paper currency—have risen to nine billion marks against seven billions a year ago and less than six billions two years ago, while the bank's gold stock has changed but little. Naturally under such circumstances financiers are loath to deplete the gold stock.

For immediate war purposes all this is of secondary importance. It means only that whatever Germany buys abroad costs more. A country can fight strenuously with depreciated currency and with no gold reserve at all.

Yet it is a sign of the strain upon the country's resources. Every depreciation of the mark adds to the difficulties of rehabilitation after the war. Germany must start that much below the level of competing nations.

This heavy discount on German money signifies to Germans who can understand it the depreciated state of the empire.

They decidedly don't like it—and in frequent explosions of wrath charge it up to devilish, though quite inscrutable, machinations of English and American bankers.

The Play at Peking

IF SURVIVAL is the test of fitness, then Chinese civilization and the Chinese nation are the fittest ever known, for they have survived much longer than any other of which there is a record. They were there four thousand years ago and have stood virtually intact ever since.

They have survived in defiance of the accepted rules for surviving, for they have always been grossly incompetent in the arts of war and politics. Being conquered has been their specialty. Time and again warlike races have overrun the country, subjugated it and seized the government. In contact with Chinese civilization the rulers have degenerated until the government reached the last imaginable stages of inefficiency and corruption. This story has been repeated from hoary past down to our own day. Through it all the Chinese nation has remained as virile as ever, absorbing the conquerors until they became Chinese. Of the procession of conquerors who have held dominion over China nothing but some mostly meaningless names now remain.

Meantime, by excelling in the arts of war and politics, Greece, Rome, the Franks, Spain—to mention only some best-known examples—have overshadowed a considerable part of the world and faded again to nothing or to comparative insignificance.

The political history of China has been only a sort of play, staged at the capital, upon which the vast national audience has looked with a shrug of the shoulders. They are trying to stage another act now. But if the experience of forty centuries counts for anything we may be sure that, whatever they do at Peking and whatever foreign intrigue comes to, the Chinese nation will remain intact and uphold a national civilization that is in many ways among the most admirable yet evolved by men.

A New Investment

THE Federal Farm Loan bonds are now on the market. The Treasury Department calculates that at least a hundred million dollars of them will be issued within a year. The ultimate issue may be several billions.

It may be expected that these bonds will find immediate popularity with investors. The first offerings net about four and a quarter per cent to the investor, and the bonds are exempt from all taxation, including the income tax. Though the Government does not specifically guarantee them it assumes a pretty complete moral responsibility for them.

The land banks have an aggregate capital of nine million dollars, of which eight million eight hundred thousand was subscribed by the Treasury. The farm loans, therefore, are made virtually with Government money, by Government boards, and the bonds are marketed under Government auspices.

At present the Government charges farmers five per cent for the money. In some districts this is not much below prevailing rates. In other districts it is only fifty or sixty per cent of previous rates. On the whole the system confers an obvious advantage upon farmers who borrow by land mortgage. No doubt the Government's reason for conferring this advantage is that the public's interest in agriculture is so decidedly superior to its interest in other occupations that it can afford to accord agriculture exceptional treatment.

The advantage consists of Government initiative in starting and managing the business, the capital for which is supplied by the Government; of virtual Government guaranty of the bonds; and of exempting them from all taxation. Whether on the whole the benefits will justify so considerable an innovation in Government policy can be answered more confidently hereafter. Meantime there is a certain advantage to farmers who borrow on mortgage and an attractive new investment.

Mobilizing the Sea

THE Journal of Commerce recently observed: "Unless all signs fail the day is fast approaching when every vessel on the seven seas will be under the control of the governments of the Allied nations."

British, French and Italian merchant fleets are already virtually in the hands of government. Secretary Redfield recently intimated that all ships flying the American flag would soon be commandeered or requisitioned by the Government.

There remain the neutrals—Holland and Norway being the most important maritime examples. But through its new plenary power over exports from the United States, as well as over the coaling and docking of every vessel that touches our shores, the American Government, acting with England and France, can exercise a very effectual control over that shipping. Holland, for example, is dependent upon certain American foodstuffs. Our Government can name the conditions on which it may get them.

The Allies and the United States can virtually mobilize the sea and dictate terms for all ocean carriage that is sufficiently important to be taken into account. That they will do this exactly as far as seems expedient goes without saying, for nearly everything in the world now counts on one side of the scale or the other. Danish butter to Hindenburg's army is so many bullets against American soldiers. Real neutrality is practically crowded off the stage.

The Kaiser said "Our future lies upon the sea," and the German merchant marine took that for its motto; but until Germany makes acceptable peace—except it can defeat the Allied navies—the sea is as useless to it as so much interstellar space.

For the President

THE country is engaged in a war the duration and sacrifices of which no one can foresee. All present indications point to a long war and to enormous sacrifices.

The country is ready for that.

How effectual its sacrifices will be—whether its blood and treasure are spent to the best advantage or wastefully—depends in a large degree upon Washington.

Since the executive whose name the capital bears retired from office, no President of the United States has had the confidence of the people of this country in a higher degree than Woodrow Wilson now has it. When they offer their sons and their money it is to him they look.

But they have no particular confidence in that partisan political organization that he happens to represent. That is merely one of two machines for the purpose of getting votes and offices.

The country deeply feels that this war should not be exploited for money profits. It feels equally that it should not be exploited for partisan political profits.

A great stroke of patriotism lies within the power of the President. If, when the most pressing war legislation is out of the way, he will reorganize his cabinet, overriding partisan division by calling in the best ability from the other party, and recommend a like nonpartisan reorganization of Congress, he will quicken the whole country anew, give it the inspiration of firm faith in its leadership and write himself so high in its regard that every other temporal office will look tawdry beside his.

It will not be a pleasant task for a kindly man. But there are considerations that immeasurably outweigh a kindly man's reluctance to hurt a well-meaning friend's feelings.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Frank F. Fletcher

IN THE language of the Navy, F. F. F. stands not for fair, fat and forty, but for Frank Friday Fletcher, who was once described by a President of the United States as "a great sailor with a touch of statesmanship about him."

Admiral Fletcher, whose photograph is shown at the foot of this column, has held many important commands, among them that of commander-in-chief of the Atlantic Fleet, and while he was first division commander of the naval force on the coast of Mexico in 1913 and 1914 he seized and occupied the city of Vera Cruz.

He has added to the efficiency of the American Navy by a series of remarkable inventions, the best known of which are the Fletcher breech mechanisms and gun mounts. At the present time he is a member of the General Naval Board.

Hudson Maxim

IT WOULD be much easier to believe the gentleman shown in the center of this page, so peacefully seated on his horse, to be a country squire about to take a morning ride over his estate, than a man who has spent the last thirty years of his life planning for smokeless powders, high explosives that could be fired through heavy armor plate and new self-combustive materials for driving automobile torpedoes.

In addition to his many notable inventions Mr. Maxim has written several books. One of these, entitled Defenseless America, formed the basis for the moving-picture drama The Battle Cry of Peace.

Mr. Maxim is a member of the Naval Consulting Board, and if, as has been reported, he has designed a torpedo-proof ship that will resist the attacks of the German U-boats, this last of his inventions most assuredly should not prove to be the least.

Clarence B. Kelland—By Himself

THE family Bible says I was born in 1881 in the State of Michigan. From that time until I was eighteen I avoided education in the schools and my father's razor strop in the home. I studied law in a night school while I was errand boy in a law office, and came out of it with a degree which I have nicely framed. In 1912 I opened a law office in which I learned, by constant application, to blow remarkable smoke rings. At the end of a year my appetite required attention, so I abandoned the clients who had not yet appeared, and went to work for The Detroit News, which let me stay all night in Police Headquarters and paid me twelve dollars a week. After that I labored on the sport desk, becoming famous for the misinformation I gave about horse races. The last job I held was Sunday Editor, when The American Boy gave me a place as proofreader. About one issue showed them proofreading was not one of my virtues, so they had to make me Assistant Editor, which I kept on being until 1914, when I packed my typewriter in a freight car and moved to Vermont with a vague notion of supporting my wife and two sons by selling fiction. So far we survive. I like to wear my Old Pants; I hate to shave; I play rotten golf, but my equable disposition makes me valuable as assistant housemaid in my wife's employ.

Maude Radford Warren—By Herself

"ASSUME your usual expression," the photographer says, and you wonder what it is, if any. "Write a short autobiography," says the editor, and you wonder if a writer can do it without inadvertently skittering into fiction or else presenting meaningless facts. For facts are unlit lamps until interpreted, and interpretation, even in a full-length autobiography, is difficult, since either reader or writer might mistake a Jack-o'-Lantern for a real flame. Birthplace: one of the Thousand Islands, also the starting-point of Grant Allen and James K. Hackett, but so far the inhabitants have twined for us no laurel. At five: the inalienable determination to be an authoress, the neighbors being waylaid to bear witness. The next ten years: a chance to collect background, the young marauder domiciling in seven far-flung provinces and states, from Manitoba to Virginia, and breaking into print steadily from ten to fourteen by the aid of two indulgent papers. The University of Chicago made a bonfire of literary hopes; when these revived, editors fed the fire; a

(Concluded on Page 42)

THE HIGH HEART

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXV (Continued)

IT CAME to me that this was the moment to make an end of it all; but I saw Mrs. Rossiter get up from her conference with Mildred and come forward. She did it leisurely, pulling up one shoulder of her décolleté gown as she advanced.

"Hugh, don't be a baby!" she said in passing. "Father, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

If the heavens had fallen my amazement might have been less. She went on in a purely colloquial tone, extricating the lace of her corsage from a spray of diamond flowers as she spoke:

"I'll tell you why she was marrying Hugh: It was for two or three reasons, every one of them to her credit. Anyone who knows her and doesn't see that must be an idiot. She was marrying him, first, because he was kind to her. None of the rest of us was, unless it was Mrs. Brokenshire; and she was afraid to show it for fear you'd jump on her, father. The rest of us have treated Alix Adare like brutes. I know I have."

"Oh, no!" I protested, though I could scarcely make myself audible.

"But Hugh was nice to her. He was nice to her from the start. I saw it. I was afraid he would be before I brought her here. And she couldn't forget it. No nice girl would. When he asked her to marry him she felt she had to. And then, when he put up his bluff of earning a living ——"

"It wasn't a bluff," Hugh contradicted, his face still buried in his hands.

"Well, perhaps it wasn't," she admitted imperturbably. "If you, father, hadn't driven him to it with your heroics ——"

"If you call it heroics that I should express my will ——"

"Oh, your will! You seem to think that no one's got a will but you. Here we are, all grown up, two of us married, and you still try to keep us as if we were five years old. We're sick of it; and it's time some of us spoke. Jack's afraid to, and Mildred's too good; so it's up to me to say what I think."

Mr. Brokenshire's first shock having passed, he got back something of his lordly manner, into which he threw an infusion of the misunderstood.

"And you've said it sufficiently. When my children turn against me ——"

"Nonsense, father! Your children don't do anything of the sort. We're perfect sheep. You drive us wherever you like. But, however much we can stand ourselves, we can't help kicking when it attacks someone who doesn't quite belong to us, and who's a great deal better than we are."

Mrs. Billing crowed again: "Brava, Ethel! Never supposed you had the pluck."

Ethel turned her attention to the other side of her corsage.

"Oh, it isn't a question of pluck; it's one of exasperation. Injustice after a while gets on one's nerves. I've had a better chance of knowing Alix Adare than anyone; and you can take it from me that, when it comes to a question of breeding, she's the genuine pearl and we're only imitations—all except Mildred."

Both of Mr. Brokenshire's handsome hands went up together. He took a step forward as if to save Mrs. Rossiter from a danger. "My daughter!"

The pale-rose heap on the other side of the room raised its dainty head.

"It's true, Howard; it's true! Please believe it!" said Mrs. Brokenshire.

Ethel went on in her easy way:

"If Alix Adare has made any mistake it's been in ignoring her own wishes—I may say, her own heart—in order to be true to us. The Lord knows she can't have respected us much, or failed to see that, judged by her standards, we're as common as grass when you compare it to orchids. But, because she is an orchid, she couldn't do anything but want to give us back better than she had ever got from us; and so——"

"Oh, no; it wasn't that!" I tried to interpose.

"It's no dishonor to her not to be in love with Hugh," she pursued evenly. "She may have thought she was, once; but what girl hasn't thought she was in love a dozen times? A fine day in April will make anyone think it's summer already; but when June comes they know the difference. It was April when Hugh asked her; and now it's June. I'll confess for her. She is in love with ——"

"Please!" I broke in.

She gave me another surprise.

"Do run and get me my fan. It's over by Mildred. There's a love!"

I had to do her bidding. The picture of the room stamped itself on my brain, though I didn't think of it at the time. It seemed rather empty. Jack had retired to one window, where he was smoking a cigarette; Pauline was at another, looking out at the moonlight on the water. Mrs. Billing sat enthroned in the middle, taking a subordinate place for once. Mrs. Brokenshire was on the sofa by the wall. The murmur of Ethel's voice, but no words, reached me as I stooped beside Mildred's couch to pick up the fan.

The invalid took my hand. Her voice had the deep low murmur of the sea.

"You must forgive my father."

"I do," I was able to say. "I—I like him. In spite of everything ——"

"And as for my brother, you'll remember what we agreed upon once—that, where we can't give all, our first consideration must be the value of what we withhold."

I thanked her and went back with the fan. As I passed Mrs. Billing she snapped at me, with the enigmatic words:

"You're a puss!"

When I drew near to the group by the fireplace, Mrs. Rossiter was saying to Hugh:

"And as for her marrying you for your money—well, you're crazy! I suppose she likes money as well as anybody else; but she would have married you to be loyal. She would have married you two months ago if father had been willing; and if you'd been willing you could now have been in England or France, together, trying to do some good. If a woman marries one man when she's in love with another the right or the wrong depends on her motives. Who knows but what I may have done it myself? I don't say I haven't. And so ——"

But I had taken off the ring on my way across the room. Having returned the fan to Ethel, I went up to Hugh, who looked round at me over his shoulder.

"Hugh darling," I said very softly, "I feel that I ought to give you back this."

He put out his hand mechanically, not thinking of what I was about to offer. On seeing what it was he drew back his hand quickly and the ring dropped on the floor. I can hear it still, rolling with a little rattle among the fire irons.

In making my curtsy to Mr. Brokenshire I raised my eyes to his face. It seemed to me curiously stricken. After all her years of submission Mrs. Rossiter's rebellion must have made him feel like an autocrat dethroned. I repeated my curtsy to Mrs. Billing, who merely stared at me through her lorgnette—to Jack and Pauline, who took no notice, who perhaps didn't see me—to Mrs. Brokenshire, who was again a little rose-colored heap—and to Mildred, who raised her long white hand.

In the hall outside Cissie Boscobel rose and came toward me.

"You must look after Hugh," I said to her breathlessly as I sped on my way.

She did. As I hurried down the stairs I heard her saying:

"No, Hugh, no! She wants to go alone."

POSTSCRIPT

I AM writing in the dawn of a May morning in 1917. Before me lies a sickle of white beach some four or five miles in curve. Beyond that is the Atlantic, a mirror of leaden gray. Woods and fields bank themselves inland; here a dewy pasture, there a stretch of plowed earth recently sown and harrowed; elsewhere a grove of fir or maple, or a hazel copse. From a little wooden house on the other side of the crescent of white sand a pillar of pale smoke is going straight up into the windless air. In the woods round me the birds, which have only just arrived from Florida, from the West Indies, from Brazil, are chirruping sleepily. They will doze again presently, to awake with the sunrise into the chorus of full song. Halifax lies some ten or twelve miles to the westward. This house is my uncle's summer residence, which he has lent to my husband and me for the latter's aftercure.

I am used to being up at this hour, or at any hour, owing to my experience in nursing. As a matter of fact, I am restless with the beginning of day, fearing lest my husband may need me. He is in the next room. If he stirs I can hear him. In this room my baby is sleeping in his little bassinet. It is not the bassinet of my dreams; nor is this the white enameled nursery; nor am I wearing a delicate lace peignoir. It is all much more beautiful than that, because it is as it is. My baby's name is John Howard Brokenshire Strangways, though we shorten it to Broke, which, in the English fashion, we pronounce Brook.

You will see why I wanted to call him by this name; but for that I must hark back to the night when I returned the ring to dear Hugh Brokenshire and fled. It is like a dream to me now, that night; but a dream still vivid enough to recall.

On escaping Hugh and making my way downstairs I was lucky enough to find Thomas, my rosebud footman knight. Poor lad! The judgment trumpet was sounding for him, as for Franz Ferdinand and Sophie Chotek, and the rest of us. He went back to England shortly after that and was killed the next year at the Dardanelles. But there he was for the moment, standing with the wraps of the Rossiter party.

"Thomas, call the motor," I said hurriedly. "Be quick! I'm going home alone, and you must come with me. I've things for you to do. Mr. Jack Brokenshire will bring Mrs. Rossiter."

On the way I explained my program to him through the window. I had been called suddenly to New York. There was a train from Boston to that city which would stop at Providence at two. I thought there was one from Newport to Providence about twelve-thirty, and it was now a quarter past eleven. If there was such a train I must take it; if there wasn't, the motor must run me up to Providence, for which there was still time. I should delay only long enough to pack a suitcase. For the use I was making of him and the chauffeur, as well as of the vehicle, I should be responsible to my hosts.

Both the men being my tacitly sworn friends, there was no questioning of my authority. I fell back, therefore, into the depths of the limousine with the first sense of relief I had had since the day I accepted my position with Mrs. Rossiter. Something seemed to roll off me. I realized all at once that I had never, during the whole of the two years, been free from that necessity of picking my steps which one must have in walking on a tight rope. Now it was delicious. I could have wished that the drive along Ochre Point Avenue had been thirty times as long.

For Hugh I had no feeling of compunction. It was so blissful to be free. Cissie Boscobel, I knew, would make up to him for all I had failed to give, and would give more. Let me say at once that when, a few weeks later, the man Lady Janet Boscobel was engaged to had also been killed at the Front, and her parents had begged Cissie to go home, Hugh was her escort on the journey. It was the beginning of an end which I think is in sight, of a healing which no one wishes so eagerly as I.

For the last two years Cissie has been mothering Belgian children somewhere in the neighborhood of Poperinghe, and Hugh has been in the American Ambulance Corps before Verdun. That was Cissie's work, made easier perhaps by some recollection he retained of me. When he has a few days' leave—so Ethel Rossiter writes me—he spends it at Goldborough Castle or Strath-na-Cloid. I ran across Cissie when for a time I was helping in first-aid work not far behind the lines at Neuve Chapelle.

I had been taking care of her brother Rowan—Lord Ovingdean, he calls himself now, hesitating to follow his brother as

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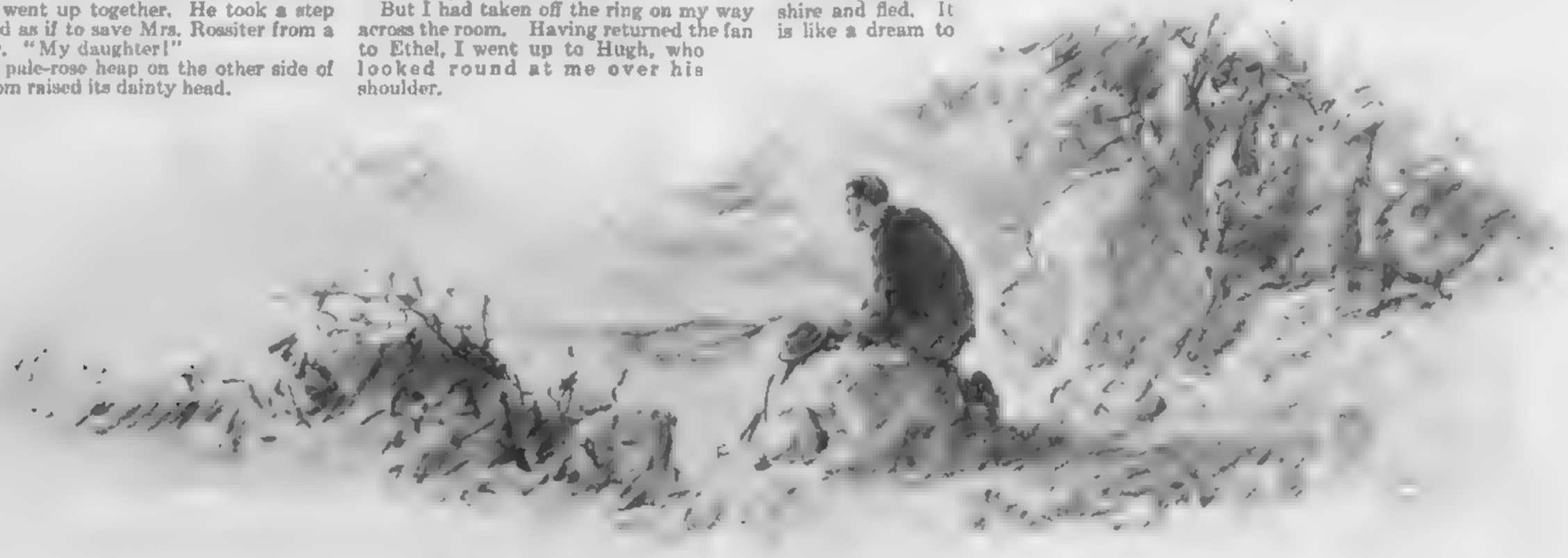

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It is made so by the Prōdium Process.

A strip of it one and a half inches square will support a weight of more than three tons.

This tensile strength expresses itself in the tires in toughness.

Republic Tires last longer, and they are amazingly responsive and "lively."

They wear down as evenly as a piece of steel.

They are practically immune to road cutting and chipping.

Public knowledge of these facts is becoming widely spread.

The result is a largely increased demand for Republic Tires.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

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Originators of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
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In the light of tire competition, *United States Tires*, all five types, stand out supreme.

Industrial competition bares all weaknesses to the bone—and competition has shown the mastership of *United States Tires*.

By every test of use they have demonstrated their supremacy in that quality which keeps tire maintenance down to a minimum—*low mileage cost*.

* * * * * * * * * *

Facts have proved this.

For, in competition with every other make of tire, *United States Tires* have outstripped their competitors in the real test of any product—*sales increases*.

Motorists who used *United States Tires* last year are continuing to use them this year—and will use them in the years to come.

Thousands upon thousands of motorists who never used *United States Tires* before, are now, for the first time, satisfied tire users.

* * * * * * * * * *

The net of the matter is this—that *United States Tires* are showing such tremendous sales increases that even we, who know how GOOD we make the tires, are amazed,

—sales increases that are far in excess of the gigantic increase in the number of automobiles during the past year,

—sales increases that are the motoring public's final answer to the tire manufacturers of the world.

* * * * * * * * * *

For motorists would not buy, and continue to buy, *United States Tires*, in competition with all the other makes, unless *United States Tires* were giving supreme tire service.

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use—

'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' 'Plain

United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

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Lord Leatherhead, and using one of his father's other secondary titles—and she had come to see him. I hadn't supposed till then that we were such friends. We talked and talked and talked, and still would have gone on talking. I can understand what she sees in Hugh, though I could never feel it for him with her intensity. I hope her devotion will be rewarded soon, and I think it will.

I had a premonition of this as I drove along Ochre Point Avenue that night. It helped me to the joy of liberty, to lightness of heart. As I threw the things into my suitcase I could have sung. Séraphine, who was up, waiting for her mistress, being also my friend, promised to finish my packing after I had gone; so that Mrs. Rossiter would have nothing to do but send my boxes after me. It couldn't have been half an hour after my arrival at the house before I was ready to drive away again.

I was in the downstairs hall, going out to the motor, when a great black form appeared in the doorway. My knees shook under me; my happiness came down like a shot bird. Mr. Brokenshire advanced and stood under the many-colored Oriental hall lantern. I clung for support to the pilaster that finished the balustrade of the stairway.

There was gentleness in his voice, in spite of its whiplash abruptness.

"Where are you going?"

I could hardly reply, my heart pounded with such fright.

"To—to New York, sir."

"What for?"

"Be-because," I faltered. "I want to—to get away."

"Why do you want to get away?"

"For—for every reason."

"But suppose I don't want you to go?"

"I should still have to be gone."

He said in a hoarse whisper:

"I want you to stay—and—and marry Hugh."

I clasped my hands.

"Oh, but how can I?"

"He's willing to forget what you've said—what my daughter Ethel has said; and I'm willing to forget it too."

"Do you mean as to my being in love with someone else? But I am."

"Not more than you were at the beginning of the evening. You were willing to marry him then."

"But he didn't know then what he's had to learn since. I hoped to have kept it from him always. I may have been wrong—I suppose I was; but I had nothing but good motives."

There was a strange drop in his voice as he said:

"I know you hadn't."

I couldn't help taking a step nearer him.

"Oh, do you? Then I'm so glad. I thought ——"

He turned slightly away from me, toward a huge ugly fish in a glass case, which Mr. Rossiter believed to be a proof of his sportsmanship and an ornament to the hall.

"I've had great trials," he said after a pause—"great trials!"

"I know," I agreed softly.

He walked toward the fish and seemed to be studying it.

"They've—they've—broken me down."

"Oh, don't say that, sir!"

"It's true." His finger outlined the fish's skeleton from head to tail. "The things I said to-night ——" He seemed hung up there. He traced the fish's skeleton back from tail to head. "Have we been unkind to you?" he demanded suddenly, wheeling round in my direction.

I thought it best to speak quite truthfully.

"Not unkind, sir—exactly."

"But what? What did Ethel mean? She said we'd been brutes to you. Is that true?"

"No, sir; not in my sense. I haven't felt it."

He tapped his foot, with the old imperiousness. "Then—what?"

We were so near the fundamentals that again I felt I ought to give him nothing but the facts.

"I suppose Mrs. Rossiter meant that sometimes I should have been glad of a little more sympathy, and always of more—courtesy." I added: "From you, sir, I shouldn't have asked for more than courtesy."

Though only his profile was toward me and the hall was dim, I could see that his face was twitching. "And—and didn't you get it?"

"Do you think I did?"

"I never thought anything about it."

"Exactly; but anyone in my position does. Even if we could do without courtesy between equals—and I don't think we can—from the higher to the lower—from you to me, for instance—it's indispensable. I don't remember that I ever complained of it, however. Mrs. Rossiter must have seen it for herself."

"I didn't want you to marry Hugh," he began again, after a long pause; "but I'd given in about it. I shouldn't have minded it so much if—if my wife ——"

He broke off with a distressful, choking sound in the throat, and a twisting of the head, as if he couldn't get his breath. That passed and he began once more:

"I've had great trials. . . . My wife! . . . And then the burden of this war. . . . They think—they think I don't care anything about it; but—but just to make money. . . . I've always been misjudged. . . . They've put me down as hard and proud, when ——"

"I could have liked you, sir," I interrupted boldly. "I told you so once; and it offended you. But I've never been able to help it. I've always felt that there was something big and fine in you—if you'd only set it free."

His reply to this was to turn away from his contemplation of the fish and say:

"Why don't you come back?"

I was sure it was best to be firm.

"Because I can't, sir. The episode is—is over. I'm sorry; and yet I'm glad. What I'm doing is right. I suppose everything has been right—even what happened between me and Hugh. I don't think it will do him any harm—Cissie Boscobel is there—and it's done me good. It's been a wonderful experience; but it's over. It would be a mistake for me to go back now—a mistake for all of us. Please let me go, sir; and just remember of me that I'm—I'm—grateful."

He regarded me quietly and—if I may say so—curiously. There was something in his look, something broken, something defeated, something, at long last, kind, that made me want to cry.

I was crying inwardly when he turned about, without another word, and walked toward the door.

It must have been the impulse to say a silent good-by to him that sent me slowly down the hall, though I was scarcely aware of moving. He had gone out into the dark, and I was under the Oriental lamp, when he suddenly reappeared, coming in my direction rapidly. I would have leaped back if I hadn't refused to show fear. As it was, I stood still. I was only conscious of an overwhelming pity, terror and amazement as he seized me and kissed me hotly on the brow. Then he was gone.

But it was that kiss which made all the difference in my afterthought of him. It was a confession on his part, too, and a bit of self-revelation. Behind it lay a nature of vast, splendid qualities—strong, noble, dominating, meant to be used for good—all ruined by self-love. Of the Brokenshire family, of whom I am so fond and to whom I owe so much, he was the one toward whom, by some blind, spontaneous, subconscious sympathy of my own, I have been most urgently attracted. If his soul was twisted by passions as his face became twisted by them too—well, who is there among us of whom something of the sort may not be said; and yet God has patience with us all.

Howard Brokenshire and I were foes, and we fought; but we fought as so many thousands, so many millions, have fought in the short time since that day; we fought as those who, when the veils are suddenly stripped away, when they are helpless on the battlefield after the battle, or on hospital cots lined side by side, recognize each other as men and brethren. And so, when my baby was born I called him after him. I wanted the name as a symbol—not only to myself but to the Brokenshire family—that there was no bitterness in my heart.

At present let me say that, though pained, I was scarcely surprised to read in the New York papers on the following afternoon that Mr. J. Howard Brokenshire, the eminent financier, had, on the previous evening, been taken with a paralytic seizure while in his motor on the way from his daughter's house to his own. He was conscious when carried indoors, but he had lost the power of speech. The doctors indicated overwork in connection with foreign affairs as the predisposing cause.

From Mrs. Rossiter I heard, as each successive shock overtook him. Very pitifully the giant was laid low. Very tenderly—so Ethel has written me—Mrs. Brokenshire had watched over him—and yet, I suppose, with a terrible tragic expectation in her heart, which no one but myself, and perhaps Stacy Grainger, can have shared with her. Howard Brokenshire died on that early morning when his country went to war.

I stayed in New York just long enough to receive my boxes from Newport. On getting out of the train at Halifax Larry Strangways received me in his arms.

And this time I saw no little dining room, with myself seating the guests; I saw no bassinet and no baby. I saw nothing but him. I knew nothing but him. He was all to me. It was the difference.

And not the least of my surprises, when I came to find out, was the fact that it was Jim Rossiter who had sent him there—Jim Rossiter, whom I had rather despised as a selfish, catlike person, with not much thought beyond "ridin' and racin'," and pills and medicinal waters. That was true of him; and yet he took the trouble to get into touch with Stacy Grainger—as a Brokenshire only by affinity, he could do it—to use his influence at Washington and Ottawa to get Larry Strangways a week's leave from Princess Patricia's Regiment—to watch over my movements in New York and know the train I should take—and wire to Larry Strangways the hour of my arrival. When I think of it I grow maudlin at the thought of the good there is in everyone.

We were married within the week at the old church which was once a center for Loyalist refugees from New England, beneath which some of them lie buried, and where I was baptized. When my husband returned to Valcartier I went—to be near him—to Quebec. After he sailed for England I, too, sailed, and met him there. I kept near him in England, taking such nursing training as I could while he trained in other ways. I was not many miles away from him when, in the spring of the next year, he was badly cut up at Bois Grenier, near Neuve Chapelle.

He was one of the two or three Canadians to hold a listening post halfway between the hostile lines, where they could hear the slightest movement of the enemy and signal back. A Maxim swept the dugout at intervals, and now and then a shell burst near them. My husband was wounded in a leg and his right arm was shattered.

When I was permitted to see him at Amiens the arm had been taken off, and the doctors were doing what they could to save the leg. Fortunately they have succeeded; and now he walks with no more than a noticeable limp. He is a captain in Princess Patricia's Regiment and a D. S. O.

Later he was taken to the American Women's Hospital, at Paignton, in Devonshire, and there again I had the joy of being near him. I couldn't take care of him—I had not the skill, and perhaps my nerve would have failed me—but I worked in the kitchen and was sometimes allowed to take him his food and feed him. I think the hope, the expectation, of my doing this was what brought him out of the profound silence into which he was plunged when he arrived.

That was the only sign of mental suffering I ever saw in him. For the physical suffering he never seemed to care. But something deep and far-off, and beyond the beyond of self-consciousness, seemed to have been reached by what he had seen and heard and done. It was said of Lazarus, after his recall to life by Christ, that he never spoke of what he had experienced in those four days; and I can say as much of my husband.

When his mind reverts to the months in France and Flanders he grows dumb. He grows dumb and his spirit moves away from me. It moves away from me and from everything that is of this world. It is among scenes past speech, past understanding, past imagining. He is Lazarus back in the world, but with secrets in his keeping which no one may learn but those who have learned them where he did.

When he came to Paignton he was far removed from us; but little by little he reapproached. I helped to restore him; and then, when the baby was born, the return to earth was quickened.

To have my baby I went over to Torquay, where I had six quiet contented weeks in a room overlooking the peacock-blue waters of Tor Bay, with the kindly roof that sheltered my husband in the distance. When I had recovered I went to a cottage at Paignton, where, when he left the hospital, he joined me. As the healing of the leg has been so slow, we have been in

(Concluded on Page 29)

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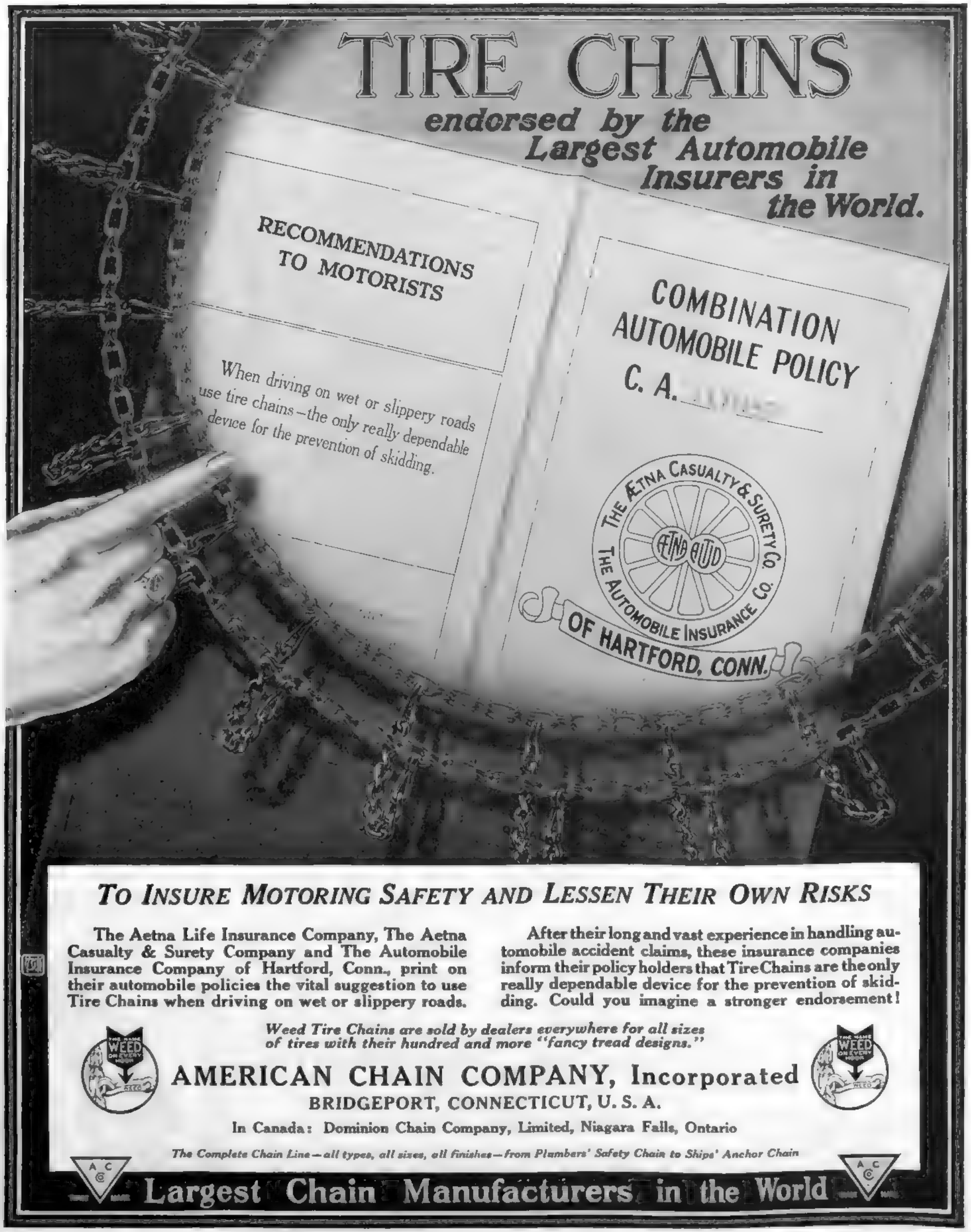
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(Concluded from Page 27)

the lovely Devon country ever since, till, a few weeks ago, the British Government allowed us to cross on the ship that brought the British Commissioners to Washington.

I have just been in to look at him. He is sound asleep, lying on his left side, the coverlet sagging slightly at the shoulder where the right arm is gone. He is getting accustomed to using his left hand, but not rapidly. Meantime he is my other baby; and, in a way, I love to have it so. I can be more to him. In proportion as he needs me the bond is closer.

He is a grave man now. The smile that used to flash like a sword between us is never there any more. When he smiles it is a long, slow smile that comes from far away—perhaps from life as it was before the war. It is a sweet smile, a brave one, one infinitely touching; and it pierces me to the heart.

He didn't have to forfeit his American citizenship in becoming one of the glorious Princess Pats. They were glad to have him on any terms. He is an American and I am one. I thought I became one without feeling any difference. It seemed to me I had been born one, just as I had been born a subject of the dear old Queen. But on the night of our landing in Halifax a military band came and played the Star-Spangled Banner before my uncle's door, and I burst into the first tears I had shed since my marriage.

Through everything else I had been upheld; but at the strains of that anthem, and all it implied, I broke down helplessly. When we went to the door, and my husband stood to listen to the cheering of my friends, in his khaki with the empty sleeve, and the fine, stirring, noble air was played again, his eyes, as well as mine, were wet.

It recalled to me what he said once when I was allowed to relieve the night nurse and sit beside him at Paignton. He woke in the small hours and smiled at me—his distant dreamy smile. His only words—words he seemed to bring with him out of the lands of sleep, in which perhaps he lived again what now was past for him—his only words were:

"You know the Stars and Stripes were at Bois Grenier."

"How?" I asked to humor him, thinking him delirious.

He laughed—the first thing that could be called a laugh since they had brought him there.

"Sewn on my undershirt—over my heart! It will be there again," he added, "floating openly."

And almost immediately he fell asleep once more.

And, after all, it is to be there again—floating openly. The time-struggle has taken it and will carry it aloft. It has taken other flags, too—flags of Asia; flags of South America; flags of the islands of the seas. As my husband predicted long ago, mankind is divided into just two camps. So be it! God knows I don't want war. I have been too near it, and too closely touched by it, ever to wish again to hear a cannon shot or see a sword. But I suppose it is all a part of the great War in Heaven.

Michael and his angels are fighting, and the Dragon is fighting and his angels. By that I do not mean that all the good is on one side and all the evil on the other. God forbid!

There is good and evil on both sides. On both sides doubtless evil is being purged away and the new true man is coming to his own.

If I think most of the spiritualization of France, and the consecration of the British Empire, and the coming of a new manhood to the United States, it is because these are the countries I know best. I should be sorry, I should be hopeless, were I not to believe that, above bloodshed and cruelty and hatred and lust and suffering, and all that is abomination, the Holy Ghost is breathing on every nation of mankind.

When it is all over, and we have begun to live again, there will be a great Renaissance.

It will be what the word implies—a veritable New Birth. The sword shall be beaten to a plowshare and the spear to a pruning hook. "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

So, in this gray light, growing so silvery that as day advances it is golden, I turn to my Bible. It is extraordinary how comforting the Bible has become in these days when hearts have been lifted up into long-unexplored regions of terror and courage. Men and women who had given up reading it, men and women who have never read it at all, turn its pages with trembling hands and find the wisdom of the ages. And so I read what for the moment have become to me its most strengthening words:

"In your patience possess ye your souls. . . . There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. . . . And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

That is what I believe—that through this travail of the New Birth for all mankind Redemption is on the way.

It is coming like the sunrise I now see over the ocean. In it are the glories that never were on land or sea. It paints the things which have never entered into the heart of man, but which God has prepared for them that love him. It is the future; it is heaven. Not a future that no man will live to see; not a heaven beyond death and the blue sky. It is a future so nigh as to be at the doors; it is the Kingdom of Heaven within us.

Meantime there is saffron pulsating into emerald, and emerald into rose, and rose into lilac, and lilac into pearl, and pearl into the great gray canopy that has hardly as yet been touched with light.

And the great gray ocean is responding, a fleck of color here, a hint of glory there; and now, stealing westward, from wavelet to wavelet, stealing and ever stealing, nearer and still more near, a wide golden pathway, as if some Mighty One was coming straight to me. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Even so I look up, and lift up my head. Even so I possess my soul in patience.

Even so, too, I think of Mildred Brokenshire's words:

"Life is not a blind impulse, working blindly. It is a beneficent rectifying power."

THE END

THE MAJOR, D. O. S.

(Continued from Page 14)

the hole. All the way to the third tee Waddles expounded the theory of the niblick shot out of grass, pausing only to spat another perfect ball down the course.

It was here that Cyril left the wood in his bag and took out a cleek. He wanted distance and he needed direction, our third hole calling for a well-placed tee shot; but he sliced just enough to put him squarely behind the largest tree on the entire course.

"I was sure you'd do that," said Waddles sympathetically. "It's really a wooden-club shot, and when you took your iron I knew you were afraid of it. Changing clubs is always a sign of weakness, don't you think so?"

Cyril mumbled something and started down the path, and at this point the old Major, who had been lingering in the background, swung in behind him with his first and last bit of advice.

"Keep your hair on, dear boy," he bleated. "Keep your hair on. Whatever happens, don't get waxy."

Cyril grunted but didn't say anything, and the Major dropped to the rear again, making queer little noises in his throat.

"Now the ideal—shot on this—hole," panted Waddles, overtaking his victim, "is a little bit—farther to the left. A hook—doesn't hurt you—as much—as a slice——"

"I'm not hurt yet!" snapped Cyril.

"Why, of course not!" cried Waddles with the heartiest good nature. "Of course not—but if your ball—had been farther to the left—you wouldn't have to play—over that tree—and——" There was more, but Cyril did not wait to hear it.

Waddles, executing his second with mechanical precision, carried the deep ravine with his mashie and put the ball on the green for a sure four. Off to the right Cyril prepared to do likewise, but the tree loomed ahead of him, his nerves were unstrung, his temper was ruffled, and instead of going cleanly under the ball he caught the turf four inches behind it and pitched into the ravine, where he found a lie that was all but unplayable.

"Tough luck!" said Waddles.

Cyril turned and looked at him. I expected an outburst of some sort, but the boy was evidently trying to keep his hair on.

"I didn't hit it," said he at length, swallowing hard. I heard an odd choking noise behind me. It was the Major, attempting to remain calm.

"Of course you didn't hit it!" agreed Waddles. "You took a hatful of turf; and you know why, don't you?"

Cyril groaned and plunged into the ravine.

Why follow the harrowing details too closely? With the Major as chief mourner, and Waddles holding sympathetic post-mortems on all his bad shots, Cyril suffered a complete collapse. I could have beaten him—anyone could have beaten him—and as a matter of fact he beat himself. Having found his weak spot, Waddles never let up for an instant. Talk, talk, talk; his flow of conversation was as irritating as a neighbor's phonograph, and as incessant. I wondered that Cyril contained himself as well as he did, until I remembered that it is tradition with the English to lose as silently as they win.

The Major, who saw it all, addressed but one remark to me. It was on the tenth hole, and Waddles was showing Cyril why he had topped an iron shot.

"Look here," said the Major, jerking his thumb at Waddles, "does he always do this sort of thing? Talk so much, I mean?"

I replied, and quite truthfully, that it depended on the way he felt. The Major grunted, and that ended the conversation.

The match was wound up on the thirteenth; Cyril shook hands, complimented Waddles on his game, and made a bee line for the clubhouse. Nobody could blame him for not wanting to finish the round. Waddles tagged along at his elbow, gesticulating, explaining the theory of golf, even offering to illustrate certain shots with which Cyril had had trouble.

The Major spent the rest of the afternoon on the porch, nursing a tall glass and looking at the hills. After a shower Cyril joined him.

"The blooming Britons are holding a lodge of sorrow," said Waddles, who was in high spirits. "What's the betting on the finals to-morrow?"

"I'll back the Major," spoke up Jay Gilman, "if you'll promise not to talk the shirt off his back."

"Another dumb player, eh?" asked Waddles, grinning.

"Never opened his mouth to me but once the entire way round," answered Jay.

"And what did he say then?"

"As near as I recall," replied Jay, "he said 'Dormie!'"

"I hate a man who can't talk!" exclaimed Waddles.

"How you must hate yourself," I suggested, and was forced to dodge a match safe.

"Just the same," persisted Jay, "I'll take the Major's end if you'll promise to keep your mouth shut."

"I'll accept no bets on that basis," Waddles announced. "I like a friendly, chatty game."

"I've got you for fifty, then, and talk your head off!" And Jay laughed until I thought he would choke. As a matter of fact, he laughed all the rest of the afternoon.

IV

QUITE a gallery turned out for the finals, and this time there was no delay. Waddles was on hand early, and so was the Major. There was considerable betting, for Jay Gilman insisted on backing the Major to the limit.

"You're only doing that because he beat you," said Waddles in an injured tone of voice.

"Make it a hundred if you want to," was Jay's come-back.

"Fifty is plenty, thanks."

"What? Not weakening already?" asked Jay. "A hundred, and no limit on the conversation!"

(Continued on Page 31)

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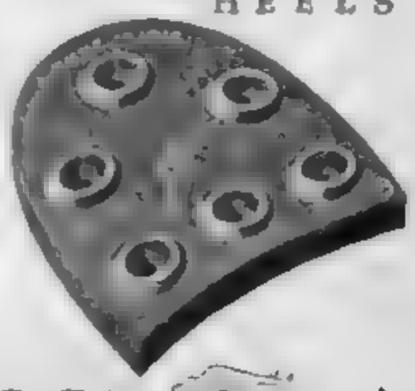

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(Continued from Page 29)

"Got you!" snapped Waddles.

He would have taken the honor, too, if the Major had not beaten him to it. The old fellow ambled out on the tee, helped himself to a pinch of sand, patted it down carefully, adjusted his ball, and hit a screamer dead on the pin, with just enough hook to make it run well. Then he stepped back, clapped his hands to his waist and cackled—actually cackled like a hen.

"Do you know," said he, addressing Waddles—"I believe I've burst my belt! Yes, I'm quite certain I have; but don't fear, old chap. I shan't be indecent. I have braces on. Ho, ho, ho!"

Waddles paused with his mouth open. At first I thought he was going to say something, but evidently nothing occurred to him, so he teed his ball and took his stance.

"It was an old one," said the Major. "I've worn it for ages. Given me by Freddy Fitzpatrick. Queer chap, Fitz. . . . You don't mind my babbling a little, do you? Dare say I'm a bit nervous."

"Oh, not in the least," grunted Waddles, addressing his ball. He hit his usual drive, with the usual result, but his ball was at least forty yards short of the Major's.

"Very fortunate, sir!" bleated the Major, following Waddles from the tee. "Blest if I see how you do it! Your form—you don't mind criticism, old chap?—your form is wretchedly bad. Atrocious! Your swing is cramped, your stance is awkward, yet somehow you manage to get over the bunkers. Extraordinary, I call it. Some day you shall teach me the stroke if you will, eh?"

Waddles didn't say a word. He tucked his chin down into his collar and made tracks for his ball, but there was a puzzled look in his eyes. He didn't seem to know what to make of this sudden flood of conversation. The Major was with him every step of the way, blatting about his friend Fitzpatrick.

"He had a stroke like yours, old Fitz. Frightfully crippled up with rheumatism, poor chap! Abominable golfer! No form, no swing, but the devil's own luck. . . . I say, what club shall you use next? I should take a cleek, but you don't carry one, I've noticed. Too bad. Very useful club, but it calls for a full, clean swing. You'd boggle a cleek horribly. . . . You're taking a brassy? Quite right, old chap, quite right. I should, too, if I couldn't depend on my irons."

Waddles waved the Major aside, and pulled off his shot; but it seemed to me that he hurried the least little bit. Perhaps he was expecting another outburst of language. His ball stopped ten yards short of the putting green.

"Ah!" said the Major. "You stabbed at that one, dear boy. Old Fitz stabbed his second shots too. Nervousness, I dare say; but you haven't the look of a man with nerves. Rather beefy for that, I should think. Tight match, and all. Too much food, perhaps. Never can tell, eh? Old Fitz was a gross feeder too. . . . Now I'm going to take an iron, and if you don't mind I wish you'd stand behind me and tell me how to shorten my swing a bit. I'm inclined to play an iron too strong. . . . A little farther over, if you please. I don't want you where I can see you, old chap, but I shan't mind your talking."

The Major pulled his midiron out of the bag and Waddles obliged with a steady stream of advice, not one item of which was heeded:

"Advance that left foot a little, and don't drop your shoulder so much! Come back a bit slower, keep your eye on the ball, start your swing higher up ——"

At this point the blade of the midiron connected with the ball and sent it sailing straight for the pin—a beautiful shot, and clean as a whistle. A white speck bounded on the green and rolled past the hole.

"You see?" cried the Major. "Too strong—oh, much too strong!"

"You're up there for a putt!" snorted Waddles. "What did you expect—at this distance?"

"With your assistance," continued the Major, ignoring Waddles' sarcasm, "I shall shorten my swing. You've the shortest swing I've ever seen. Shorter than poor old Fitz's. I'm sorry about that belt, but I shan't be indecent. I have braces on—suspenders, I believe you call them." He squinted at his ball as he advanced. "Too strong. Never mind. I dare say I shall hole the putt. . . . You're taking a mashie next? Tricky shot—very, especially on a fast green."

Waddles composed himself with a visible effort and really achieved a very fine approach shot. The ball had the perfect line to the hole, but was three feet short of the cup.

"Never up, never in!" cackled the Major, and proceeded to sink a three—a nasty, twisting twelve-footer, and downhill at that. There was a patter of applause from the gallery, started by Gilman and Cyril. The Major marched to the second tee, babbling continually:

"I owe you an apology. Never had a three there before. Never shall again. Stroke under par, isn't it? Not at all bad for a beginning. Better luck next time. Wish I hadn't broken this belt. Puts me off my shots."

"What do you mean—better luck next time?" demanded Waddles, but got no response. The Major had switched to his friend Fitzpatrick, and was chirping about rheumatism and gout and heaven knows what all. He stopped talking just long enough to peel off another tremendous drive, and if he had taken the ball in his hand and carried it out on the course he couldn't have selected a better spot from which to play his second.

It was on this tee that Waddles tried to hand the Major's stuff back to him, probably figuring that he could stand as much conversation as his opponent, and last longer at the repartee. He began to tell the story of the Scotch golfer and his collie dog, which is one of the best things he does, but I noticed that when it came time for him to drive he grunted as he hit the ball, and when Waddles grunts it is a sign that he is calling up the reserves. He got the same old shot and the same old run, and would have finished the same old story, but the Major horned in with a long-winded reminiscence of his own, and the collie was lost in the shuffle. Another animal was lost too—a goat belonging to Waddles. He spoke sharply to his opponent before playing his second, and then sliced a spoon shot deep into the rough.

"Ah, too bad!" chirruped the Major. "And the grass is quite deep over there, isn't it? Now I shall use the midiron again, and you shall watch and tell me about my swing—that is, if you don't mind, old chap."

Waddles didn't mind. He told the Major enough things to rattle a wooden Indian, and just as the club had started to descend he raised his voice sharply. It would have made me miss the ball entirely, but it seemed to have no effect on the Major, who did not even flinch but lined one out to the green.

Waddles wandered off into the rough, mumbling to his caddie. His third shot was a remarkable one. He tore the ball out of the thick grass, raised it high in the air and put it on the green, six feet from the cup. The Major then laid his third shot stone-dead for a four. Waddles still had a difficult putt to halve the hole, but while he was studying the roll of the green the Major spoke up.

"I shan't ask you to putt that," said he. "I concede you a four."

Waddles stared at him with eyes that fairly bulged.

"You—what?" said he. "You give me this putt?"

The Major nodded and walked off the green. Waddles looked first at his ball, then at the cup, and then at the crowd of spectators. At last he picked up and followed, and a whisper ran through the gallery. The general impression prevailed that conceding a six-foot putt at the outset of an important match was nothing short of emotional insanity.

Of course since he had been offered a four on the hole Waddles could do nothing but accept it gracefully—and begin wondering why on earth his opponent had been so generous. I dare any golfer to put himself in Waddles' place and arrive at a conclusion soothing to the nerves and the temper. The most natural inference was that the Major held him cheaply, pitied him, did not fear his game.

I thought this was what the old fellow was getting at, but it was not until they reached the third putting green that I began to appreciate the depth of the Major's cunning and the diabolical cleverness of his golfing strategy.

Waddles had a two-foot putt to halve the third hole—a straight, simple tap over a perfectly flat surface—the sort of putt that he can make with his eyes shut, ninety-nine times out of the hundred. The Major had already holed his four, and I knew by the careless manner in which Waddles stepped up to his ball that he expected the Major to concede the putt. It was natural for him to expect it, since he had already been given a difficult six-footer.

Waddles stood there, waggling his putter behind the ball and waiting for the Major to say the word, but the word did not come. This seemed to irritate Waddles. He looked at the Major, and his expression said, plain as print, "You don't really insist on my making this dinky little putt?" It was all wasted, for the Major was regarding him with a fishy stare—looking clear through him in fact. The expectant light faded out of Waddles' eyes. He shrugged his shoulders and gave his attention to the shot, examining every inch of the line to the cup. It seemed to be a straight putt, but was it? Waddles took his lower lip in his teeth and tapped the ball very gently. It ran off to the left, missing the cup by at least three inches.

"Aha!" chuckled the Major. "You thought I would give you that one too, eh? Old Fitz used to say, 'Give a man a hard putt and he'll miss an easy one. After that he'll never be sure of anything.' Extraordinary how often it happens just that way. Seems to have an unsettling effect on the nerves. Tricky beggar, Fitz. Won the Duffers' Cup at Bombay by conceding a twenty-foot putt on the sixteenth green. Opponent went all to little pieces. Finished one down, with a fifteen on the last hole. Queer game, golf!"

"Yes," said Waddles, breathing hard, "and a lot of queer people play it. Your honor, sir."

The Major smacked out another long one, but Waddles, boiling inside and scarcely able to see the ball, topped his tee shot and bounded into the bunker.

"You see what it does," said the Major. "You were still thinking about that putt. The effect on the nerves ——"

"Oh, cut it out!" growled Waddles. "Play the game right if you're going to play it at all! Your mouth is the best club in your bag!"

The Major did not resent this in the least; paid no attention in fact. He toddled away, blatting intermittently about his friend Fitz, and Waddles knocked half the sand out of the bunker before he finally emerged, spitting gravel and adjectives. Sore was no name for it! He lost the hole, of course, making him three down.

The rest of the contest was interesting, but only from a psychological point of view. Evidently considering that he had a safe lead the Major cut out the conversation and the horseplay and settled down to par golf. There was no lack of talk, however, for Waddles erupted constantly. Braced by the thought that he was annoying his opponent by these verbal outbursts, he managed to halve four holes in a row, but on the ninth green he missed another short putt. In the explosion that followed he blew off his safety valve completely, and the rest of the match degenerated into a riotous procession, so far as noise was concerned.

The thing I could not understand was that the Major held on the even tenor of his way, unruffled and serene as a June morning. The louder Waddles talked the better the old fellow seemed to like it. Never once did he seem disturbed; never once did he hesitate on a shot. With calm, mechanical precision he proceeded to go through Waddles like a cold breeze, and the latter was so busy thinking up things to say that he flubbed disgracefully, and was beaten on the thirteenth green, seven and five.

Well, Waddles may have his faults, but losing ungracefully is not one of them. He will fight you to the very last ditch, but once the battle is over he declares peace immediately. He walked up to the Major and held out his hand. He grinned, too, though I imagine it hurt his face to do it.

"You're all right, Major!" said he. "You're immense! You licked me and you made me like it. If I had your nerves—if I could concentrate on my shots and not let anything bother me ——"

Someone behind me laughed. It was Jay Gilman.

"It has been a pleasure, dear chap," said the Major. "A pleasure, I assure you!"

Several of us had dinner at the club that night, Jay offering to give the party because of the money he had won from Waddles. When the coffee came on, America's representative in the finals attempted to explain his defeat.

(Concluded on Page 33)

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

(Concluded from Page 31)

"The Major began the gab-fest," said Waddles. "He started off chattering like a magpie and trying to rattle me, and naturally I went back at him with the same stuff. Fair for one as for the other, eh? I'll admit that he outgeneraled me by giving me that putt on the second hole, but the thing that finally grabbed my angora was his infernal concentration. Never saw anything like it! Why, he actually asked me to stand behind him and criticize his swing—while he was shooting, mind you! Asked me to do it! And when I saw that he went along steady as the rock of Gibraltar—well, I blew, that's all. I went to pieces. The thing reacted on me. I'll bet that old rascal could listen to you all day long—and never top a ball!"

"You'd lose that bet," said Jay quietly.

"How do you mean—lose it?" demanded Waddles, bristling. "I talked my head off, and he didn't top any, did he?"

"No; and he didn't listen any, either. As a matter of fact, you could have fired a cannon off right at his hip without making him miss a shot."

"You don't mean to tell me ——" said Waddles, gaping.

Jay laughed unfeelingly.

"You had a fat chance of talking the old Major out of anything!" said he. "He hasn't advertised it much, because he's rather sensitive about his affliction; but he's ——"

"Deaf!" gulped Waddles.

"As a post," finished Jay.

Waddles' jaw dropped.

There was a long, painful silence.

Then Waddles crooked his finger at the waiter.

"Boy!" he called. "Bring me this dinner check!"

THE SKY PILOTS

(Continued from Page 11)

positions and getting itself out of them. Looping the loop, that maneuver over which the pioneer airmen debated for so long a time before they dared make the attempt, is possible to one of the big wide-spreading observation machines. It must be done with skill and caution, however, else the aviator may wrench off a wing: further, it must be done slowly. That is about the easiest thing to do with a scout machine of the new fast type; its flip is like the jump of a trout at a fly. You can fly it for several seconds upside down; and you can make it roll over and over, like a dog.

Aviators, maneuvering for fighting position in the air, seem to have accidentally availed themselves of some of these tricks possible to a modern scout machine, and to have discovered how much they added thereby to their dodging power. Their shrewd commanders, always watching for something new, took notice. From their observations grew the latest development in aërial warfare—this time not an improvement in machines, but in method. Acrobatics—the art of doing fancy tricks with an aëroplane by way of outmaneuvering the opponent in an aërial battle—became the final frill in the education of an apprentice aviator, training to use a fighting machine. Now men went forth to fight along the higher reaches of the air in little, powerful, agile single-gun machines, capable of a speed of about two miles a minute, of climbing to ten thousand feet in ten minutes, and of dodging like a weasel.

The Drudgery of the Air

It was individual fighting, absolutely—man against man: and the braver, the more expert, the more cunning man won. Stars began to appear—Ball and Hawker among the British; Navarre and Gunemeyer among the French; Boelke among the Germans. They were champions of the air: romantic knights of the new warfare. History had done another of its circles. When warfare began, two men faced each other with what weapons they had and strove until one or the other was killed. Then followed the massing of men, the specialization of warfare—teamwork. Suddenly the circle went full-turn and we were down to individual fighting again. This did not last long. The circle began again; already these fighters are going out by squadrons and patrols—they have begun teamwork.

However, though the work of the man with an observation machine—the one who marks for batteries—is less picturesque, it is more vital. The fighting aviator in the little scout machine exists mainly to protect him or to attack his rival on the other side of the line. This work is probably nearly as dangerous as fighting in the air, and to the true aviator it is less interesting. I have heard it described as "the drudgery of the air."

From their bases, strung along the line just out of artillery range, the members of these squadrons go out at fairly regular hours to hover over the enemy and direct the fire of the batteries. The machines in general use are two-seaters—the pilot in the front seat, and his observer, or machine-gun operator, in the back. Each has a machine gun; and this craft has the advantage over the regular fighting machine of being able to fire both forward and backward.

Slower and less agile than the scout machine, the plane of this type can soar more regularly over a given spot. Always it is under fire of the opposing anti-aircraft guns, and the operator against them has only one defense—to go off on the wing when he finds the fire getting too hot, and make a sudden gliding shift of position. If attacked by hostile scout machines in the midst of directing a battery, it is his business to stick it out, fighting as best he may. However, he is supposed to have scout machines of his own somewhere near to do his fighting for him.

It would be a mistake to suppose that all artillery fire in this war is directed from aëroplanes. A great deal of the long-distance shelling is done by the map. The enemy has calculated the exact distance to a road or a railroad station that he wants to get, and perhaps only the first, sighting shots at his target are directed from the air. Then, too, there are the regular artillery observation posts, situated at some point that commands a view of a position or a trench line; there men sit, with telephone instruments on their heads, directing the fire.

In addition there are the captive balloons—the "sausages"—which perform somewhat the same function, only at low elevation far to the rear of the line, and without the aëroplane's mobility. It is, however, no mistake to say that the army which tried to fight a modern war without aëroplane direction of artillery fire would be like a blind man trying to box.

Aërial photography, the modern method of scouting, is done both by these machines and by the scout planes. Below the pilot's feet is set a camera, pointing straight downward. There is a photographic expert at each aërodrome. Before the aviator goes up he arranges the camera with the proper stop and speed to meet the conditions of that day. The pilot has only to get over the object or area to be photographed and press a button. A pull on a lever removes the exposed plate and snaps another into place. Plates are used for this work instead of the more convenient films, because they give sharper detail.

The plates come back to the photographic department for development, and the prints made from them serve a variety of uses. I have seen the plan of a whole enemy-trench system made by patching together successive photographs taken from the air. They are invaluable, of course, as notes for the army topographers; and they serve other vital uses, of which I may not write here. Neither may I write in detail concerning the clerical work done at any aviation headquarters in coördinating the results of observations and recording the work done by the batteries under their direction. Sometimes, in watching the activities of that strange new world which stretches across the face of Europe, I am tempted to call this the War of Card Indexes.

Judging Flying Material

When it comes to the operators of scout machines—one finds it hard to stick to cold scientific fact, so romantically thrilling is this new chivalry of the air. Let me begin, however, with the education of these pilots. Generally when the students go to the aviation schools their instructors divide them roughly into two groups, according to their apparent capacities. Rather older and cooler men of good intelligence and judgment are selected for the observation machines, while the dashing boys, with daring and the sporting sense, are put on the fighting machines. As the class goes along surprises are always developing. Boys who look promising at first develop flaws in temperament or technic, and are passed over to the observation corps or transferred to the land forces. Boys who look very unpromising at first turn out to be stars.

Virtually the scout operator has only two things to learn—gunnery, and the management of that little, incredibly fast wasp of the air, which is the war horse of the new chivalry. In these light, agile one-man machines, where everything is sacrificed to speed and maneuvering power, the machine gun is fixed. It sticks rigidly out before the pilot, and to point it one points his machine.

These fast little aëroplanes are all of the tractor type; the propeller, fixed to the front of the machine, drags the apparatus along. Sometimes the gun shoots through the whirring propeller, a synchronizing arrangement fixing matters so that it fires always between the blades; sometimes it is fixed high, so that it just clears the blades. The pilot begins his practice by shooting a machine gun on land; and as he learns to fly he makes theoretical attacks on fixed targets, such as captive balloons.

But expert flying is, after all, his main weapon, both offensive and defensive. He approaches his work with the true scout machine by gradual stages. In the French schools he begins on a "penguin," a curious machine with rudimentary wings, not capable of rising more than ten or fifteen feet. On this he learns horizontal and lateral control, the theory at least of perpendicular control, and the rudiments of landing.

Postgraduate Work

That process of landing is perhaps the most difficult department of plain flying. It is doubly difficult on these scout machines, with their great speed, their low buoyancy when the engine is stopped, and their almost perpendicular dives. The real practice in landing comes on a second type of school machine, which rises a little higher than the penguin. From that the student passes on to an old type of scout machine, but with the same system of controls as the new, and finally to a two-mile-a-minute machine of the latest type.

He is ready for his postgraduate education only when he can handle this machine with certainty, and especially when he can land it without disaster. By skill in landing do aviators largely judge the capacity and technic of their fellows.

For his postgraduate work the student usually goes to a special school of acrobatics, where he learns everything that, in the present state of knowledge and skill, can be done with a machine. I have laid down the principle of this before; at present the mastery of the air seems to belong not to the swift, but to the agile. I wish to emphasize that point, lest American readers believe, as the officer whom I quoted in the beginning seemed to believe, that a great deal of the picturesque talk we hear about flying is touched up to make picturesque narrative. A fighting flyer can no more succeed in the air without acrobatics than a baseball pitcher can succeed without curves and control.

New tricks are coming in all the time; my remarks may seem a little out of date by the time this is printed.

Of course Looping the Loop was the old, original trick with a plane. Everyone learns that, for practice if for nothing else. More modern and much more difficult is looping the loop sidewise. Here the machine, while traveling forward twice as fast as an express train, rolls over and over on its axis.

Eighteen months ago French aviators mentioned as one of the dangerous things an aeroplane can do in the hands of a novice the *Cheval de bois*, as they called it. Sometimes, they said, the machine, when badly handled, would start whirling like a pinwheel with the tip of its own wing for an axis, and falling as it whirled. When it did that, they said, the case of the aviator was hopeless. Six months later I heard that Navarre, the French star, was controlling this maneuver, producing it at will and righting himself as he pleased. Now nearly everyone in the fighting corps does this—the improvement in machines has made it rather easy.

(Continued on Page 36)

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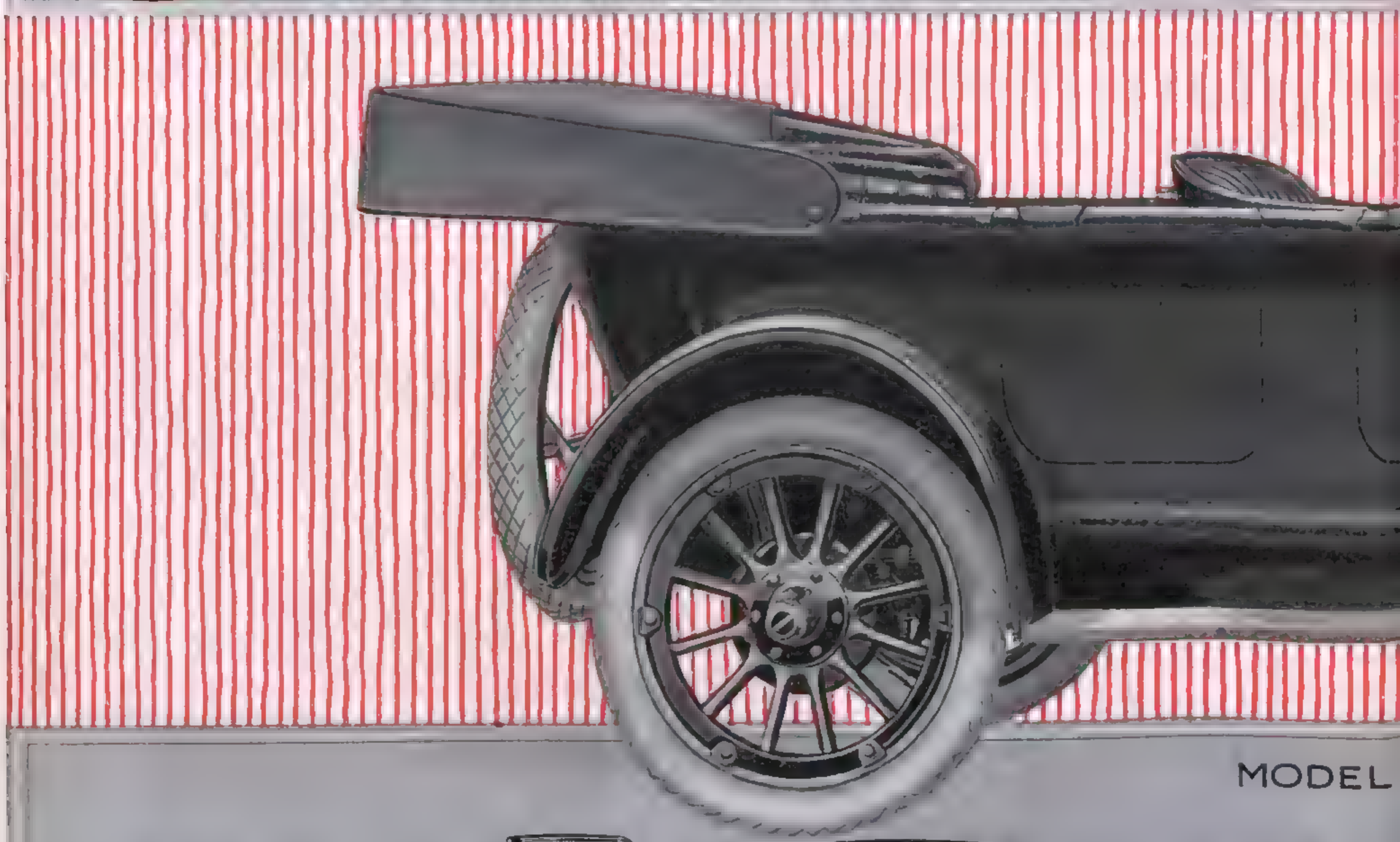

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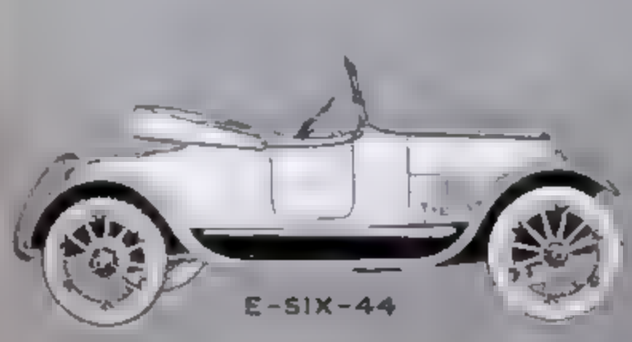
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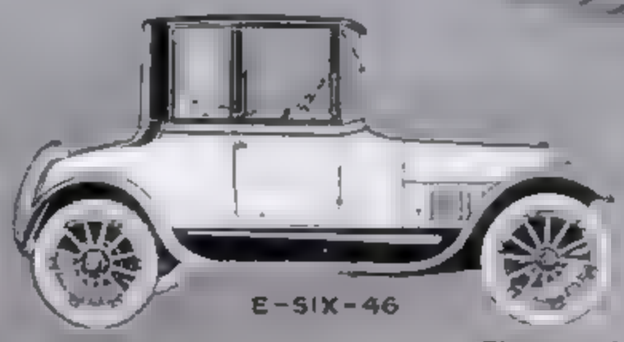
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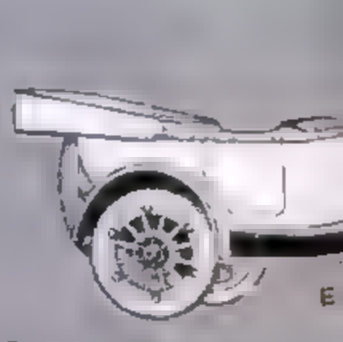

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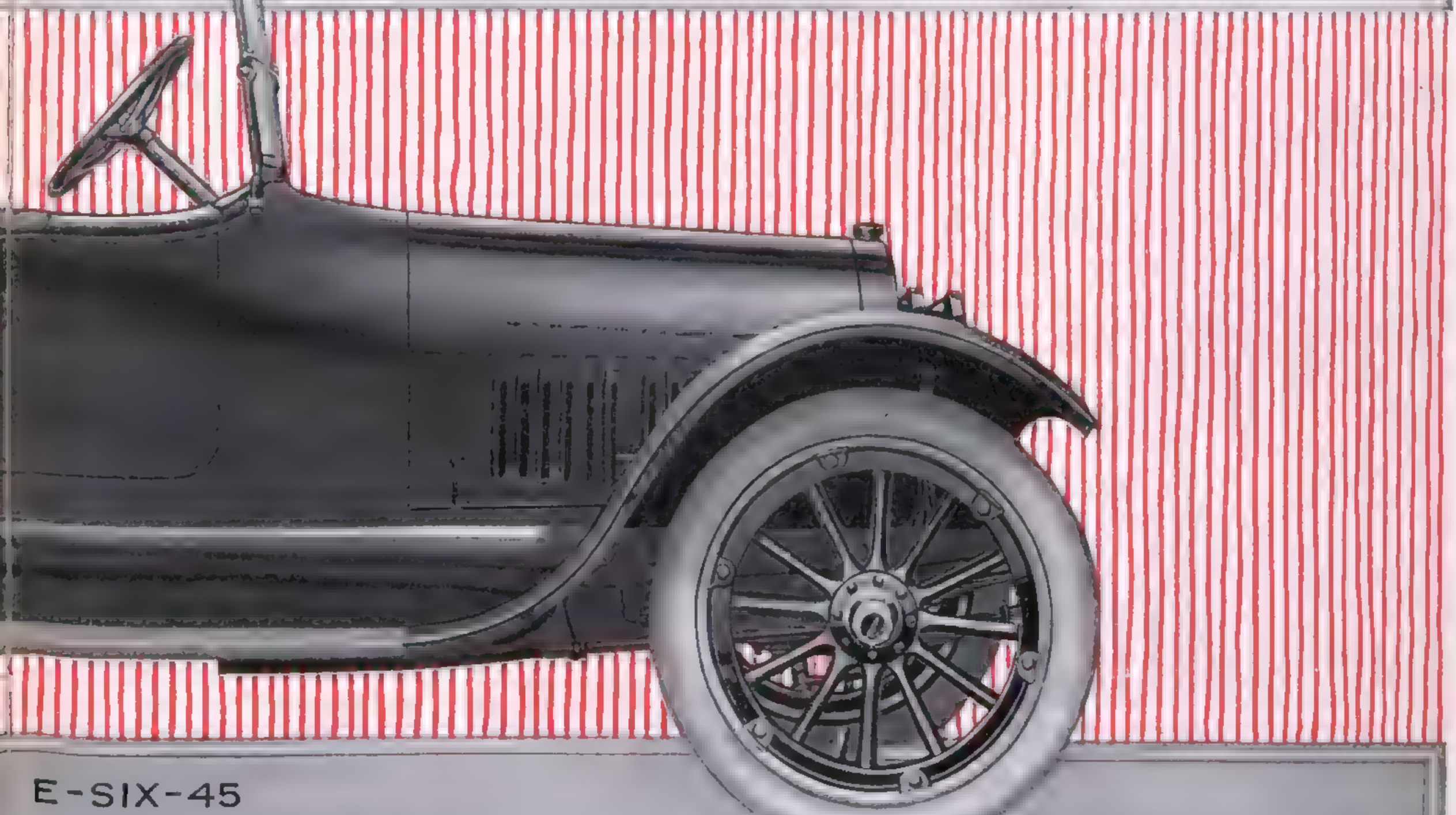

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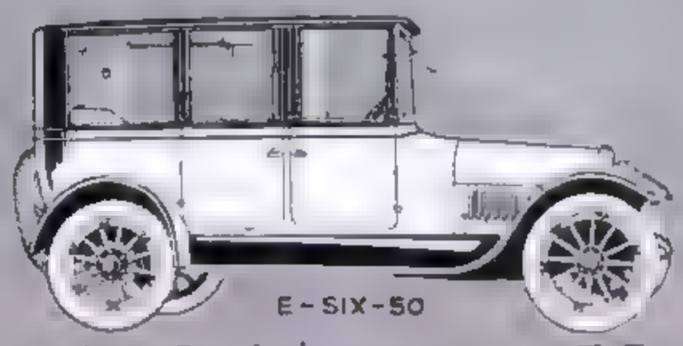

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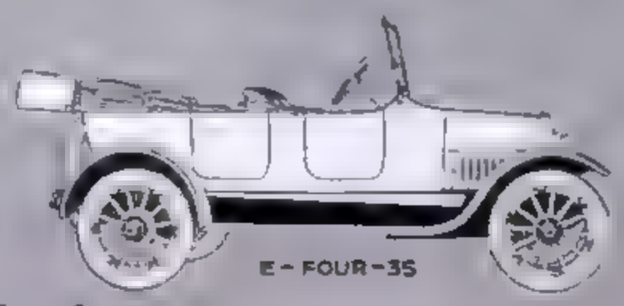

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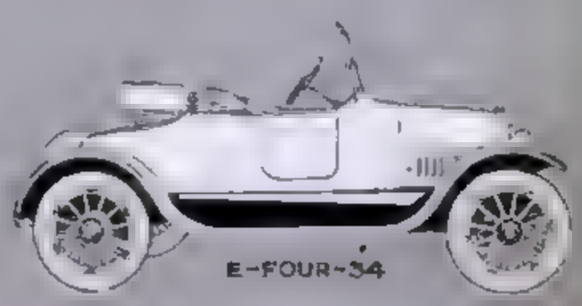

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(Continued from Page 33)

A variation of this is called by the British aviators the Immermann Turn, because they first saw it practiced by that great German champion. The machine is started whirling downward in this manner for a few turns, and is then righted to shoot away on another course. Nose Diving, which describes itself, was once considered fatal. Within the past twenty-four hours I have seen a machine go down for a thousand feet, nose first, and then straighten out to a course parallel to the ground.

A maneuver known among the French as the Dead Leaf is very useful when the aviator wants to make a hesitating opponent think he has been hit and is falling out of control. The name describes it; the machine falls whirling and bobbing exactly as a leaf falls from the tree in autumn. This maneuver is most effective and convincing when it is performed with the machine upside down.

Again, what I may call the Side Loop—it is hard to remember all the slang of the aviators, especially when one has heard it in three languages—is very effective when one is trying to escape pursuit. The aviator starts to loop the loop, but at the instant when he is upside down he shoots away, running for a few moments with his head toward the ground. Of course this abruptly changes his direction; he goes away on a course exactly opposite to the one he and his opponent were traveling.

Acrobatic Engagements

If any reader still believes that these are merely fancy stunts, and not part of the day's work for the air fighters, let him listen to some of the air-service reports, of which dozens are filed daily at the headquarters of the army. I choose by preference the British, because their language is ours and because the British aviators have often a pretty trick of condensed expression. Of course the slang of the craft is a language by itself; but I shall try to explain it as I go along. Here, for instance, is an extract from a report of a general fight written on the night of the battle by a participant:

"Lieutenant L. dived on H A [hostile aircraft] nearest to him and got in fifty rounds from Lewis gun at forty yards' range. H A went down in a spin for two thousand feet and then flattened out [traveled on a horizontal course]; when Lieutenant L. again dived on H A's tail, getting good bursts into H A at fifty yards' range when H A went down. Another H A got on to the tail of Lieutenant L.'s machine while the latter was changing drums, and Lieutenant L. spun for one thousand feet, followed by H A. On flattening out, Lieutenant L. found H A directly above him, and used Lewis gun with such effect that H A went down out of control, and was seen to go down thus for three thousand feet by Lieutenant L. and Captain B.; but the light was too bad for either to see H A crash on reaching ground."

Some of the technical language in this report needs explanation. Getting on his "tail" is the object of nearly every airman in a fight. The gun is fixed, and is pointed only by pointing the machine. If you can approach your man from above, and from the rear, you get him momentarily without defense. That is the most vulnerable side of a fighting aëroplane. Next best is the position below him—especially from his rear; you can send a burst of machine-gun bullets at him before he can turn to reply. Most of the maneuvering is to attain one or other of these positions.

In this fight both Lieutenant L. and his German opponent were only applying the principles they had learned at the school of acrobatics. When Lieutenant L. dived and fired the first fifty rounds, he either missed or failed to strike a vital spot. His crafty opponent, caught in a bad position, "played dead." He turned on the spin, which he had learned at school, in order to imitate the motion of a scout machine that is falling out of control, and also to make himself a difficult target—another object of acrobatics. Had the Englishman hesitated, the German might either have got clean away or have got under him, in position to fire a machine gun at him without return.

But Lieutenant L. took no such chance; he followed his opponent down, keeping such a position that he himself would be "on to his tail" when the enemy machine flattened out. When, a few moments later, the other German got on to the tail of Lieutenant L.—his attention being momentarily taken by changing drums—the British flyer tried exactly the same maneuver. The German, in this case, was too slow in making up his mind; he followed down, but so late that, instead of being on to the tail of the Englishman when the latter righted himself, he merely exposed the under surface of his own machine to a fatal shot.

Again, note this extract from the account of an indecisive fight:

"Second Lieutenant B. attacked nearest H A scout, getting in a hundred rounds Vickers at fifty yards. H A went down in a spin, followed by Lieutenant B. in a very steep spiral for two thousand feet, when, owing to pace at which he was traveling, Lieutenant B. had to make a wider spiral. H A then flattened out and Lieutenant B. dived on him again. H A went right down to the ground in a steep dive, but appeared to flatten out and land under control; but at once stopped, on landing ——"

Had either of the parties to this drawn battle neglected his acrobatics, the other would have brought him down instantly.

I should say that in nearly two-thirds of these condensed, abbreviated romances, which tell the story of such fighting as the world never knew before, acrobatics are mentioned as a vital element in the struggle: "An H A then got on my tail and I disengaged by spinning."—"He did a left-hand climbing turn and disappeared under my wing in a nose dive."—"I zoomed [this means to make the machine rise abruptly and steeply to a horizontal position]; and when I had flattened out I was on his tail." And so it goes, day after day, as the reports come in.

From the first the aviator must learn the Naturecraft of the air, which becomes extremely important when he begins to fight. Clouds are his friends or foes, the lordly sun an assistance or a danger, according as he conducts himself. In maneuvering to fight he always tries to get the sun at his own back and into his opponent's eyes. "I saw several more H A's to the south, above me and in the sun," said one report, as an explanation for not attacking. "I got the sun at my back," said another.

Here is a passage from an account of a battle among the clouds that illustrates some technical points:

"Our patrol was waiting round . . . for . . . bomb raid, when I saw about seven hostile scouts coming from north. I tried to attract attention of patrol by going in front and waving my wing tips. I turned round and made for the H A; but no one followed. The H A made for patrols, who were now above [the bombing machines]. One of them saw me and we went for each other end on. I fired hard, but did not hear him fire. I lost him [doubtless by running into a cloud, for the head of this record showed that it was a day of spotted clouds], and the formation had disappeared in mist. Shortly afterward I saw five [bombing machines] returning and four H A behind. I dived on one of them. I heard another firing at me from above; he fired about a hundred rounds [doubtless this machine was just coming on him out of the clouds]. I turned off and made westward."

The Better Man Wins

It is a work for trained eyes—trained, too, in the peculiar sight necessary to the higher air. Of course both sides paint their machines so as to disguise them, to make them blend with the sky and clouds. One must watch not only the horizon but all the reaches of the air for that glint which betrays the rush of a hostile machine. When one of the star aviators is brought down, his comrades, always eager to make excuses for the hero, say "Probably he was caught napping just that once."

A few days ago news of a fight which had occurred that morning in the air was reported to an aërodrome I was visiting. At a height of seventeen thousand five hundred feet an allied scout plane, coming out of a mist, saw a German traveling along just above him. The German evidently did not see his enemy, for when the allied machine swooped up toward his vulnerable belly he made no attempt to duck or change his course; and so he went down in flames—seventeen thousand five hundred feet!

That would have seemed miraculous even a year and a half ago. At that time the observation machine was good for twenty thousand feet; but the scout machine had sacrificed climbing power to speed and hardly ever ventured above ten thousand feet. An observation machine, pursued by an enemy scout, often saved itself by rising to a height the enemy could not attain; but now the scout can follow the observation machine all the way up, and battles at this extreme altitude are common enough.

In the history of every mechanical invention the period comes when the limit of improvement seems to have been reached. It is not likely, for example, that the steam locomotive will be very much improved from this time on. And, though the aëroplane is only about ten years old, three of those years have been war years, when men speed all their forces. And perhaps the limit of invention has been reached with the scout plane; it seems incredible that any machine can travel much faster or move much more nimbly than those now in use.

Just now, while the inventors and mechanics of Europe are straining every nerve to produce the best and fastest machines, still more attention is being paid to the improvement of the human material; for the aviator, after all, is the vital part of the combination, and a star man on a second-class machine can always beat a mediocre man on a first-class machine. One of the greatest practical authorities in all Europe said to me once:

"I have seen your great Milburn play polo. I play the game, myself. Now put me on the best pony in the world, and Milburn on an ordinary hack, and he would still make me look foolish. Put me and Milburn on horses of exactly the same speed, and he will beat me to the ball every time. I hold," he added, "that no improvement which adds less than ten miles an hour, say, to speed is worth very much attention. It won't compensate for the difference in the skill of aviators; and it pays better to spend your energy on improving the quality of your men."

Birdmen Must be Caught Young

His comparison to polo was perhaps apt; for this game they are playing in the air is the very quintessence of athletics—sport raised to infinity. These boys are simply supreme athletes. And a sporting people need not be told how athletes vary. Alec Greggains, down south of Market Street, in San Francisco, used to have a kind of school for prize fighters. Almost any good fighting boy could get a tryout with him. Of the men he took on some became third-raters, fighting in the small towns; some dropped out of the game as unfit; and Jimmie Britt, Frankie Neil and Abe Attell became champions of the world.

The boys always played baseball in a certain little Georgia town. Most of them dropped the game as they grew up; but, had they kept on, a few would have reached the minor leagues and the rest would have remained bush-leaguers. Only one of them was capable of going to the head of the profession; and he was Ty Cobb, the greatest player who ever swung a bat. Ty Cobb in baseball represents what such a man as Gunemeyer is in aviation.

Conducting a school for fighting aviators resembles, then, picking, selecting and training an athletic team—the work of a college coach. From the men sent up to try, only a certain number will make the team. Some of the candidates will drop out early in the game, having shown themselves unfit. When the team is finally selected the stars will begin to appear. Finally, when the team gets into its first game, some men regarded as stars will not live up to their preliminary promise, and others of whom little was expected will turn out real stars. Navarre, I understand, was but lightly esteemed when he went to the Front. It took actual fighting work to bring out his mettle.

And, as with athletes of all kinds, aviators must be caught young. Indeed, it is especially important in aviation. One does not learn a new muscular reaction very readily after the early twenties. Last winter a Rugby football came bouncing my way. I picked it up and sent off a drop kick, though I had not handled a football for many years. But I was thirty-five before I took much interest in lawn tennis, and I shall never have a real tennis stroke.

And this rule applies especially to aviation, which involves a set of faculties perhaps not quite natural to man and seldom used for other purposes. From eighteen up to the early twenties is the ideal age for breaking in an apprentice aviator. Though some men have learned to fly after they had passed thirty, and have given a good account of themselves, they are exceptions. The stars have always begun young.

The ideal aviator, according to one expert, needs somewhat the same quality as a good horseman, with a sense of balance in addition. "The sweet pair of hands," considered by all riders, from cowboys to hunters, as the supreme quality of a horseman, are as necessary in aviation as in equitation. He must be cool—the kind of man who grows cooler as the emergency grows greater. Of course he needs nerve in the absolute, and confidence—supreme confidence. The feeling that nothing can beat them in the air is half the battle with the great aviators. He must have good eyesight to keep watch for the enemy in the waste places of the sky. He must have good nervous strength to stand the tension of battle flying.

As a matter of fact, the working hours of a fighting aviator at the Front are about those of a professional baseball player. After an hour he comes down worn out. When things are at their hottest certain crack squadrons work their men four or five hours a day; but this is compensated for by leave when the emergency is over.

Finally he must have that sense, common to all born athletes, and not to be cultivated, for doing what is to be done instantly, without hesitation or consideration of consequences. In no other game is success so dependent upon instantaneous decision; and the penalty of a losing score is almost always death.

Aviation experts of three allied nations have remarked to me at different times that Americans ought to be good at aviation. Indeed, our squadrilla of fighting machines with the French has proved that. We are, to begin with, a nation of sportsmen. We have self-reliance; and, excitable as we sometimes are in small things, we tend to be cool in emergencies. Certainly we should not be behind the others—when we learn the game.

The circle is taking another turn, and teamwork is being introduced into this business of protecting your own observation machines at work and destroying those of the enemy. The machines do not go out alone, but in patrols. They do not always content themselves with skimming in the vicinity of the observation planes to be ready in case the enemy approaches; they fly over his lines looking for him when he approaches. The squadrons even make rough battle maneuvers.

Squadron Battle Tactics

"The hostile formation opened up into pairs," said one of those British reports from which I have quoted. The newspapers have long since recorded the deeds of the German "flying circus," which the American Corps with the French Army is always meeting on their Front. This consists of seven or eight machines, traveling together with the object of cutting off and bringing down single machines that have strayed from their flocks.

Already the squadrons have developed rough battle tactics, wherein they play tricks—not as individuals, but as a body. An instance of this—a very daring and successful piece of work—happened last spring on the British Front. The British airmen had been trying to get a certain set of German military balloons. The common proceeding in this case is to swoop down from above—out of a cloud, if possible—and pour flaming bullets into them. But the British introduced a variation. They sent their machines skimming across the lines, not more than twenty feet over the heads of the men in the trenches, who were too astonished to open an effective fire. Skimming on, "and being severely arched," says one of the reports, the aviators made their attack from below and brought down the group of balloons.

These are minor tactics. The grand tactics of the aviation game blend with those of the army. It is growing into an axiom of this war that in commencing an attack in force you must first put out the other fellow's eye—extend your air power over his lines, so that you may know what he is doing while concealing your own movements from him.

On the eve of the general attack a force of fighting planes goes out to bring down or chase away all the enemy's observation machines; to burn all his captive balloons; to render the air over his lines safe for your own observation machines, which will mark for the batteries. When the barrage begins, the observation machines observe and correct the initial sighting shots all along the line of attack. Finally they observe the barrage and report the areas where it seems thin or insufficient. Of late the aëroplanes—usually the scout machines this time—have done more. Skimming close to the ground during the action, they have often managed the advance of the infantry, signaling the position of enemy parties in adjacent shell pits or craters.

In opening the Battle of the Somme the British secured this initial advantage by sheer weight of numbers; they had been piling up machines and aviators for this very action.

Though the work of the fighting aviator, the advance picket of modern battle, is strikingly and romantically individual, the whole air service is, as a matter of fact, part of a still greater machine. The scouting squadrons are interlocked with the observation squadrons; the observation squadrons with the artillery; and all with General Headquarters. The hangars that stretch from Belfort to Nieuport, along the rear fringes of the great line, are connected by a perfect though very complex system. Each hangar, as a matter of fact, is in itself a kind of traveling circus. The machine shops run on wheels and are driven by motors.

Short-Lived Machines

Motor *camions* stand ready at hand to convey the necessary apparatus; and the machines furnish their own transportation, for now and then it is necessary to move in a hurry. Especially is this true of the scouting squadrons. They must be as near the actual line as safety allows; for a hurry call to drive off enemy squadrons and to protect observation planes unexpectedly attacked by the Germans may come at any time, and they must be near the scene of action or they are useless. Again, the strategic plans of the General Staff often demand a sudden shift in the distribution of the air force.

In this organization, and backing it up, are armies of men who never fly, but who are necessary to the success of the game. Most necessary of all are the mechanics—the very pick of their craft—of whom, I should guess, there are two or three to every aviator.

The average life of a machine at the Front is only a few weeks—I might even say a few days. Those not dropped or shattered by enemy fire wear out with the terrific jarring of the powerful motor. As soon as they begin to show signs of wear and approaching breakdown they go back to the shops to be overhauled or entirely rebuilt. For that reason there are usually two or three machines under repairs to every one flying. We do well to remember that fact especially—we Americans—when we think of equipping not only our new armies but those of our Allies. We must think not in terms of hundreds of machines, but thousands and tens of thousands.

Aëroplane construction is quite another matter, and one upon which I do not profess to be thoroughly informed at present. However, I have quoted the opinion of certain experts that the limit of mechanical perfection has about been reached, and that further development will be along the line of finding and training expert men. If this is true—and it is a thing for the experts to decide—we and our allies can institute a system of interchangeable parts.

A standardized machine would have other advantages. It would make all aërial affairs run more smoothly, for one thing. The rifles of an army are standardized, as a matter of course; but at present—and this is true of the Central Powers as well as the Allies—the air service might be compared to an infantry division whereof one battalion was equipped with Springfield rifles, another with Lee-Metfords, and another with Mausers.

When we have our machines—and we are fools if we send our men up in anything inferior to the best European type—we should all listen with reserve to the inevitable kicks. Airmen, like baseball players, are just courageous athletic boys. As such, they have notions; in fact, something about the scouring of the higher air seems to stimulate imagination.

Of course the best aviators in the world could do little in such machines as the Allies brought into the war, any more than Milburn, as has been said, could shine in a polo match if mounted on a broken-down cab horse. But at present, with no great difference in merit between the air equipment of the two sides, it is the individual merit of the men that turns the scale of victory.

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Capt. of Police, Denver, Colo.

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"I am a member of the Metropolitan Police Department of the City of St. Louis; I want to write a few lines which any company ought to be proud of. I had a pair of your Neōlin Soles put on a pair of shoes with which I do the worst walking any man can do.

"I am going to say that I got twice the amount of wear out of these Neōlin Soles than any other sole that I have ever tried.

"As I said before, I have some of the worst walking that any man in the world could have. From experience will say that any man who uses your soles will be pleased with them and will find that I am speaking the truth.

"I have worn these every day for three months and will say they keep my feet dry and after a hard day's walking I do not feel the tired walking pains and aches as I did before I used your Neōlin Soles."

(Signed) JOSEPH SCHAINKER,
St. Louis, Mo.

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Gentlemen:

"Since equipping my shoes with Neōlin Soles I have received excellent service from them. When sidewalks are wet I have no trouble in walking, as Neōlin Soles do not allow you to slip. My feet are always dry. My shoes have been very comfortable since putting on these soles and walking seems easier to me. I have nothing but what is good to say about Neōlin Soles."

(Signed) ARTHUR J. SMITH,
Patrolman, 31 Brookline Ave.,
Boston, Mass.

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Gentlemen:

"I wish to state that your Neōlin Soles have given every satisfaction in so far as my experience of them is concerned. They are comfortable, durable and 'dressy.' In addition they give one sureness of foot under conditions where shoes not so equipped fail. I wore them recently on a trip into the mountains and found them to be a very great help in climbing over rocks and walking in sandy soil.

"I believe other members of the Police Department who experimented with them have found them to be satisfactory in every way."

(Signed) R. M. CARTER, Capt. of Police, Police Headquarters,
Denver, Colo.

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Gentlemen:

"I have found Neōlin Soles suit me much better than any other soles I have used on my shoes. My feet have always been dry since using them and they are a comfort to me in walking. They never let me slip when it is wet. I certainly recommend Neōlin Soles."

(Signed) JOHN A. MCGILLIORAY,
Patrolman, Boston, Mass.

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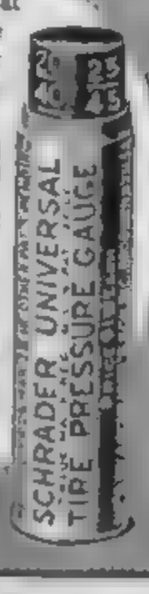

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WHITE MAGIC

(Continued from Page 21)

From the top of each billow they looked across the broad shallow cup to the top of another. Far in the distance, above the atmosphere of the heat haze, they could see the pearly snow crest of Kilimanjaro apparently floating detached in mid-air, like a soap bubble. Other mountains peered over the edge of the world. A clean strong wind was blowing and the sun poured like a brimming flood; birds wheeled, uttering wild cries.

Thus they marched steadily for half a day, all alone in the world save for the beasts and birds. Then, far to the left, they saw black antlike specks toiling up the slope. Their path and that of the strangers slowly converged. It became evident that this was another war party bound for the same destination as themselves. And to the right they saw more warriors; and beyond them a fourth band. As they proceeded these companies became more numerous, until toward sundown the veldt seemed full of them, all moving slowly toward a common center, the point designated by the messengers of Leyeye.

The rendezvous was at the edge of the low plateau overlooking an immense plain. The women of the near-by villages had been busy for days erecting shelters of wattle daubed with mud. This, within a few hours, dried to the appearance of stone, lending a strange illusion of permanence to temporary habitations. Hundreds and hundreds of these huts they had built, and cords of firewood were collected—a tremendous physical labor. And now, under the autocratic command of Leyeye, long files of women were converging from all points, bent double under loads of food. It was a notable gathering.

The company with which Simba marched arrived about dusk. The little fires were beginning to gleam, and the reflections shone red from a forest of spears planted upright in the ground.

▼

TO CONFERENCE on the following day came Colonel Falkeyne, in command of the British Expedition, together with his staff, his escort and his scouts. Among the latter was a man named Culbertson, on whose judgment and knowledge of the country and its peoples Colonel Falkeyne placed great reliance. When the little force came in sight of the immense encampment and the forest of spears twinkling in the sun, the officer whistled in half dismay.

"But this is an army, Culbertson!" he cried. "I'd no idea they mustered so many!"

"They would muster a good many more than that were they all here," replied Culbertson carelessly. "I told you this was a powerful people."

"Are they fighters?"

"Listen," said Culbertson: "Some seven or eight years ago this particular section of the country was afflicted with a combination of drought and cattle disease. The situation was really serious. Famine and the resultant pestilence would have carried off half the people in six months. But these people would not wait for that. They gathered their warriors—much as they are gathered now—and divided them into two bands. They 'chose up,' just as boys 'choose up' at a game.

"Then they went out to a flat plain below the Nairobi River. The women and the remaining cattle occupied an adjacent hill—swarms of them, like flies on a tent ridge. In the flat below the warriors faced each other in two long parallel lines. At a signal, given by Leyeye, they set to it with spear and shield. They fought desperately, until Leyeye, who watched from a near-by knoll, gave them a signal to stop. Then they stopped immediately. The survivors took the women and cattle. Thus the members were sufficiently reduced so that famine was averted."

"By Jove! That was sporting!" cried the officer. "Are you certain it happened? Sounds like a native tale."

"I saw it," replied Culbertson simply. "It was exactly as I describe. I visited the place two years later. The bones were a good deal scattered by hyenas, of course; but I could see a rough double line marked by the white skulls."

"Didn't they care for the dead?"

"Not in this case. They pulled up and moved out, and have never been back since. But they fought!"

"Looks like a serious job," said Colonel Falkeyne gravely. "Are we safe here with this little force?"

"Reasonably. I know a protected place for a camp near water; and we must get hostages for good conduct. Old Leyeye and his elders are all right, but there's a lot of inflammable material here."

Accordingly they pitched their camp on a high, narrow, rocky point extending out into the river. About a third of the distance down the cliff a trickle of water oozed. The situation was ideal for defense, as it could be approached only on a narrow front and from one side. Tents were erected; sentinels posted.

The quiet little encampment was in marked contrast to the savage gathering of thousands over the way. There hundreds of fires gleamed; drums roared or beat in syncopated rhythm; silhouetted figures flashed back and forth before the blazes; shrill chants rose and died.

The little group of officers, smoking silently before the largest tent, gazed across at this turmoil of activities rather anxiously. Between them and the distant fires the black figures of sentinels paced slowly back and forth.

The nearer stillness was broken by the moan of a hyena. After an interval it was twice repeated.

"Cheeky beggar!" commented one of the younger officers. But Culbertson had raised his head and was listening. From the same quarter now came the quickly repeated call of the fever owl.

"Cazi Moto!" summoned Culbertson.

A small, black, wizened native, dressed in ragged garments, glided to his side. With him Culbertson conversed for a moment in low tones. Then the native disappeared into the darkness. Culbertson lighted another pipe and settled himself to wait. After an interval Cazi Moto reappeared to whisper something in his master's ear. Culbertson nodded and rose.

"Colonel Falkeyne, may I have a word with you?" he requested.

He led the way to the cliff's edge beyond the camp. There, in the darkness of a great rock, the officer became aware of a mysterious figure standing.

The dim light of the camp fires and the stars showed it to be a man of immense height. Colonel Falkeyne himself was but just under six feet; yet the stranger stood well above him. He was wrapped closely in a dark robe of tanned goatskins and apparently was denuded of all ornament. In his mien was great dignity.

"This," said Culbertson in a guarded voice, "is Leyeye himself. He has come incognito for a private conference. It must not be known that he has been here."

"But the sentinels!" cried Falkeyne.

Culbertson said a few words in a strange language. The tall figure chuckled and unexpectedly spoke in Swahili.

"I came by your sentinel as one passes a blind man," he said; "and I shall depart in the same manner." He turned to Culbertson: "Kingozi, let us go where we can talk in peace."

Culbertson, or Kingozi, to call him by his native name, considered.

"We cannot do better than my tent," he decided; "Cazi Moto shall hold all people at a distance."

The candle lantern in the tent disclosed the visitor as an old man, a fact that would never have been suspected from the erectness of his carriage. His face was seamed with many lines of craft and wisdom, deep-carved lines, and his eyes were tired. He seated himself with dignity, and threw aside his robe to reveal his bronzed body with the loosened skin of the aged. When he spoke Falkeyne had again occasion to remark the husky, rich timbre of his voice.

"It is not the custom of Leyeye to run about at night," he began, "like a common slave. When he travels his spears are as the leaves of the grass about him; and when he pays visits the drums are as lions and the trumpets are the birds that wheel and cry."

"Leyeye is always a great *sultani*, whether he comes alone or attended," interjected Kingozi.

The old man listened attentively; then shifted his eyes to Colonel Falkeyne.

"It is believing that this man is also a great *sultani* I have come to-night. I am glad I have come," he said.

He half turned on his seat, and at once the interview became a dialogue between high potentates, with Kingozi only an interested spectator.

"My people are a mighty people," he said. "My young men are trained to war. Other nations raise crops of *m'wembe* and other things. Other nations trade back and forth; other nations live by hunting game. That is well. But when they have harvested their *m'wembe*, and made their trades and killed their game, then my young men come with their bright spears and all these things are ours. We know but two things: We keep herds; we make war." He turned back to Culbertson. "Do you, Kingozi, my brother, tell him in your tongue that what I say is true."

"He refers to the strength of his military caste," said Culbertson in English. "It comprises practically every male between about eighteen and thirty. They have a certain knowledge of tactics and drill. There's no doubt they're more formidable than other nations."

"What do you suppose the old chap's driving at—swank?" asked the colonel.

"I don't think so. Give him his head."

Leyeye, seeing that the short colloquy was over, resumed his talk.

"My people are afraid of nothing," he went on. "They hunt the lion and they kill him with spears. They are not afraid of war. They are not afraid to die. They are not afraid of you or of your guns that kill like thunder."

The old man's form had straightened and his eyes flashed. Receiving no comment on this challenge, he went on more calmly:

"If I were to command them they would walk up to your guns to be killed one by one, and the last man of all would go as gladly as the first. Unless you understand this, it is useless to talk more."

"I know the courage of your people," said Falkeyne simply.

Leyeye stared him in the eyes for some moments.

"Since that is so," he resumed abruptly, "I can say freely what is in my heart. I have watched the war with the Wakamba. It was a good war. They killed many of your young men; and you killed many of theirs. The Wakamba fight well. But this one thing I have noticed in that war: When a Wakamba was killed he was dead; but when one of your young men was killed two more came to take his place.

"And therefore I say to you, as one *sultani* to another *sultani*, that if we make war we shall kill very many, more than even the Wakamba did, for we are a better nation than the Wakamba; but, also, you will kill my young men. Why should we fight? We desire pasture for cattle, wide plains on which to roam; you wish only a road. Does one of these desires stand in the way of the other? Why should not each have his wish?"

"But the man is a statesman!" cried Falkeyne to Culbertson.

At the end of another half hour Leyeye rose to depart.

"It is understood, then. To-morrow you must rest. The next day we shall hold *shauri*."

He offered Falkeyne the native sign of friendship—first a grasp with the palm, then a grasp of the thumb.

"Cannot I give you escort?" offered Falkeyne.

Leyeye's austere countenance slightly relaxed.

"My people must never know of this visit," he said. "I must again pass your sentinel—and mine, which is more difficult."

He said three words to Culbertson in the strange language and the tent flaps fell behind him.

"Old chap wants a private conversation—with your permission," murmured Culbertson, and followed.

At the edge of the cliff he overtook the tall figure of Leyeye.

"My brother, Kingozi," said the latter, "my heart is glad that this *bwana* is a great leader and is willing to make peace without fighting. That is best for all peoples. But now comes the difficult part: My young men are hot and eager for war. My mind is troubled to control them."

"You suspect that your command will not be sufficient?" asked Kingozi.

The old ruler drew himself up.

"My command would be sufficient, as always," he replied proudly. "There would

(Concluded on Page 42)

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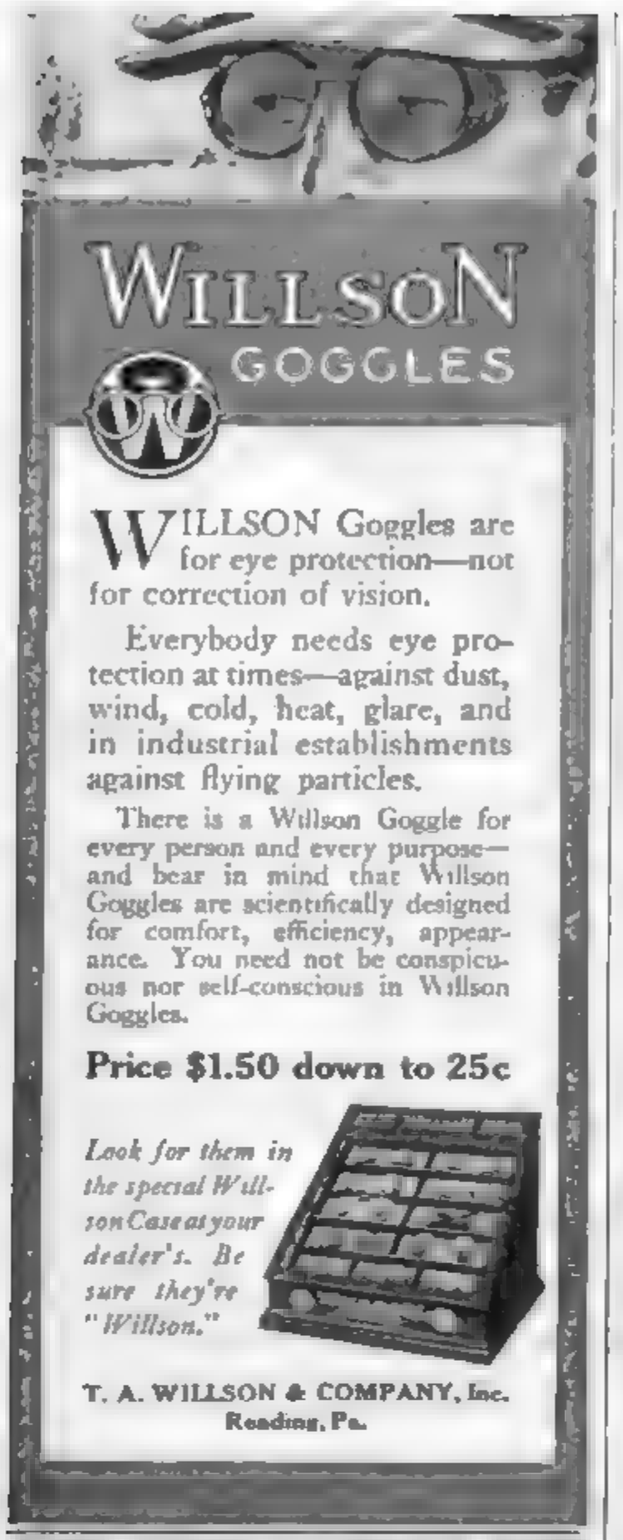
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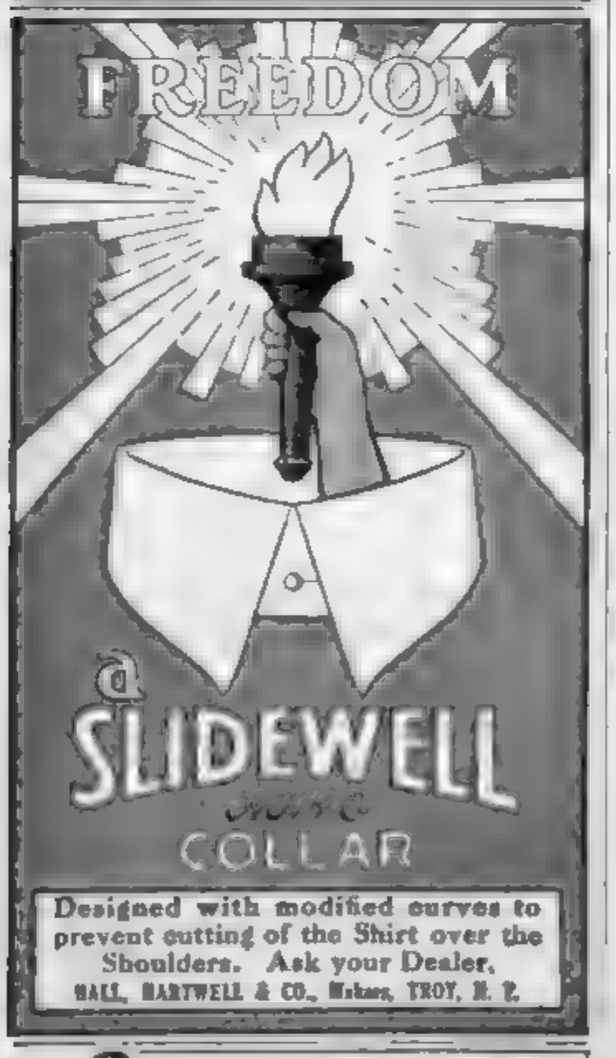
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(Concluded from Page 40)

be no war. But my young men's hearts will still be hot in their breasts. They will hover about, and one day they will kill white men: and then it will be war."

"What is your plan?" asked Kingozi.

"The witch doctors of all the villages must give the omens for peace."

"Will they not do so?"

"They will do so if I command them—and pay them!"

"Well?"

"Here is the trouble: The most powerful witch doctor of all, the man with most magic and knowledge, the man to whose door the track is worn deepest by the people, lives in the smallest village. This man secretly hates me and will oppose anything but war. His voice will hearten those who will make private raid and foray."

"Why does he hate you, oh, *sultani?*"

"Because he lives in the smallest village," replied Leyeye neatly; "and I placed him there."

"I shall not ask the history of this; the thing is clear. And I?"

"You I would have come to my camps, and act between me and this man in the manner that seems best to you."

"Do I know him?"

"You know my people; you know the hearts of men, oh, Kingozi. What I, the *sultani*, could not say to this witch doctor, you can say well."

"What words do I say to him?"

"That is for you to decide."

"If I were to offer him the post of witch doctor at your own *manyatta?*" Kingozi suggested.

"That could be arranged."

"But the man who is at present witch doctor—would he not make trouble, use his magic against you?"

"That could be arranged," repeated Leyeye. "And, Kingozi, is it not just that the white man should pay the price of these things?"—if war is avoided?"

"It is just, oh, Leyeye!" cried Kingozi heartily. "And I shall see that it is done; but see you, for your part, that not too much is paid," he warned.

"Would I strengthen unduly the enemies of my house?" demanded Leyeye bitterly as he gathered his dark robe about him.

"Colonel Falkeyne," said Culbertson, reëntering the tent, "I have unequivocally committed you to certain payments, which we shall call a treaty indemnity, for entering the country without opposition. And to-night I move over to the native camp. Don't be alarmed if you do not hear from me to-morrow."

"All right," agreed Falkeyne instantly. "Is it safe?"

"Perfectly!" replied Culbertson; but he knew it was not safe.

VI

SHIMBO, the witch doctor, sat before the highly ornamented hut he had caused the warriors of his village to erect for him. In this great gathering were witch doctors from many villages and cities of Leyeye's kingdom; and Shimbo was resolved that, even though he came from one of the smallest outpost hamlets, he should not show to disadvantage. He sat humped over a little fire. This great gathering revived old memories and rubbed old sores. His mind cast back many years to the time when, a young priest in an important post near the throne, his pride had induced him to put himself against the rising power of Leyeye. He had been broken badly and sent to the little village, where for thirty years he had lived in obscurity.

Becoming aware of a presence, he looked up to see a white man standing before him. He recognized the white man perfectly as one who had, eight years ago, come to the village from the interior and had picturesquely paid his *honga*, or entrance tax, with the skin of a lion that had attacked the royal tax collector. The visitor, undeterred by Shimbo's cold greeting, at once sat down.

"*Jambo*, oh, Shimbo, greatest of *muoiins*," he said. "Your fame has sounded in my ears for a long time past; and now I have come to greet you in person."

Shimbo's red eyes shifted; but he made no answer. The white man motioned to his wizened, wrinkled servant, who stood near. The latter handed his master a cup and a canteen.

Kingozi filled the cup with water. He passed his hand slowly across the surface—and, lo! the clear liquid turned a deep pink, as always happens to water when permanganate crystals are dropped therein.

"Hah!" ejaculated Shimbo in surprise.

"Would you learn that magic?" suggested Kingozi. "I will teach you."

"*N'gapi*—how much?" grunted Shimbo, who should know the ways of magicians.

"It is nothing—a gift of friendship," disclaimed the white man. "This is yours for the asking—a great magic; and, also, twenty fat cows and a piebald bull, and six cases of the white man's tobacco, and enough brass wire to have paid an old-time *honga*."

Shimbo's eyes glistened. This was great wealth.

"*N'gapi*," he repeated, however.

"It is known," said Kingozi, "that you are the greatest of all *muoiins*. The wisdom of all the others is as the light of the stars to the light of the sun. When one of these others raises his voice, men listen, and then inquire whether what they hear is wise and true. When Shimbo speaks, men say at once: 'This is the truth; this is the best thing to do.'"

"What is it you want?" insisted Shimbo, who was too old and experienced for illusions.

"Peace," said Kingozi, repeating the *sultani*'s argument. "The white man desires a road; your people want pasture. One does not interfere with the other."

Shimbo lost interest.

"Peace is in the hands of Leyeye," he answered.

"Leyeye wants peace."

"Let him then declare it," grunted Shimbo.

"His people want war."

"It is for Leyeye to control his people, not for me."

"If the *muoiins* make magic and that magic is for peace—and they tell the people that all omens are for peace—then the commands of Leyeye are made easy."

"Let the *muoiins* make magic and see what it declares."

"Twenty fat cows, a piebald bull, six cases of *m'zungu* tobacco, brass wire to cover a war spear, and the magic of turning water to blood," commented Kingozi—"and the magic Shimbo makes and tells to the other *muoiins* will be the magic that is told to the people."

For the first time Shimbo showed real animation.

"Who is Shimbo?" he demanded passionately. "An old man near to die! He lives in a village far in the thorn wilderness. His voice reaches few. He has neither wealth nor honor. His hut is humble; his wives are few; his slaves are none. Why should such a man be listened to? He is not one who speaks to the people. When magic is publicly announced, such as Shimbo must sit silent and listen. It is Munei, the chief of all witch doctors, who dwells at the *manyatta* of Leyeye, whose riches are as the game of the plains and whose slaves are as the leaves of grass."

"When the omens of peace are announced," said Kingozi, playing his trump card, "it shall be Shimbo—not Munei—who shall announce them. He shall then be chief of all witch doctors; and he shall dwell in the *manyatta* of Leyeye."

"The wind blows through the branches," said Shimbo after a pause.

"Did you ever know a white man to lie?"

"These are your words; are they also the words of Leyeye?"

"Leyeye himself shall say them to you."

Shortly after midnight Kingozi rose rather stiffly. At last the deal was completed. Shimbo had agreed. The old man required much convincing before he would believe in the sincerity of the offer. When realization came to him, and he understood his importance in the situation, he proceeded to drive his bargain. But at length Kingozi was able to go to his rest, assured that the invisible gods were going to be properly manipulated. He did not dare return to the white man's camp or show himself here too prominently. Therefore, under the guidance of Cazi Moto, he entered one of the better native shelters. As he had often been in like case before, he slept very soundly until morning.

He was awakened by the sound of distant bugles, and looked forth in time to see the flag rising over the distant camp. The native warriors were already astir; and as Kingozi looked about at the thousands of determined, fierce countenances, at the forests of spears planted upright in the ground, he congratulated himself that the necessity of pressing through by force was passing.

At the proper hour he took his way to the collection of larger shelters where Leyeye and his court were encamped. A light palisade surrounded them. Gorgeously panoplied warriors leaned against this. From within came the sounds of women's laughter. Kingozi entered the gateway.

The first person of consequence he encountered was old Shimbo himself. And he was now of considerable consequence. He wore a new and heavily embroidered tanned robe, and was attended by four slaves. In his hand he carried the carved staff of his new high office.

"*Jambo*, oh, Chief of all *muoiins!*" said Kingozi.

"*Jambo, bwana,*" returned Shimbo with great dignity. He seemed about to pass; then turned back. "The magic of blood, the cattle, the tobacco, the wire—they are not forgotten?"

"They are not forgotten," Kingozi assured him. "And you have made magic this morning?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"It was good magic?"

"It was magic for peace between the white man and my people," replied Shimbo.

Kingozi's interview with Leyeye was equally satisfactory. The *sultani* had revealed one qualification of leadership—promptitude. The witch doctors had all been "seen." Leyeye presented a bill of expenses that would have roused the envy of a Tammany leader in the days of Tweed. Kingozi listened with faint dismay, but reflected that, after all, this was cheaper than war would have been. When at last he rose to depart all things were planned and arranged. There remained only the trifling detail of informing the people.

"I see that Shimbo has already the part of *muoiin* here," remarked Kingozi casually. "How did you arrange matters with Munei, the former head *muoiin?*"

Leyeye looked him blandly in the eye.

"It was too bad; Munei had the bad luck to die suddenly in the night!" he replied.

VII

FOR the various reasons thus fully set forth it happened that Shimbo did not return to the village; that Simba, newly made warrior, nevertheless made no war; that to this day there has been no war between the English and Leyeye's people; that the latter still continue to think themselves free and unsubdued. Since thus the office of witch doctor was open in Shimbo's village, it followed naturally that Mukeku took on the job. This left his office of headman-vacant.

M'Kuni, the father of Simba, being the wealthiest and most prominent of the elders, succeeded as headman. Then Simba became the son of a chief, instead of merely one among many warriors. For a time that had little bearing on anything but Simba's immediate comfort and happiness; but the time came—as will be shown in another story—when the fact caused him to be chosen for foreign duty. And thence many consequences.

All of which is the same the world over: Great causes producing also the by-product of little results; obscure causes arriving eventually at great consequences. Nations moving for apparently the sole purpose of modifying the life fate of some insignificant individual; a witch doctor of a native hamlet deciding the fate of races. That is politics.

Note—This is the second of a series of seven stories by Stewart Edward White.

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

(Concluded from Page 23)

couple of degrees; teaching English in the University-College, and then the Great Event in 1905: THE SATURDAY EVENING POST took a story. That event will always be salient. Marriage in 1907; widowhood in 1909; ever since, much writing: some books; chiefly stories and articles; much travel; much vivid experience.

Favorite irritation: against man's assumption in favor of pure logic; I have never seen it operating in human affairs, never, thank heaven, met a perfectly reasonable person.

Favorite prejudice: that I have the best friends in the world, and that, next generation, their young, my niece, nephews and godsons will stand so high that the principle of competition might as well be eliminated. Deepest conviction—which cannot stamp me as a writer for women only, or else why am I in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST?—that love is the greatest force in the world, and that democracy is a far-away translation of love.

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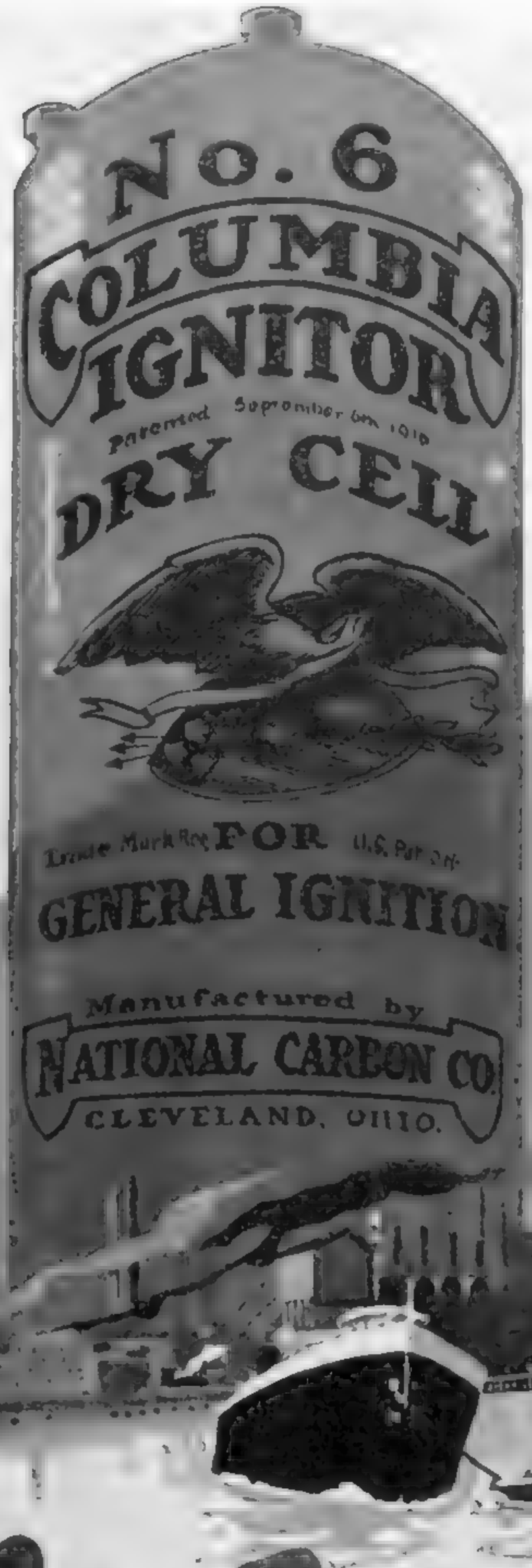

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ASPHODEL

(Concluded from Page 19)

go to the Promenade to-day, and was surprised at the irritability of the man's response. Did he know, an hour before, anything that he did intend? And did he expect an individual such as Niemann to stay lounging in the house like a blind man? He had engagements to meet; the air to take!

Christian told him wearily that he was free to do what he chose. He turned to say this from the open French window, and then sank into a chair on the balcony. There was a shuffle of feet within, and then a door shut with a clap. The stir of the Rondpoint mounted with midday, crowned with the temporary lull of the lunch hour. Niemann did not return to assist Christian to the dining room; and the latter, indifferent, failed to rise. He sat with drooping shoulders, his head leaned forward on a crumpled soft shirt, without tie, his fingers interlaced on bony knees.

A clock in the Russian Quarter struck three of the afternoon. Serge Krassilnikoff blunt, prodigal, kindly, the heart of a boy. Aurore—dead! The Vicomte Aurore Victor Hennique de Grexes dying at twenty-two, muttering about an arm shot off months before! Three soldiers, young and yet old, mutilated, on a bench in the Promenade du Lac! But now where were they? And a girl who had kissed him!

Only a memory, a withered asphodel, remained of so much charm, warmth, courageous affection.

Four o'clock struck, then five. He thought he heard a movement in the room, and called; but there was no answer. "Niemann!" he repeated sharply. Nothing replied. Yet he had the indescribable sensation of a person close at hand. It was curiously oppressive. He rose and entered the chamber, certain that someone stood before him. It seemed to Christian that he caught the restrained flutter of a breath.

He started forward angrily, but came up against the sharp angle of a chair, and stopped, with an exclamation at the pain. It might be that he was the victim of a disturbed sensibility. Perhaps his nerves were merely playing him tricks; the beginning of a subtle and fatal dissolution of his fiber. He made a determined effort to regain his self-control, and thought of some trivial objective errand for his present indecision. He would go to the set of drawers and find a handkerchief.

After a momentary hesitation, a mental groping for direction, he proceeded to the article of furniture selected. The handkerchiefs were readily found; but they had been tossed into inexplicable confusion. The entire contents of the drawer had been plowed up by a careless hand—a hand, he suddenly realized, hurriedly and impatiently searching for something.

Christian Gow stopped to gather his scattering thoughts about this surprising disorder. It had been his habit to keep the steadily diminishing amount of a quarterly sum in a wallet by the collar box. But only this morning, paying for a jar of Chamonix honey from the *confiserie* below, he had dropped the wallet, holding all the money he now possessed, into the washstand drawer. He turned toward the middle of the room and stood stiffly, with a rigid, troubled face. There had certainly been a sibilant breath beside the door. He calculated how quickly he could lunge in that direction and secure whoever might be lurking there. Useless! . . . He made, instead, a hurried, blundering way to the washstand.

The money was gone!

At the exact moment when he wrenched open the drawer the slight click of a latch sounded behind him. A chill draft of air struck upon his face from the door now open on the hall. He heard rapid feet descending a lower flight of stairs. They vanished before he could call out, and the sound of the multiple activity of the Rondpoint hung in the windows.

A silver cigarette box had stood on the center table. That, too, was missing. His clothes in the press, things of trifling value in various places—all, he discovered in a feverish search, had been taken.

"Robbed!" he said aloud with clenched hands.

It was Niemann, of course. He had gone with nearly everything Christian had possessed; stripped him—left him empty-handed and blind. He felt weakly for a chair, collapsing crookedly. A tear slid over his hollow cheek. He was conscious of the despairing dread of a terrified child. His manhood seeped from him like water from a leaking bucket.

"A low sort of rascality!" he said listlessly, and repeated it: "A low rascality!"

Money, he knew, would be immediately forthcoming to carry him on; it was the morale of what had occurred that shook him. It had brought back, increased a hundredfold, the feeling of helplessness that had nearly suffocated him after his mishap, seemingly destroyed all the confidence he had since regained.

Yet automatically he set his jaw; if he broke completely now it would be the end. Some last deep reserve, determination, struggled against obliteration. He composed his dry lips and whistled an air:

"*Over the hills and far away.*"

It was a tuneless quivering of a few bars, falling into an abrupt silence. He whistled it again, its uncertain measure sounding against the illimitable void pressing about him. Then he rested, mopping his brow with the handkerchief recovered from the rifled drawer.

VII

THE gong sounded for dinner; but he was without hunger or, alone, the necessary courage for the complicated affair of the dining room. The cool breath of evening flowed over the balcony, a breeze marvelously pure from immaculate heights of snow and aromatic alps. The faint resonance of a steamer's whistle reached him from the lake; the steamer would be docking close by the Promenade.

Elena had been there that morning and had not seen him; perhaps she would go again to-morrow . . . and then no more. She must understand that it was his deliberate intention to avoid her. To-morrow, too, he decided, he would see his consular agent and depart for France, England; enter as soon as possible some community, some trivial business for the blind. Long years—for his strength had not broken.

The moon must now be flooding the Rondpoint, the leafy recesses of the Promenade des Bastions, with its green radiance. On such evenings the benches of the latter would be filled by lovers; and in imagination he heard the whisper of the leaves mingling with the whisper of the lips below; the whispering and long silences. The stars would be milky in the moonlit sky, the dead, luminous planet sweeping in an arcked tranquillity, shifting the nebulous shadows, the shadows sharp like poured ink, over the earth.

A faint knock sounded from the door within, and he stirred, lifted his blank face. It was repeated, and he called out sharply. The door opened and shut; there was a passage of light feet, and then stillness.

"Yes?" he demanded with an instinctively peering turn of his head. But no voice answered; instead, a hesitating touch fell on his shoulder. He wheeled with sudden vehemence and caught a slight, fragrant shape.

"Elena!" he cried. "This is absolutely wrong!"

"Wait," she answered unsteadily, "until you hear." On the narrow balcony she was forced into his arms. "My father was killed. We heard this morning from the Italian Government. There is more yet—Gaard left me to-day. She went away with all my money, with everything she could get her hands on. And she didn't go alone, Christian—she was seen driving with your man Niemann. They secured permits for Italy."

"Niemann robbed me too," he told her.

"I came here as soon as I could," she continued, her hair flowing across his cheek. "I came to you, since—since you are all I have, Christian. Christian, you are all I want. Will you take me?"

"Impossible!" he muttered.

"Will you let me take care of you? I'd do it very, very patiently, and I am quite strong." She pressed closer to him, her arms, a garland of loveliness, about his neck. "Yes, yes! I would read to you. We could go back together to those English boys, where a place would be made for you—from the war. No more Niemann, no more Gaard—with their lies and dishonesty; and no more sitting alone, with your head down in dark thoughts. Yes!" She kissed him. "Yes!"

He was glad she had come, even if it made his subsequent loss infinitely more unsupportable. Now, he thought, with the constant memory of to-night, the future would not be barren; countless men lived through half a century with less inspiration, with no comparable thrill.

She gave a deep, happy sigh; and he realized that he was holding her in a long embrace. And, rising, he released her, moving back against the iron grille of the balcony.

"Impossible!" he repeated harshly.

She moved away from him into the room; and immediately the night about him seemed as cold and threatening as a vault. Her footsteps crossed and recrossed the floor, and there was the sharp scratch of a match.

"I must send you back to your hotel," he said from the window; "put you under proper care."

There was no reply, and after a little he asked: "What are you doing?"

"Hanging up some of my things," she told him coolly.

"But you mustn't do that!" he cried, aghast, stumbling forward.

"What a muddle your towels are in!" she proceeded. "The chambermaid has neglected you outrageously. It's all just as I thought it would be. Did you have any dinner?"

"No," he admitted.

"I knew that too. What were you thinking about?"

"You." The word slipped out against every intention. She came close to him, led him forward, and shut the window.

"It's cold out there," she said, with her lips against his face.

Suddenly all his determination crumbled before his impassionate hunger for her sustaining spirit.

"Never to be blind again!" he breathed, gripping her hands. "Never, never, never!"

He sat, listening eagerly to her quick, sure movements. Her voice sounded evidently muffled at the clothespress:

"I hate to bother you, Christian; but—I am afraid I have some money left—wouldn't it be best for us to go somewhere and get married?"

SPENDING OR SKIMPING?

(Continued from Page 9)

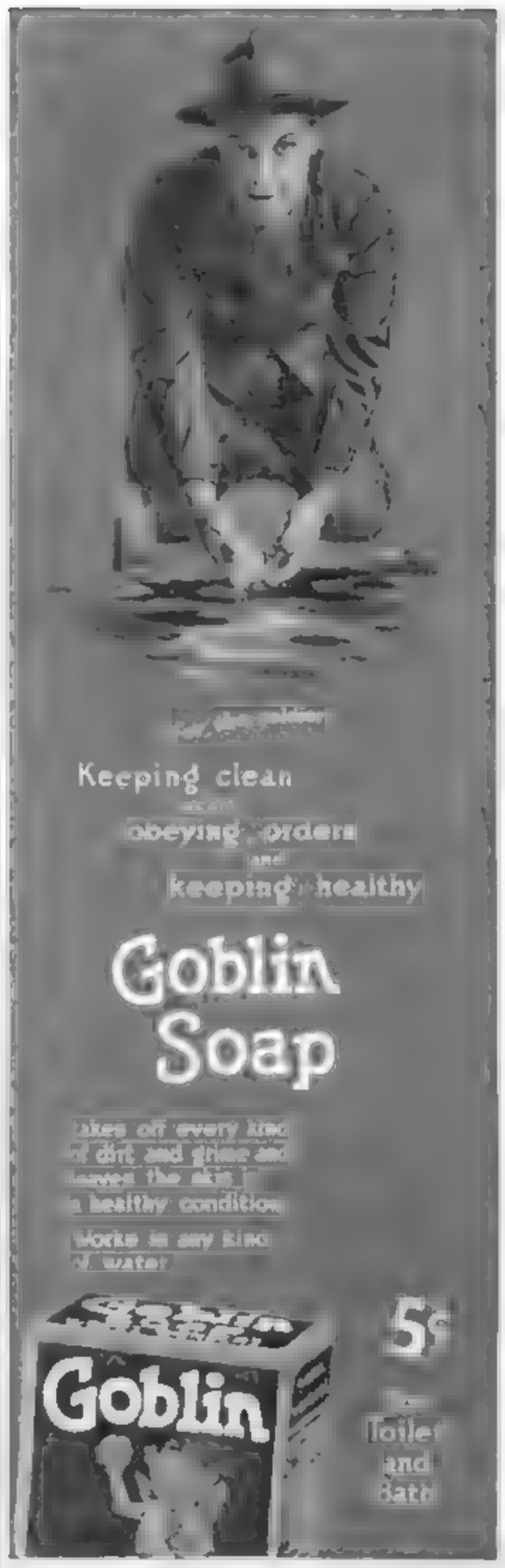
decrease. Professor Arbuthnot, of Western Reserve University, describes the apparently inevitable shift in this concise manner:

"Weavers of fancy fabrics will be turned to making cloth for soldiers' uniforms. Seamstresses whose fine work might have gone into superfluous gowns will be employed in sewing materials for aërial observation balloons. The mechanic who would have worked upon a limousine will be put at making ambulances. The saddle horse that might have cantered through the parks a few afternoons a week will be turned over to the cavalry officer for service in the field. The tent that might have been carried off on a fishing trip will shelter a group of soldiers. The shoemaker who might have been employed at fashion's dictates will be occupied in turning out the dozen pairs of shoes a soldier needs each year."

For once the theorist and the practical man of affairs agree. Says a bulletin issued by one of the great department stores: "Careful consideration of the economy proposal from all angles will show that the demand for war goods will be balanced by the falling off in civilian demand. Sporting-goods manufacturers, for instance, are now making army tents. Makers of other goods for which the war has cut short the demand are turning their factories into workshops for government materials."

Mr. Lamont makes the same point in an interesting way: "Already the maxim, Business as Usual, has become an absurdity, because certain industries have been swollen far beyond their customary activities. All the workers in such plants have

(Continued on Page 48)



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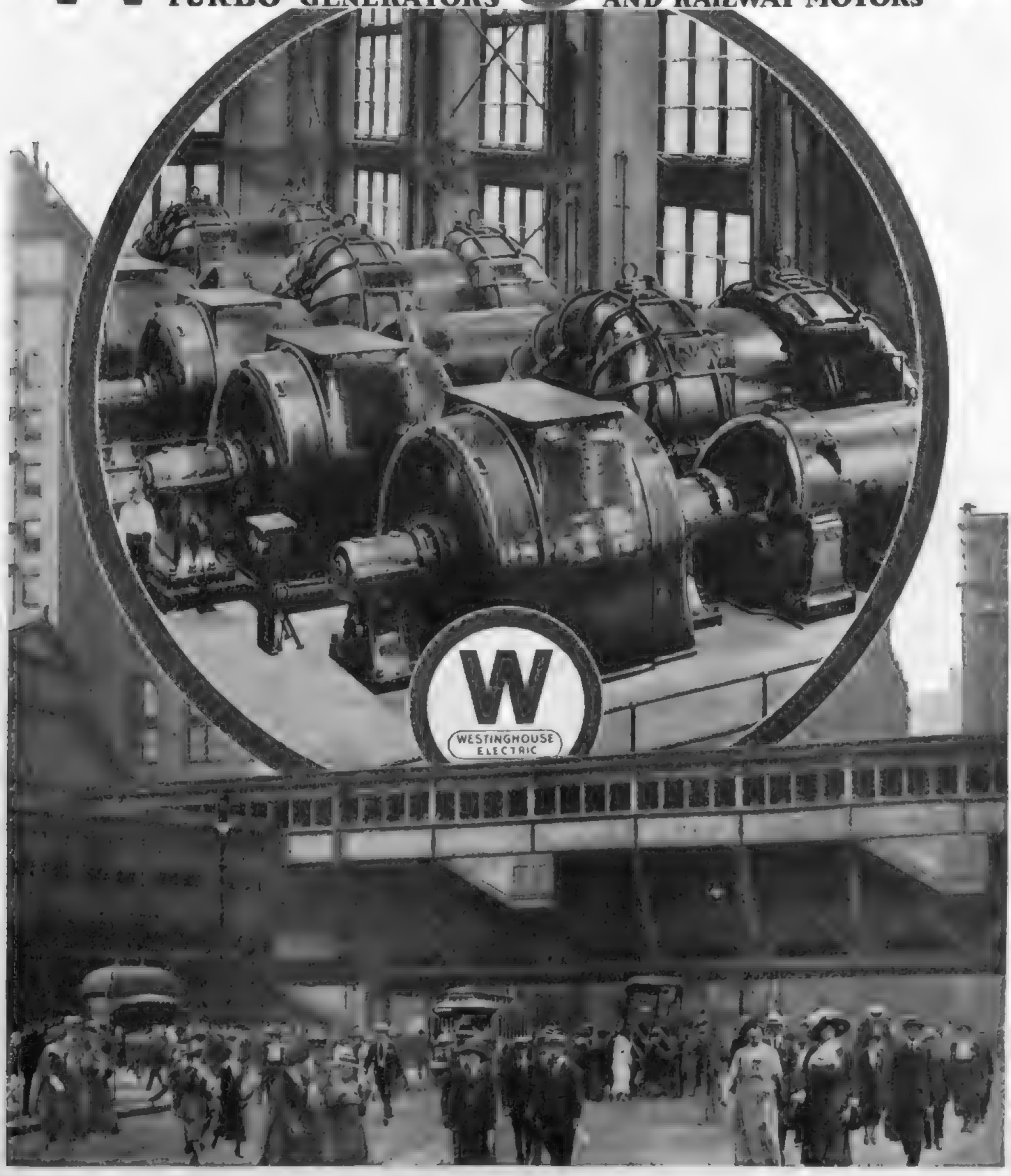

How New Yorkers Get to Work

Here at the heart of the world's metropolis centers one of the world's greatest transportation problems.

Here hundreds of thousands of workers are brought from far and wide and packed daily within the confines of a narrow island.

And again at night-fall they are spirited away, and the deep cañons of the down-town streets are deserted.

What has made the City grow as no other?

What enables its people to seek homes many miles away where they can escape from city streets to the grass and the trees, and breathe the air of the hills or of the sea?

What, indeed, but *electricity*—the same wonder worker that has turned night into day, carried messages beneath the ocean, or through the air, sent the sound of the human voice across continents and operated the mightiest ocean liners as easily as the electric fan by your bedside.

The city's rush has left all other motive power helplessly out-distanced. Vehicles drawn by horses or operated by steam power are things of a bygone generation.

New York as it is today would be unthinkable except for the great turbo-generators in power stations, the myriad electric motors driving railway locomotives, subway and elevated trains and surface cars, and the thousands of electrically equipped automobiles.

With this great development Westinghouse Electric engineering has gone hand in hand. Constant improvement in Westinghouse motors and controllers, bigger and bigger Westinghouse turbo-generator units, more and better Westinghouse safety-devices have kept pace with the unparalleled growth of the biggest of cities.

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Even now, in Westinghouse shops, generating units of greater capacity, greater man-transporting power, are being built to meet the demand that New York will make upon electricity in the months to come.

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It means no brief relief. The whole corn disappears for good.

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Stop paring corns. Stop inefficient treatments. Try this way once—the scientific way. It will show you how to end forever any trouble with a corn.

If it doesn't, write to us, and we will send you our apology.

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(Continued from Page 45)

received and have spent more money. The country has had this stimulus and has reaped the profits for nearly three years."

"Stores are going to sell less" is the extreme and almost brutal way in which Mr. Vanderlip states his case. "They will be discharging people. Yes, they will. The quicker they discharge them the better. But they are not going to discharge them to no work. They are going to discharge them to a demand for two employees for every one there is to fill the job. We are going into a period of the most intense industrial activity we have ever known. Not one hundred per cent employment; we are going to have one hundred and twenty-five per cent employment. We are going to have the employment of women in vast numbers who were never employed in gainful occupations before."

Here, then, are the two extreme views of how to win the war—keep business going as usual, or economize to the bone. To keep one's mental balance between these extremes requires wise discrimination and a certain sane compromise.

But we can't get anywhere until we know what industries are nonessential; in other words, just what are luxuries and whether they are actually unnecessary. This question is almost as old as the world itself and is not to be settled by this article; but if a little common sense is applied it will not be out of place. One of the first efforts of manufacturers and merchants has been to prove an alibi. No manufacturer likes to admit that his product is purely a luxury.

There has been something almost pathetic, even though silly, in the attempts of various trades to point the finger of scorn at other trades. Economy seems to be just the thing the nation needs; but it must be economy in some other line. It becomes hysteria if it approaches one's own business. But it is a national necessity and blessing if it hits the other fellow's trade.

First, we must clear the ground of the rubbish of extreme arguments. Before the French Revolution a philosopher said: "If the rich do not spend, the poor die of hunger."

"This gray-whiskered fallacy, which probably is cherished as a fact by a majority of the people who have much money to spend, is the cause of much of the tangle into which the business affairs of mankind have been twisted," says Hartley Withers, financial adviser to the British Government. It is a comfortable doctrine for those who thoughtlessly waste and dissipate their money; and comfortable doctrines die hard.

The argument in favor of extreme luxury, because it makes work, is like that of the labor leader who boasted that when he drank pop he always broke the bottle to make trade good by helping the glass industry. He made more labor for glass workers, but at the same time less for other goods and other kinds of workers. What is spent for one purpose cannot be spent for another. It is futile to provide work for one man and take it away from another.

A Doctrine of the Ignorant

To be consistent, the man who breaks a bottle to make work for glass blowers should also break the chairs and tables; all the furniture, in fact. He should burn up his clothes every day, tear down his house, and destroy bridges and railroads as soon as they are built. The same reasoning applies to those who let houses burn to make work for carpenters. The same vicious fallacy applies to the wasteful and needless construction of many new government buildings and public improvements. Work is stimulated in a certain district; but for labor, as a whole, there is no increase of work.

Excessive luxury is much the same as destruction or waste. Its supposed service in making work has an incredible hold on the public mind. Many of the rich and fashionable cling to this doctrine because it makes them feel that every time they put on a new gown they are helping the poor working girl. The poor and ignorant cling to the same doctrine for the very simple reason that it seems much more important to them that their storekeeping neighbor, Mr. Smith, should prosper than that such a remote thing as the Government or nation should get its money's worth or be benefited. The nation is both remote and impersonal to the ignorant; but one's neighbors are close at hand and real.

The question is: What method of spending does the greatest good? There is no way of spending money that does not make work of some kind. There was no especial merit in the practice of a French queen who wore a new pair of gloves every day to help the glove industry.

A spend-to-the-limit luxury policy would be all right if the money saved were locked up in the safe-deposit vault and hoarded. But nowadays almost every dollar saved goes into investments, and thus into business. The family that lets an extra chauffeur go not only releases a man to drive a government transport, provided the Government needs drivers, but it saves enough money to buy a government bond and thus makes it possible for the Government to spend more money to boom business.

This simple idea seems very hard for some people to understand. Saving money is spending it—but in the future instead of the present. Buy a bond in a steel company and you cannot see your money spent. But the steel company will buy iron ore and hire workmen, and these purchases will run, like an endless chain, clear back into every nook and cranny of industry. The purchasing power of money is not chloroformed or destroyed because it is invested.

When you invest money you merely spend it a little farther up the stream, a little nearer the source of all work. If you spend it at a store for candy or flowers, it is very near the lower end of the stream. Saving and investing are not a refusal to apply your money to the great stream, but simply applying it at an earlier stage than the retail stage. It is used to pay workers to set up more plants and machines; to make more goods for retail distribution.

Upstream and Downstream

Money must be spent at both places—upstream for basic purposes, and downstream for the finished article. Either extreme exclusively is unthinkable. If all money were spent for luxuries certain trades would be tremendously stimulated for a while; but soon there would be no market for their wares, and they would wither and die. On the other hand, if all luxuries were suddenly given up there would be a great industrial crisis.

Shoes, forks, linen, baths and chimneys were once regarded as luxuries, and still are in some countries. They were once regarded as superfluous because no one had ever wanted them. So to-day automobiles, once regarded as luxuries, have become necessities. Even early in the days of motor cars it was recognized that trucks and physicians' and farmers' cars were necessities. But now many others are becoming equally essential. Watches, fountain pens, safety razors, electric fixtures, and numberless other articles are no longer luxuries, even for laborers, because the benefit derived from them and the added stimulus to work more than offset any cost.

During the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese took good care, though they were hard pressed for funds, to increase rather than decrease the number of students in European and American universities. It was a long-headed luxury, because these students were expected to pay big dividends in future years in the way of inventive and scientific achievement. To stop spending money entirely is always only half the battle—only the negative side. Too great frugality would narrow the soul of a nation and put it on the defensive rather than on the offensive, creative, constructive, aggressive side of the fence.

Luxuries and necessities blend into each other. They are mere names indicating the two extremes, the two ends of the scale. Luxuries constantly become necessities as civilization advances. The line moves up steadily. The abnormal conditions of war may move it down temporarily, but even in wartime it is absolutely necessary to balance the possible loss in efficiency against the expected gain in cutting off any particular luxury.

England's experience in the present war throws a flood of light on our own problem. After allowing for all differences in conditions and national peculiarities, it would appear from lessons learned in England that sane economy needs to be urged in many directions; but that business in general, and even in retail trade, is not much injured thereby. The English are not, as a nation, thrifty, though it was of an English lord that this ancient joke was first told: The coachman, not being able to control an unruly team of horses, turned to his master for orders. "Drive into something cheap," replied his lordship.

But, exceptions aside, the English are not considered thrifty by their own leaders. The immense scale on which munitions have been made in England in the last few years has diffused an abnormal prosperity among the business and wage-earning classes. Only the professional classes and retired persons living on fixed incomes have suffered. Among great sections of the working classes the sudden increase in wages has resulted in an outbreak of extravagance almost undreamed of before. And, though the cost of living has risen almost as much as wages, the fact remains that great numbers of persons are earning good wages now who never earned anything—or only a mere pittance—before.

English working people have been buying tawdry furniture, jewelry and clothing on an enormous scale. They have invested in furs and musical instruments. Girls who were not even "keeping company" with a young man bought wedding rings merely as an investment. One concern made a neat fortune by merely embroidering ladies' underwear with the official emblem of any regiment. Despite very heavy taxes upon motion-picture-theater tickets, the movies have been patronized much better than before the war. So extreme has been the extravagance in England that even a leading retailer in London adopted the motto Economy! The English correspondent of the leading American advertising men's magazine admits that the English are spending too much.

England started the war with a Business as Usual motto. But you do not hear much of that any more, whereas the activities of the National War-Savings Committee and other similar societies increase daily. In every direction economies are being slowly forced by the government. There are government restrictions on the use of packing cases, on private chauffeurs, on the sale of woodcutting machines—on a thousand and one things. Yet in 1916 two of the largest stores in London are said to have done as much business as in the previous year and a half.

There are many contradictions in the English situation, but these facts are not to be disputed: Money is being spent very freely in England, and, at the same time, an ever-increasing number of wage earners are buying government bonds or war-savings certificates. Millions of working people have raised their standard of living in England, and yet have, for the first time, saved and invested. As things go in this complicated world, one could hardly hope for a better situation.

Troubles That Never Come

The same outburst of spending is hardly to be expected in this country, because we already had several years of abnormal prosperity before entering the war, and for the reason that standards of living were far higher here, to begin with, than in England. But neither is there any evidence of or reason to expect wholesale stoppage of spending, or panic and depression. The American people are too numerous to rush to extremes.

Mr. A. W. Douglas, an official of one of the great business establishments in St. Louis, testifies that the great masses of people in the central portions of the country feel, as a result of experience, that with large crops business will go on well enough in their sections. He says their attitude reminds him of the saying "I am an old man and have had many troubles—none of which ever happened!"

It seems fairly well established that prosperity reigns—at least for the time being—in any country engaged in a successful war, provided its commerce is not cut off from the rest of the world and its territory not seriously invaded. This was true of England in the Napoleonic wars, of the North in the Civil War, of England and Canada to-day, and of the United States thus far. The practical business man's point of view is summed up by a committee of the Merchants' Association of New York City, which has just reported on the danger of too great economy:

"There is no substantial evidence that the public is not making and will not continue to make its accustomed purchases in proportion to its normal needs. It is our observation that such timidity as has existed is passing, and that the disposition of the people is to continue their normal outlays, except in the matter of food consumption, in which field wise economy is prevalent.

"Under these circumstances we think it would be a mistake to undertake a crusade to keep business going. There is no apparent need for such a crusade; and if entered upon it would probably tend to disquiet rather than compose the public mind, which is not now really disquieted, and therefore needs no composing."

Indeed, it is likely that an entirely new buying public will soon be created in this country, though perhaps on a somewhat smaller scale than in England, because hundreds of thousands of women will, for the first time, become wage earners. There is even some weight in the ingenious argument that a shortage of labor means an increased demand for a multitude of products of the labor-saving variety. Such are electrical appliances, fireless cookers, vacuum cleaners, hot-water heaters and improved kitchenware.

More and more business men with real powers of observation are reading into the word economy a wider meaning. They see the need of conservation; of careful management and administration; of a real husbanding of resources. It is here that emphasis is rightly being laid, rather than upon mere frugality and retrenchment. Retail stores throughout the country, with the aid of government advice, are cooperating to reform certain practices that have been enormously abused by the public, with a resulting increase in cost to both the stores and the public. The practice of buying goods on approval, which has proved such a costly abuse, is being reformed. The deadbeats and charge customers, who take an excessive length of time in paying up, are being rounded up more closely than ever before.

Luxury in Moderation

I asked Mr. J. H. Tregoe, secretary and treasurer of the National Association of Credit Men, what he considered the right attitude to be taken. The declaration of war found many retail merchants with large stocks of merchandise. It was feared they might lose their self-control and become panic-stricken if wholesale economies set in; and it was the duty of the twenty thousand members of the association to advise with and assure the merchants of the country that their affairs would be safeguarded. Naturally Mr. Tregoe feels that the nation's safety is bound up with the evenness and prosperity of business. Yet he does not believe in business as usual, and says:

"We cannot have business as usual under unusual conditions. What we must strive for is sounder and better business, which means that waste is to be eliminated; that results are to be reached by more direct methods; that there must be less extravagance; that everyone must sacrifice; and that passing into economic stages must be done in an orderly fashion.

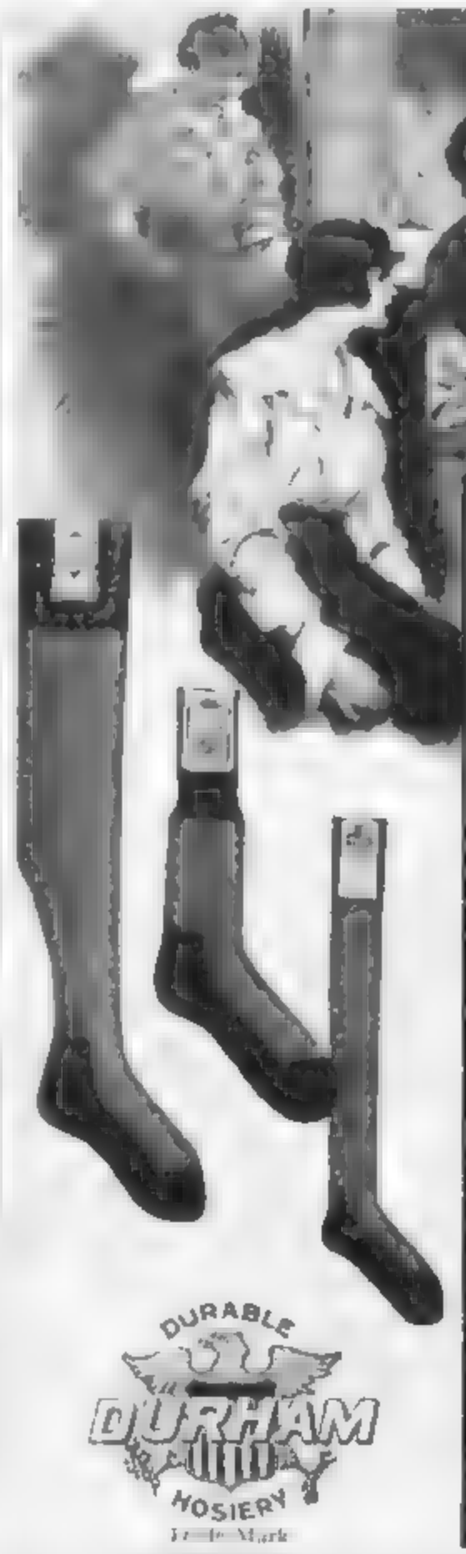
"We have had no more appropriate period in our entire history than at present to preach the gospel of better business; for your own observations, I am sure, will concur with mine that we have been too extravagant, and, had we continued in our methods of the past ten years, would have gone into a materialistic stage that would have affected our social and patriotic living.

"We are now faced with a condition calling for the best skill and for unselfish sacrifices. Shall we be able to meet them? is the question; and I believe we shall."

But how much shall the individual economize? The problem is not a financial or business one at all, but is a matter of morals, good taste, reason, sanity and common sense.

Lord Cunliffe, governor of the Bank of England, when in this country several months ago laid emphasis on the fact that the United States does not need to economize so much as England. "But," he added, "I suggest that if you put up the notice Business as Usual, extravagances should not be as usual."

There are some words and phrases almost impossible to define, but every man and woman in their heart of hearts knows the meanings of these words and phrases. Waste, extravagance, spending for spending's sake, excessive display, self-indulgence, and a life devoted to the mere accumulation of luxuries—these are always vicious; and especially so now that the national need is great. There is ample room for economy in this country without interfering with a gradually rising standard of comforts, living, and even luxuries for the great mass of the people.



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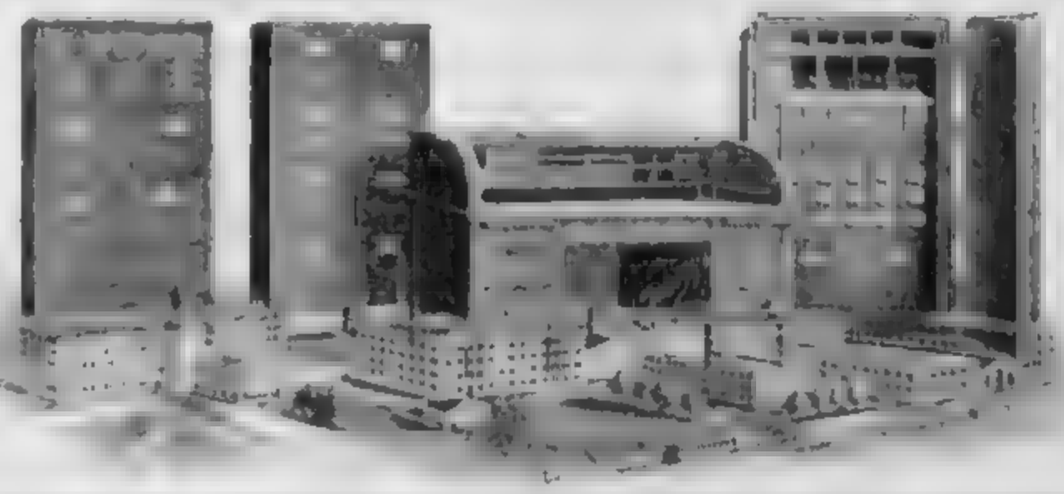

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WHY DOES A CROWD LOOK DOWN A HOLE?

(Continued from Page 5)

citizens of the Royal Theater; and so, at the climax and the finish of the picture, she would suddenly stop playing and begin to clap like anything; and sure enough, the dear old herd would take its cue, and, beginning with the tens, who were closer to Nature—and Lulu—the clapping would sweep to the twenties, and finally the loges would be applauding.

In the little theaters that change programs daily, the Lulus oft become so interested in the picture that the music dribbles as Lulu's soul is gripped, so that when the big splash comes, so absorbed is she that the accompaniment has quite vanished. Then when the tension snaps the poor girl realizes what she is paid for, and starts in to catch up on her lost stitches. The result is not altogether harmonious with the theme.

I used to think that the pit in an English theater was simply one of those historic institutions that the British could not give up—or live down. It seemed absurd that three or four rows immediately back of the two-dollar-and-a-half seats should be turned over to servants and chauffeurs for sixty cents. I learned, however, that the reason was a psychological one.

"You know," said a manager to me, "the English upper classes are not at all demonstrative—they've been trained never to show any emotion whatsoever"—this explains why the English are such corking poker players—"so they rarely applaud, unless stampeded. That's why we want these more simple people back in those good seats. The servants are more elemental; if they like a play they applaud; and if they don't they boo. The upper class, sitting in the half-guinea stalls, with the balcony above them and the pit behind, are often swept by these cheaper seats into fine demonstrations of approval."

The same phenomenon occurs in a movie theater. The first and loudest applause invariably starts in the cheaper seats and sweeps forward until even the overcivilized aristocrats of the thirty-cent loges will risk their soft white hands.

The reception of a comedy depends largely upon the size of the audience. A half-empty house will not laugh even at custard pie. The spectators may thoroughly enjoy the gooey discomfiture of the fat man, but they either lack crowd contagion or else they fear that their isolation makes them conspicuous.

Aitchless Hushers

The weather also plays a large part in the success of a picture. On rainy days the afternoon attendance is likely to be large, for the theater becomes a refuge for the shoppers; but at night the villagers have not much enthusiasm for leaving the warmth and comfort of their homes to venture forth into the rain again, so the evening performances will be slimly attended. High winds—especially the highly charged Santa Anas of California—are very trying to exhibitors. Patrons are likely to be cross and irritable and crab with everything. The ushers too become nervous, and unless watched may pick a few quarrels of their own.

Speaking of ushers, I learned another interesting thing from that English manager. He told me that in the old days of the theater men used to sit round tables and drink during a performance; and if they became boisterous or annoying the manager sent waiters down to hush them up. These men were officially known as hushers, but as a cockney cannot say his h's—where they belong—they became known as 'ushers!

A few years ago our audiences came in droves at two and eight o'clock, and often lined the streets for blocks, awaiting their turn to get in. These definite hours were a hold-over habit from the legitimate stage. Now, however, since we post the time of our many performances, we have managed to distribute our crowds throughout the day. There may not be a soul in sight at three-forty-five, but at ten minutes to four, with evident understanding, they come from all points of the compass.

One goes to the legitimate theater deliberately, and usually buys his seat in advance, so any sort of an entrance will serve its purpose; but a movie house, on the other hand, draws a large part of its audience from the casual passers-by, hence the front becomes very important. The more elemental the clientele one caters to, the gaudier must be the front—lots of lights, color, music and startling paper. The spirit of the side show and carnival associates itself in the mind of the simple bean farmer or laundry worker with real entertainment. At the Royal we often used a ballyhoo in the person of a beautiful bathing girl or an imitation of Charlie Chaplin to attract attention. The best part of our show was often outside, but that's what gets the simple folk inside.

Squirrels and Nuts

The higher-priced theaters in the shopping districts, though having a larger regular clientele, still greatly depend upon the itinerant patron, and use their fronts to attract them—though in a less vulgar way. The caboose of a real locomotive may be built to advertise a railroad story, or one may enter the maw of a huge dragon if the picture inside suggests such a monster. Dog sleds from Alaska, a caged lion, or a bloomered Turk taking tickets at the door, proclaims to the passer-by the nature of the show within. But as a theater becomes known by the character of its pictures a regular patronage develops, and the front becomes less and less important.

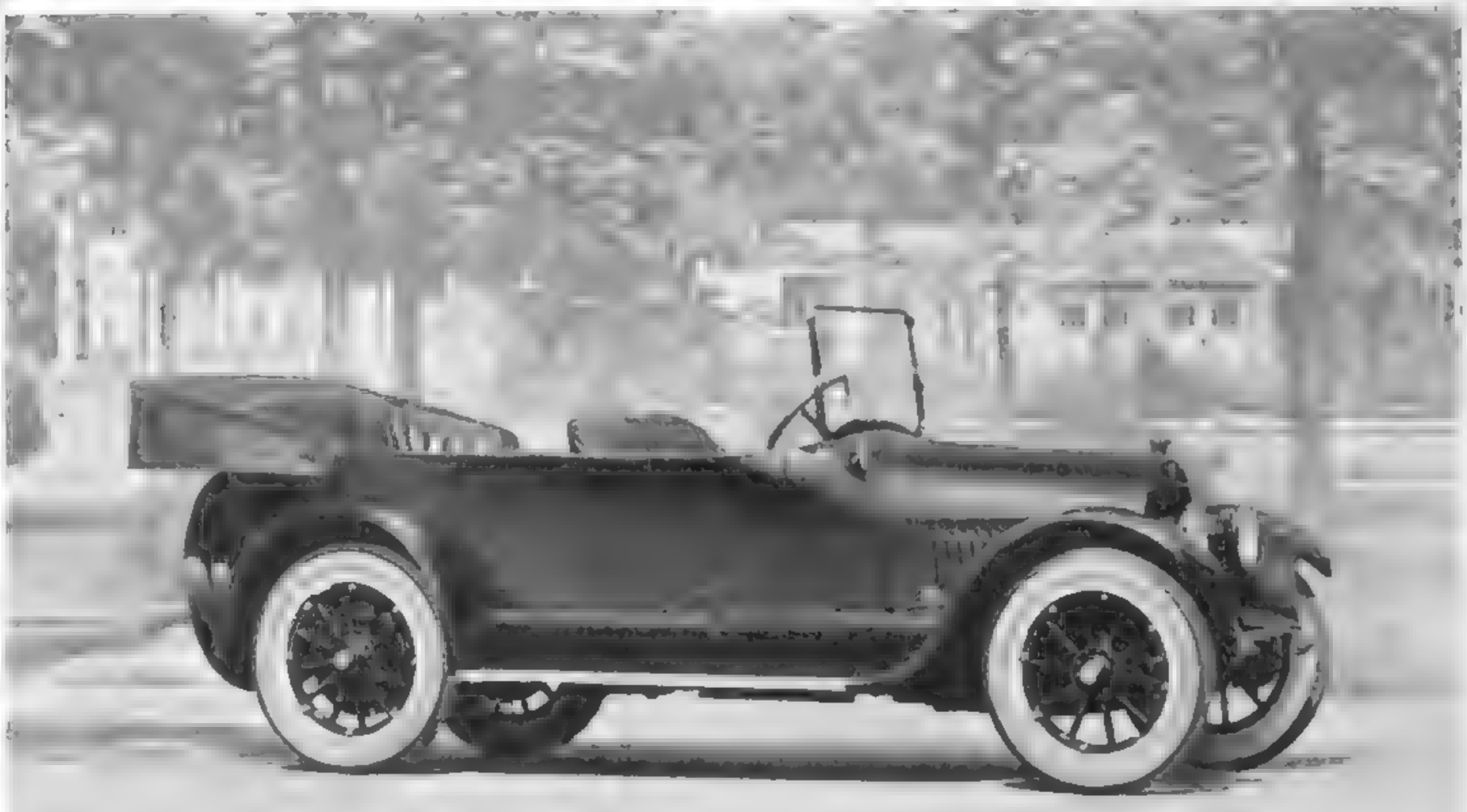
If producers would study their audiences more, and their rivals' pictures less, they would learn that present-day fans are more intelligent than they evidently believe. The manufacturers of films divide the fans into squirrels, two per cent; and nuts, ninety-eight per cent. The classification may be fair enough, but the percentages are way off. The so-called nuts are often highly amused at the bad technic of even the best directors. Last week a soda clerk, after viewing one of the greatest pictures of the day, said to me: "Harrie, are there no noises in movie land? That fellow was sitting at his desk when six people burst into the room and grouped themselves behind him, and he never batted an eye until the director told him to register surprise. Even if the film actors are all deaf to rustling leaves, slamming doors and squeaking shoes, you'd think they'd be aware of a person standing right behind them—ordinary humans are."

One of the late patriotic films failed because the producers underrated the intelligence of its audiences. The audiences, however, returned the compliment audibly. Paul Revere's Ride got a downright hearty laugh. Besides the strong daylight's making the horseman's lantern utterly superfluous, it also disclosed the telegraph poles and trolley cars in New England more than a century ago! And when P. R. dashed right by a garage the crowd howled! Always some comedian would call out: "Take a jitney, Paul!" For the two days I ran this picture a constant stream of critics stopped at the window to register their kicks. "Breech-loading rifles in the Revolutionary War! Haw, haw!" "Say, George musta had some quartermaster to get box tents way back in them days!"

The nuts will even nail a blunder that has passed the notice of both the producers and the exhibitors. A while ago a chap called attention to a bad break in a famous comedy that had been running for over a year. A policeman had been killed by some asphyxiating cheese, and while the gang went after picks and shovels the corpse had somehow managed to pull on his boots. I have never seen any real blunders of continuity or technic get by a modern audience.

In fact, this sophistication has gone to embarrassing lengths. The people have become altogether too hypercritical and suspicious. I was sitting in the twenties the other day, when the weekly news bulletin showed the arrival of Joffre and the French Commission. "That picture was taken down at San Pedro," confided a woman from Los Angeles to her hostess. "Most of the news pictures are faked right in the studios. All the battle stuff that is supposed to come from France is made in Hollywood. I know, for Min's brother is

(Continued on Page 53)



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Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 50)

a camera man, and he told her and she told me." What's the use of risking good cameras in France if they feel this way about it?

Ethel and I "run the aisles" or sit with the audience whenever we have the time. We listen for comments and are often rewarded with real constructive criticism. Coming out of the theater is the best time to learn the truth about one's show, and often I grab my hat and trail a crowd way up the street just to hear the remarks.

Janitors often make interesting observations. Without seeing the show a really keen one can tell by the looks of the house whether the pictures were successes or failures, and almost who was featured.

"Max," said I one night, as our man leaned upon his broom, "how do you know we had an enthusiastic house?"

"See that?" he replied, pointing to a pile of gloves, hatpins, peppermints and other feminine plunder. "If they ever let go their holt on that junk to applaud the picture, most of it rolls on the floor."

If the front seats were ankle deep in peanut shucks this amateur Sherlock knew that Charlie had been on the program. If a Chaplin film is running the kids will come early in the afternoon, howl their heads off, sleep twice through the feature and travelogue, and stay until ten, just to see their hero again. In lieu of the hot supper awaiting them at home they eat peanuts.

The Goal of Missing Boys

In the small towns on Chaplin days there is a constant stream of anxious mothers inquiring at the window for missing offspring. "Have you seen a small boy in corduroy trousers and gray cap?" "Oh, Mr. Dunlap, Bert left home this noon, borrowed ten cents from the druggist, and we haven't seen him since."

It is a pleasure to calm these maternal fears, for their children are safely inside, sleeping peacefully or yowling like tomcats. When, after the show, the kids are sorted out by their anxious parents, they are either kissed or cuffed—depending on the parental understanding of the heart of youth.

The janitor's souvenirs referred to remind me that the worst pest exhibitors have to pacify is the old girl who drops a nickel on the floor—she is positive it was a five-dollar gold piece—and she comes tearing out and demanding that the lights be turned on while the ushers search for the lost treasure that may have rolled twenty-five feet away. Of course we can't upset the whole house for such an interruption—which proves that we are a bunch of robbers. I have a wedding ring belonging to a dear lady here in town who is so furiously indignant because I wouldn't empty a full house that she won't call for it. And just to punish her for her bad temper and outrageous manner, I won't send it to her.

In these uplifting times every city has its little group of ladies who are bent on saving the morals of messenger boys, but we poor purveyors to the popular taste get their attentions out of all proportion to our offenses. Time was when children were a large part of the movie audiences, but those grand old rough-and-tumble days are gone. Except in the neighborhood houses, the kids are a negligible factor. The exhibitors in the cities make little bid for their patronage, and in first-class theaters their attendance is considered a nuisance rather than a boost. Pictures that go well in the cities will often be killed by the youngsters in a small town. A while ago we played a juvenile lead in a story that made a wonderful hit with the grown-ups. In one scene the little tot undressed and climbed into a fountain, and our grown-up audience thought it too sweet and cute for anything, but the kids of the neighborhood houses howled and guffawed until the picture had to be taken off.

Serials succeed very much better in outside theaters than in big cities, for the reason that the metropolitan fan does not go to the same show house every week, and if he happens in on Episode Thirteen, without having seen the other twelve, he is very grumpy. But the patrons of a neighborhood house go every week, and when they are started on the serial they want to see the masked villain get the iron hook in every episode.

It is my observation that children hate love stories, are indifferent to the travelogues, and are bored with topical pictures. Their tastes run to adventure and violence—especially the latter. Comedy drama goes fairly well with them, but their definition of heaven is the custard-pie contest. The neighborhood houses invariably end with a good riotous comic, as that empties the house with a howling, joyous crowd—and the evening's memory is a pleasant one.

One would think that youth would fall hardest for the love stuff. Not at all! They will stand for romance if it is hooked up with splendid and heroic adventure, but when it comes to the real love story the hearts of our wives and mothers are the ones that are set aflutter. Can it be that most women have missed something in their lives that their hearts crave? And is it romance? Brother, I'm afraid we haven't been doing our duty.

There is infinitely more demand for romance than we supply. So long as average prosaic business men think that romance is a weakness of artists and children, just so long will their romantically enhungered wives be cherishing the signed photographs of their film favorites. If you want to cure your disappointed spouse of the movie habit you'll have to get busy on a rope ladder. You don't believe this? Well, go and see who gets the applause. It's the romantic devil with the big eyes and the rope ladder. The only applause we ever get is when the vamp has got both of our shoulders to the mat.

It is marvelous how women like sin—in the pictures. Perhaps the men are indifferent because the subject is old and stale to them, whereas the interest of the women is due to curiosity. In any event the women flock to the problem plays and sex stories, and the men rally to the jaunty bathing girls and comics.

This feminine idiosyncrasy was brought strongly to my attention a few years ago when I was experimenting with titles. I was traveling and lecturing with a picture called Repentance, and it didn't get the crowd. I changed the title to The Taint, and it did little better. Our Moral Code pulled fairly well, but when I hit upon Why Women Sin I packed the house at every performance. Evidently the men knew the answer or didn't care, but the women came in droves to find out what it was that made them do such things.

The extraordinary importance of titles can best be seen in the educational films, where the significance of the thing is of more consequence than the content. A famous camera man was once commissioned to make a seven-reel survey of the schools of a large city, and it was up to him to make this dry subject interesting to the general public. The very things that lent themselves best to picturization—such as dramatics, sport, Nature study and dancing—were, from a pedagogic point of view, the least important; but he managed to disarm all prejudices by clever titling.

Educational Work

In order to include dramatics he staged a Roman play by the students of a certain high school, but took the curse of play acting from the subject by using Latin titles. "*Bacchus, lætitiæ dator, adsit*" would give the most joyous scene an academic flavor, and to call a beautiful classic dance *Saltatio* would disarm the most puritanical opponent of such frivolities in the schools. The Nature-study classes in the mountains and at the beaches would have given the impression that education in this town was one grand picnic, unless the title had squared it. A panorama of the beach showing a great multitude of youngsters in wading was entitled Three Thousand Children Who Want to Know; and then it flashed quickly to a close-up of one of the teachers explaining a starfish to a gaping group of kiddies, the title reading And They Do Not Ask in Vain. Thus was the scholastic note given to the picnic.

Think of having to omit such brutalities as boxing and wrestling! He put over the latter by calling the picture Modern Greeks; and anticipated the objections to prize fighting by the title: And Horrors! Even This! Newspapers use the same psychology. One may put over a very raw story if only it is done with great indignation.

My friend, the aforementioned camera man, bet me that he could even shoot a nude and have it passed by the Board of Education. In a mending class at a slum school one picture showed Pauline Patching Pants for Peter, and a quick, momentary flash depicted Peter standing behind a screen naked as the day he arrived in Russia, ten years before. Even the woman member of the board laughed joyously at the unblushing patience of the little lad. Nudes will get by in long shots or quick flashes. In the former case the object is too small to shock anybody—unless perchance one rushes home and gets his opera glasses; and in the flashes the picture is gone before one really gets an eyeful; one hasn't time to be shocked.

I suggested in the beginning the importance of understanding why a crowd will gather to watch a man sharpening a razor in a window. People are enormously interested in unusual movements—especially those of dexterity. I have noticed in travelogues that a street in Java would only mildly interest the spectators, but when the picture flashed to a close-up of a man cutting coconuts with a strange knife or a woman working a curious weave everybody was attentive.

This knowledge was used by the camera man in academic and shop subjects. He showed only a few feet of the whole room or plant—just enough to register size and atmosphere; then he would cut to a close-up showing the student working in cement or reeds, and the process held the closest attention.

That was one of the few educational films that were successful from an exhibitor's point of view.

Film Assassins

"Maybe," you say, "it was interesting as a show; but how about its pedagogic value?" I can only add that it won the medal of honor at the San Francisco Fair as the most complete and intelligent survey of an educational subject. It was shown by the Root Commission in Russia as an argument for democracy.

The putting over of objectionable films is largely a matter of intention. One can draw morbid or curious crowds to see a harmless picture by giving it a suggestive title; on the other hand, a nude will pass censorship by calling it Purity.

High artistic intention—and accomplishment—will pass many films that, less worthily directed, would be censored. One lately produced by a great artist shows a tough dance hall, a barroom murder, a stage holdup and a lynching, yet so masterly have the subjects been treated that not even the most sensitive censors raised the slightest objection.

I must admit with chagrin and regret that many of my brother exhibitors are often artistic assassins. It is common practice in the show business to cut a film according to the individual taste of the exhibitor or to squeeze it into a program already too long. When a picture is released it is supposed to be as perfect as the combined artistry of the producers can make it—nothing should be added or subtracted. Who am I, therefore, that I should arbitrarily edit the story to give it pep or slaughter it to make it fit my program? By such abuses continuity is often ruined and the sense hopelessly mixed or entirely lost.

When whole scenes are cut the titles often become mystifying. I remember seeing one which read "How soft the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank," which was followed by a close-up of a rat eating cheese.

I preview all my pictures, and if one appears to be padded or is too long for my program I do not rent it; but there are exhibitors who will cut a five-reel picture to three, without shame or apologies to the company that made it. Imagine an editor speeding up a story by cutting out every third chapter!

During all the tumultuous years that the moving pictures were moving up, Ethel and I were moving with them—and sometimes a little ahead. From an amusement of kids and low-brows the films had gained so much in technic and art that they had become the popular amusement of the bourgeoisie. This division contains about ninety-nine per cent of our population, so when you entertain the middle class you have entertained some class.

From the showman's point of view there are only two social groups: The lower human mammals—including kids—and the rest. Each group has its playhouse, and neither competes with the other. A while ago I went into one of the cheap nickel theaters that purvey to the first group, and was regaled with a comedy showing a beauty parlor wherein the fat were made lean and the thin grew fat. When the obese lady was put in a letter press and squeezed until the fat ran off into buckets I grabbed my hat and ran for the doorway, where I all but "hoked." But kids and cave men

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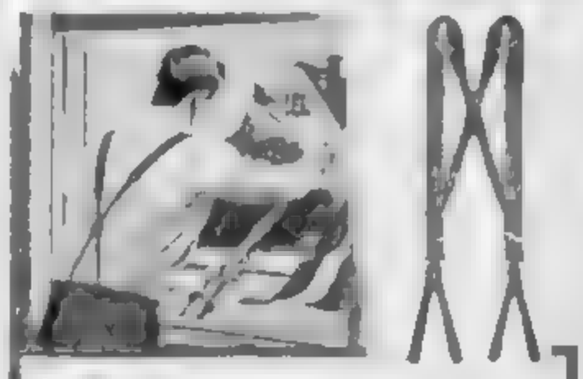

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Avoid substitutes; look for name KADY on buckles. 50 cents and 75 cents at leading dealers'.

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Do you know that while many women of the United States are paying fancy prices for imported face powders, *the European countries import over one million boxes of Swan Down annually* to supply the exacting requirements of women of good taste who know much about the real value of face powders made abroad? Sounds like carrying coals to Newcastle, but it is true.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

have stronger stomachs. They howled with joy. Such a picture could not be shown at a first-class theater.

Our seats are sold on the basis of desirability and ability to pay and have nothing to do with class. The ten-centers often like the historical dramas and travelogues, while the goldfish, though less demonstrative, may get their thrills from the custard comedies.

When we built our theatre many exhibitors thought we were giving the movies a dignity that they had not achieved, but our success has proved that their estimates were too low. The front has no noise, gaudiness or nervous, wiggly electric lights. Nor does any highly colored paper profane the classic chastity of the entrance; only a few framed photographs set within the panels announce the gods and goddesses appearing on the screen within the temple.

And a temple it is in every respect—a pagan Greek temple of art. A moving picture is so full of dramatic and photographic action that it should be projected in surroundings that are restful to the eye and the spirit. The American love of European cathedrals shows that our nervous countrymen are soothed and made better by half lights, great shadows, subdued music and cool spaciousness. Curved lines, gay colors, advertising slides and musical noise are not soothing; but there is something wonderfully restful in the dignified proportions and the classic lines of a Greek temple. In many ways the Cinema is in effect not unlike the ancient open-air theaters. The long space between the front seats and the stage is formally planted to low shrubs and potted green things, which rise at the sides and in the corners in formal clusters of tall Italian cypresses. Round the auditorium, in symmetrical sequence, stands a row of cypress, from behind which dim lights throw mysterious shadows until the ceiling is lost in almost utter darkness. This gives the effect of open night.

Colors and Perfumes

In order to create atmosphere and a sympathetic environment all pictures have a color accompaniment. It is used so gently—merely insinuated—that probably only a few of our patrons are actually aware that color accompanies every theme. A stereopticon beside the projecting machine will throw a very faint pink over a pastoral or romantic scene, will cool the tones for snow and night effects, and insinuate red or violet for the more dramatic moments.

As I sat behind two ladies a few weeks ago during a pretty romance of harvest time, one remarked to her companion: "In such a picture one can almost feel the heat and smell the new-mown hay." She would have been amazed to know that she was actually enjoying those sensations. Gentle, harmonious odors are introduced through the ventilating system. Everything, from the new-mown hay of the pastorals to the incense of the vamps, can in this way be suggested. For a forest story last month I sent to the mountains and secured a load of pine boughs and cones, which when broken up and placed in the ventilator chamber sent forth a delicious aroma of balsam that one subconsciously enjoyed all through the picture. The feeling of heat that the lady experienced during the harvest picture was helped by turning on the hot blast for just a few moments. For winter scenes the process is reversed, and a cool breeze is occasionally shot across the audience. The use of color and perfumes has to be very, very subtle or the result may be disastrous. Raw color will ruin good photography, and an overheated or chilly audience can make a scandalous noise at the box office.

More can be done to strengthen a picture—or ruin it—by music than by any other sensual appeal, and the importance of this department is recognized by all intelligent exhibitors. The first great stride was made by eliminating the noisy orchestrion or mechanical piano that ground out its blatancies, irrespective of the theme on the screen. With the substitution of a human for a mechanical operator there was an attempt to play at the picture. Certain popular songs became the accepted motifs for certain action. Nobility of soul and splendid virtue were invariably accompanied by The Rosary; death claimed our heroes of the fillums to the tune of Nearer, My God, to Thee, or they were called to the other shore by Old Black Joe. The goo stuff and sentimental clinch always faded out at The End of a Perfect Day; and the vamps did their meanest things to the men in a rich minor key. Battles were fought to Sousa marches, fox trots and tremolo octaves; burglars did their best work to "agits"; and little children could be accompanied by the dicky birds and lullabies. But the comedians were the boys who tested the artistry of the acrobat of the ivories. Up and down the poor old piano the perspiring performer would pursue the pie artists with the grandest glissando; and then he'd have to sit on the keys for the big splash.

These were the days when all sorts of diabolic noises went on behind the screen in supposed imitation of the action on the screen. Whistles, gongs, rain, squeals, hoof beats, drums and explosions would be invoked to add realism to the story. The noblest instrument of this particular filmcraft was the crash box, which served the double purpose of relieving the rubbish man of carting off broken bottles, tin cans, lamp chimneys and other resonant waste, and furnishing the grandest noise that had been heard since the Fall of Babylon. A child could operate the crash box. The technic consisted of simply pouring the contents of the full box into an empty one, and then vica versa for the next crash.

Music Saves the Situation

It is at last being generally recognized that moving pictures are a form of art and are not intended to deceive with realism. Every attempt to carry the picture outside the frame has proved disastrous. It is, after all, a picture, and whenever the unity within the frame is destroyed the effect is ruined. Painters who have attempted to carry their pictures onto their frames with bits of rope, real straw or other actualities are laughed at by the world; and the same thing is happening in the moving pictures. Even the colored pictures are not popular in dramatic stories, and the talking film will probably go only in the case of public speeches and such things. The few unhappy experiments of having the hero or heroine of the picture appear in person, and in the same costume, would show that it is wiser to keep our favorites within their frames as works of art. I saw a film favorite who appeared grandly heroic in his picture, but who, when he stepped upon the stage to make his personal appearance, in the immensity of the proscenium arch looked like a canceled postage stamp.

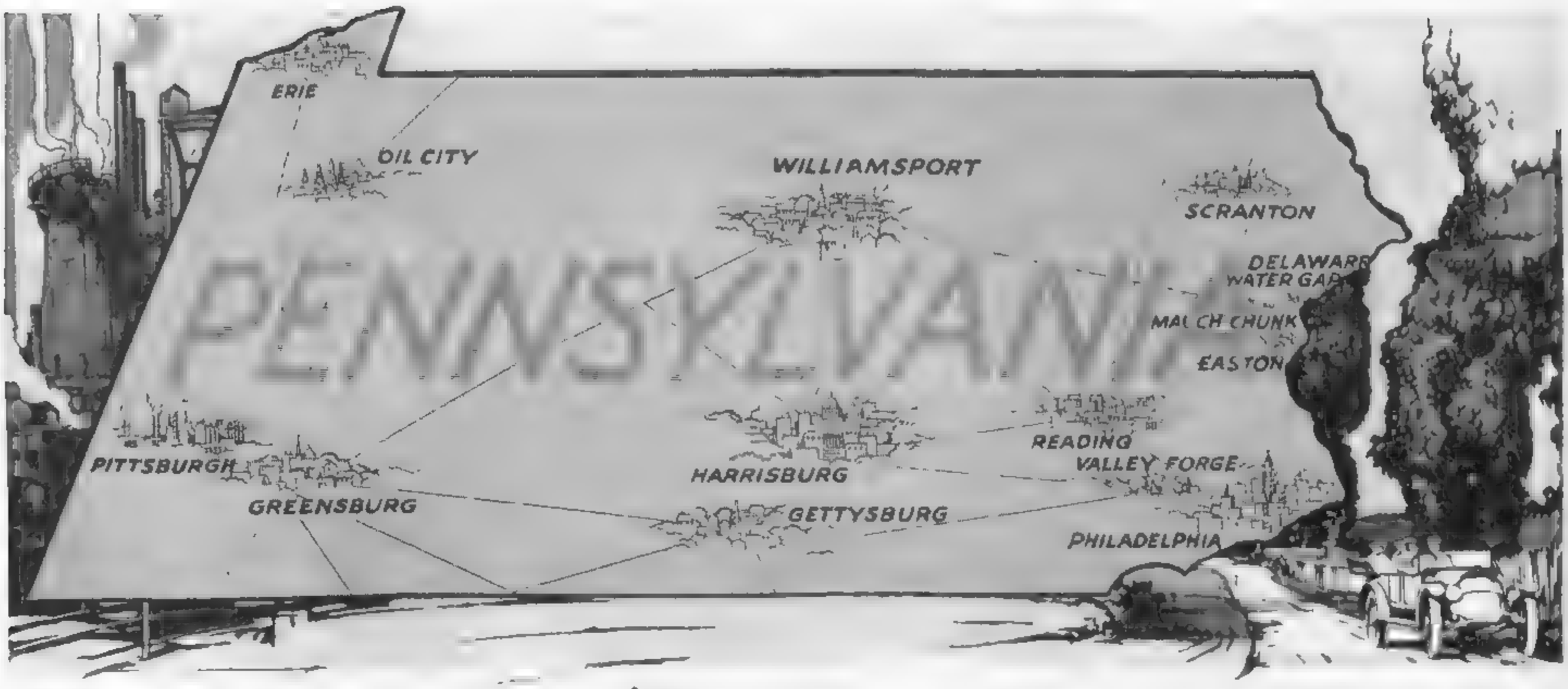
So grotesque is this mixing realism and art that unless the piano player is hidden from view she is likely to make the figures look so large by comparison as to appear monstrous. Most people insist that they want realism—the confusion comes in mistaking treatment with theme—but it is my experience and belief that they do not care for colored pictures, and are looking forward to the talking film with many doubts.

This does not mean that color and music may not be used—but only as accompaniments. They must not dominate or distract. A complete absence of music makes the silence oppressive; besides, the grinding of the projecting machines, the squealing of an infant or the deep breathing of a tired business man may become very disturbing. If there was no musical accompaniment to the slow-dissolving clinch at the end some alleged comedian would be sure to make a noise like eating soup with a sponge, and kill the picture. Our organist is trained to watch for just such interruptions and smother them instantly. If, for instance, some neurotic woman should become hysterical when the triangle closes in, and she should begin to giggle, she might spoil the climax. At the first break the organist opens up, drowns the noise and saves the situation—both ways.

It is a physical impossibility for a composer to write music for a picture from the scenario, for no one knows, until a picture is made and cut, just how long and how important each scene will be. And after a picture is ready to release, the cost of holding up a fifty-thousand-dollar investment until the music is written for it is almost prohibitive. So complex are the problems of composition and rehearsing large orchestras—not for one company, as with a touring opera, but in every place the picture is to show—that the scheme has been attempted in the case of only a few great feature pictures.

The moving picture is, in a way, a new kind of opera, and consequently music becomes an important part thereof. An orchestra would probably be the best accompaniment if it were not for the difficulty

(Concluded on Page 57)



The State to Tour – *Pennsylvania*

SHE has beauty—mountain and lake and river. Rugged forests dot her northern, central and western counties, giving way to smiling pastoral scenes in her rich, rolling southeastern counties, made more picturesque by quaint Pennsylvania Dutch and staid Quakers.

She has glory—Independence Hall, where liberty rang out; Valley Forge, enshrined in the Nation's heart through the martyrdom of its famished, ill-clad patriots; Betsy Ross House, "Birthplace of Old Glory"; world-famed Gettysburg—and scores of others. She has cradled statesman and sage, poet, painter and inventor.

Send for Booklet, "Motoring Through the Keystone State"

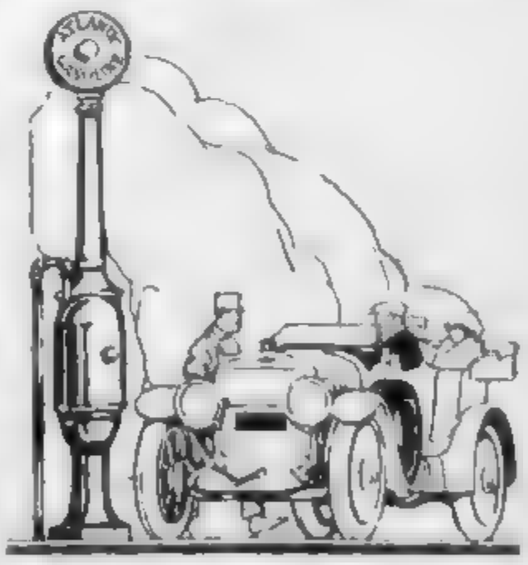
She has Industry—colossal steel mills, belching blast furnaces, tremendous textile industries, a hive of activity by day and night.

She has Resources—of forest, field, mine and hillside—seemingly inexhaustible. Here is the mother state of the twin Giants of Energy—Coal and Oil.

It is an inspiration for every true American to see and know Pennsylvania's resources, so vital at this time.

All marvelous—awe-inspiring. And all within the reach of your motor car—unhampered by confinement to a railroad track. Yours is the privilege of seeing here the "Workshop of Nature" and the scarcely less wonderful "Workshop of Man."

Many hundreds of miles of good roads await the whir of your wheels. Atlantic Gasoline—the "gas" that "puts pep in your motor," is available all over the state to add to the joy of your trip. Look for it at the sign of the red pump where, too, will be found Atlantic Motor Oils—Light, Heavy, Medium and Polarine—"Keep Upkeep DOWN." Atlantic Asphalt Roads make your way easier, as Atlantic "gas" gives more miles to a gallon. There is hardly a state east of the Mississippi in which Atlantic Asphalts have not been laid.



Excellent hotels the state over, and some of the finest stores of the East complete the chain of comfort and convenience.

Write us, giving your itinerary as planned, and we will arrange to have you supplied with descriptive folders and other information concerning the route outlined.

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ATLANTIC ASPHALT

Various Methods of Atlantic Road Construction and Maintenance:

Atlantic Paving Asphalt
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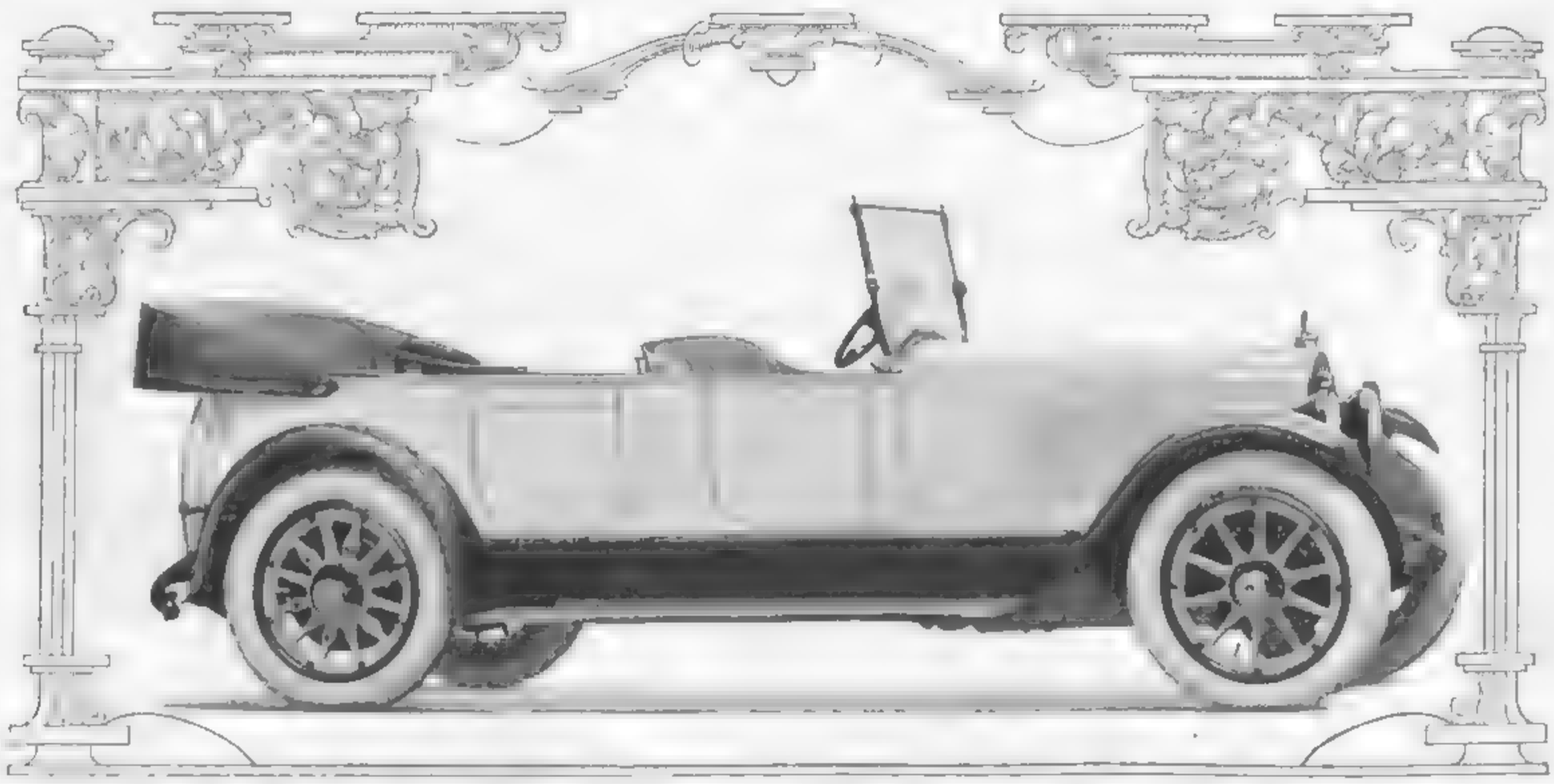


A new creation! A more beautiful Packard is here announced. Now—a remarkable accomplishment in *body designing* matches the achievement of the epoch-making Twin-six motor. And thereby is rounded out the smartest and *most efficient* motor car we have ever built. Branches and dealers today have ready for your inspection new models—3-25 and 3-35. Open car prices are $3450 and $3850 at Detroit.

Packard
TWIN SIX

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE."

(Concluded from Page 54)

it encounters in playing the picture. No leader can watch a picture and his score, and communicate to his players the sudden changes of motif at the same time—unless, perchance, he had had four or five days' rehearsal before the picture was shown. This musical luxury, however, is not often granted. About the best an orchestra can do is to play theme music—standard scores that are suggestive of the several motifs in the play.

Only an individual can play a picture the first time he sees it, hence the organ has become the most popular instrument. It has volume, marvelous elasticity, and can be played by a single performer, who is able to follow a picture through all its lights, shadows and sudden changes.

Some of these organists have become marvelous accompanists. They have ransacked the world for themes to accompany every human emotion, and have them at their finger tips; besides which they must be able to improvise instantly for any change.

Due to the fact that several themes will often be cutting back and forth, even an alert musician is likely to be kept on the jump unless he uses his wits. For instance, a scene may show a wild lad drinking in riotous abandon in a cheap cabaret, and a suitable musical theme will accompany the dancers; suddenly the scene shifts to his old mother dying in her little Iowa cottage, and the music changes to a mortuary motif; but as the action increases the scenes are cut back and forth very rapidly. This is where the accompanist must show his ingenuity.

Employees' Reports

In announcing certain pictures I often run slides calling attention to the significance of the theme or the particular excellence of the plot, photography or acting. Thus is the audience's attention addressed to beauties that it might otherwise miss. I once showed a great actress in a rather commonplace picture, but managed to save it by asking the audience to note the marvelous use the actress made of her hands.

The attendants are a big factor in the success of a playhouse. As our biggest crowds are from three o'clock on, we have recruited our ushers from the high schools; and so thorough is our training in ethics and salesmanship that several of the largest concerns in town will give any boy a job who has worked for six months at our theater. An hour's lecture every Sunday morning is demonstrated during the week by constant coaching. Patrons are treated as though they were personal friends—courteously but not obsequiously—are asked their preference of seats, and if one wears glasses the usher will see that his sight is accommodated. Those who are bewildered by the contrasting darkness to the bright light without are led to their seats. Ushers must always face the lobby, for if they turn to look at the picture they become interested and neglect the patrons.

Every employee in the house is required to make a weekly written report. These statements are often amusing but sometimes very illuminating. The ushers report on human problems; the organist judges most pictures by his ability to play them; the projectors are interested only in good photography—often being quite unable to tell what the story is about. The mechanical astuteness of some of these chaps is shown when they will, if crowded during their tests, run two pictures at the same time on the same screen, and each projector will be able to locate scratches or cuts on his particular film.

It was the intelligent observation of one of the ushers that stopped our dressing them in the costumes of the feature film. One time during the run of a naval picture I had them all uniformed in white duck, and at the end of the week I received the following report: "I think unusual costumes are too distracting. This week I noticed many people holding their hands to their eyes as we ran the aisles. Those white spots going by all the time annoyed them." Since then the ushers have worn black tuxedo coats with simple bands of red across the shirt fronts to distinguish them from guests.

Ethel was the keen observer who decided us never to light the theater brilliantly during intermissions. "You know, Harrie," she said, "the women do not make a social function of moving pictures as they do of the regular theater, where they buy their seats in advance and go to be seen quite as much as to see the play. On the contrary, they feel that they do not have to dress to run into a picture show, for they know that they may sneak in unobserved, sit in the half light, and then leave by themselves. They appreciate the protection of the dark."

Some exhibitors exploit their names above their houses, but people do not come to a moving-picture theater to see the boss, but the play. However, I realize that nobody likes the impersonality of a vending machine, so I meet the patrons of our theater in the lobby, and have thus become acquainted with everybody in town. Ethel's charm of manner led to many invitations, and after two years we found that we quite belonged to the social life of our little city.

Getting the Seventy-five

There were, however, some seventy-five of our first families who never came to our theater. As an unsolved human problem this, of course, wouldn't do, so I went to the bat to see what was the matter—and here it was. It is uncomfortable and undignified to stand in line after dining on bees' knees and other rare dishes—especially if you are all dolled up in what the movie actors call soup-and-fish. The first families wish to be able to motor down and walk right in to their seats. So we set aside a row of the thirty-fives, which could be reserved for fifty cents. This protected us against failure to come, and it didn't bother the goldfish; in fact, they rather liked it. The result has been that every family in town, with the exception of eight—and I'll get them yet—are now regular patrons of our theater.

When the war in Europe first started there was for a year or so quite a demand for patriotic war stories, but by the time we had gone into the war ourselves a decided reaction had set in. This reaction may be due to the fact that people are so spiritually shaken they cannot think of the war in terms of entertainment. Hundreds will now stop at the window and inquire whether there are any war pictures on, and if they receive an affirmative reply they will go away. With many of them, this objection to the war stuff extends even to the weekly news bulletins. Evidently many people come to the moving pictures to be entertained and amused—and not stirred by anything they feel so deeply as they do this war.

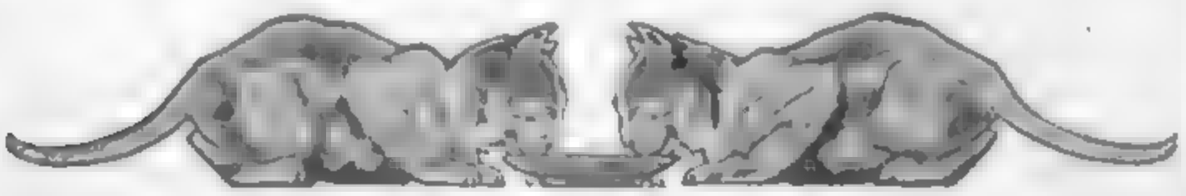
There is not the slightest doubt that as the producers recognize the moving pictures as a new and distinct art they will improve to keep pace with the increasingly intelligent taste of photo-dramatic patrons. At present the makers of films depend too much upon the opinions of the exhibitors, and these are not always trustworthy. This is especially true of the small exhibitor, for, if one is a barber by trade and an impresario only on Wednesday and Saturday nights, his observations are not likely to be accurate or profound. Your tastes are constantly changing, and mostly for the better, and if producers don't leave their studios and get better acquainted with You, exhibitors may be driven to making their own pictures.

Oh yes, my family has visited us several times since we arrived. Our two other theaters are in charge of my brothers. Last week my father was sitting with Ethel on the veranda of the country club when he made one of his puzzled observations.

"Ethel," he said, "how do you account for Harrie's success in this business? He certainly did not learn a thing at college."

"No," replied the brains of our firm, "he didn't learn much about things, but after he left college he learned a scandalous lot about people; and surely people are as important as things—and much more interesting!"

"And unless my eyes deceive me, it seems that one may successfully capitalize such knowledge," assented the pater. And Ethel smiled fox-furrily.



Why Some Teeth
Never Discolor—Never Decay

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Users of Pepsodent
Daily Digest the Film

Do you know that dentists, in the past three years, have taught countless people how to keep teeth really clean?

The method is Pepsodent, which, by dental advice, we now advertise to users. And to show its effects we offer all a One-Week trial free.

The cause of nearly all tooth troubles is a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. That film resists all ordinary brushing. It gets into crevices and stays.

That film is what discolors. It hardens and forms tartar. It holds food particles until they ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of all tooth decay. Germs breed in that film—millions of them. And one frequent result of germs and tartar is the dreaded pyorrhea. No cleaning method which leaves that film can ward off these tooth troubles.

That film is albuminous. Like all albumin, the way to dissolve it is to digest it. And pepsin is the digestant.

But pepsin must be activated. The usual method—by an acid—is harmful to the teeth. So it long seemed that digesting this film was impossible.

But a new discovery, covered by patents, activates the pepsin in a harmless way. So now this digestant can be daily applied to the film. And that is the basis of Pepsodent.

Teeth Rarely Cleaned
By Ordinary Brushing

Teeth brushed in old ways often discolor, as you know. Tartar forms on them—decay often starts. Every few weeks the best-brushed teeth require a dental cleaning.

The reason lies in that film. Brushing fails to remove it. Many a dentifrice even helps it to harden.

Three years of clinical tests have proved that Pepsodent solves this problem. (Those who rightly use it keep their teeth white and safe.)

Authorities who have proved this now urge us to make the facts known. So we urge them here. And to show the results we offer you a One-Week trial tube.

Send this coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after one day's use. Note how the teeth whiten as the film disappears.

One week will convince you that you can have clean, white, filmless teeth. And such teeth can't decay. Cease your old ways for a week and try Pepsodent. It will be a revelation. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists in Large Tubes

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 56, 1104 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 56, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

This stretch of concrete is on the Ohio River Road, in the Williamstown District of West Virginia. It is good 365 days in the year, always clean. Burdette Woodyard, Parkersburg, W. Va., was the engineer

Concrete Roads Help the Farmer to "Do His Bit"

The American farmer may win or lose this war for the whole nation. He has to feed us and our allies in the face of a world-wide shortage of food. He must make every acre yield its utmost in grain, fodder and fruit.

The farmer's time must be saved so that he can devote more of it to producing. His horses must be kept working in the fields. He and they should spend a minimum of time on the road to and from market. He must be able to haul quickly, by motor if he can, and get back to work; and he must be able to haul in bad weather when he can not work on the farm.

Concrete Roads Are a Necessity

They enable the farmer to haul produce despite rain, thaw or snow, in half to a third of the time it takes to do so through mud, ruts and holes, and with fewer horses. Heavier loads can be hauled with less effort and in less time. When motor cars are used, *all* the horses can be spared for farm labor.

In war time waste is treason. It helps the enemy to win. Public funds must not be squandered, as they have been in the past, in poor and temporary road building. Every dollar raised by taxation should be wisely spent.

Highways must be able to stand up under the heaviest traffic, without need of constant repairs. They should be built of concrete, which is hard, rigid, unyielding and durable. Concrete for roads is the same as the material used in building concrete dams, foundations, bridges and great engineering works like the Panama Canal, requiring great solidity and strength.

Let Every Patriot Help

by taking a personal and active interest in the huge road problem confronting the nation. Let every community do its part in constructing roads which will endure and which will connect with the improved roads of its neighbors. Thus the whole country will be pulled out of the mud. Farmers will answer the call to arms with a yield that will surpass all records and win the war for us and our allies.

Inform yourself about concrete—its cost, its maintenance, its adaptability to your section. Agitate for good roads bond issues to build connected systems of highways. Vote for the bonds as a patriotic duty, and get your neighbors to do so. All pull together for NATIONAL EFFICIENCY in food production and food distribution.

CONCRETE ROADS:
THEIR ADVANTAGES
No Mud—No Dust
No Ruts—No Holes
No Slipping
No Skidding
Easy Hauling
Smooth Riding
Long Life—Safety
Always Ready for Use
Low Maintenance
Moderate Cost

Write for a free copy of Bulletin No. 136.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

THE SOURCE

(Continued from Page 8)

Svea flushed again and bit her lips. The recollection of the last time she had seen Yard, cringing in fear of another blow from Langlois' fist, was painful to her.

"No," she said almost in a whisper.

"Why do you say so?"

She told him honestly, omitting no part of the matter.

"H'm," said he. "Hand car here, Nord?"

"Yes."

"Come with me to Camp Four. Will you come, too, Miss Nord? I have a special reason for asking."

"Surely," she said, and went inside the house for a cap.

"Now," said Beaumont, "we're going to look over this fellow. But keep quiet about it. Don't want him or anybody else to suspect it. I'll find out about him. Questions'll get at what he knows; his eyes'll tell if he's on the square, and a little test—sort of laboratory assay, as it were—will give us a line on his fighting spirit."

When they arrived at Camp Four Beaumont turned to Svea.

"Run over now and visit with Billings' wife," he said. "But come out on their piazza to do it. Just sit there and keep your eyes open."

Big John and Nord found Langlois in the barn and talked woods matters with him for some time; then Beaumont strolled off to talk to the boys.

He had a very special pride in his judgment of men, and felt sure he would be able to pick out the one he wanted without assistance. Moving from group to group, he scrutinized the men he talked with, but found none to fit his requirements. At last he opened the door of the scaler's shanty and saw three men inside: O'Toole, the scaler, whom he knew; Sim-sam, whom he had never seen; and a tall, lean young man who leaned against the wall and listened to the talk of the others.

The face of the young man was brown, the eyes were clear. There was no slouch to his shoulders now, no hint of the wreck of three months ago.

Beaumont took stock of his features in one swift, appraising glance. They were the features of a man with generations of gentlemen behind him; they told of culture, of intelligence. They were pleasing features, and the smile that came to the lips and eyes was winning. Altogether Big John was pleased.

"Howdy!" he said.

O'Toole jumped to his feet.

"Come in, Mr. Beaumont, and set," he said. "These here is Sim-sam and Yard."

Beaumont nodded to them and joined in their conversation as one of themselves. It was a knack he possessed. They were talking of timber, of log hauls, of skidways, of steam loaders. It was shop talk to the nth power, and all for the benefit of Van Twiller Yard. He was taking his Sabbath lesson.

Presently Beaumont edged further into the conversation, and began to question Yard as though he were a reluctant witness and Beaumont a clever cross-examiner. He found Yard well grounded in the theory of the felling and loading of logs, of the arts of the woodsman.

"You came up in that assignment from Boston?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes," said Yard.

"Ever been in the woods before?"

"Never."

"Seem to catch on pretty well. Like it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It's real," said Yard after a second's pause. "It's work for a man. We aren't parasites here, living on other folks' quarrels or on middlemen's profits; but we're at the very source of the industry. We're taking from Nature with our hands." His eyes sparkled, his voice took on a tone of enthusiasm. "Think," he said, "without us there would be no daily papers, no magazines. To-day we fell a tree; a month hence, on the paper manufactured from that spruce, the country may read the news of a great battle, or learn of a great new thought, may read a book of science. Beyond us the art of the preservation of human knowledge cannot go. It all derives from us. To me the woods are not the woods; these mountainsides of spruce are something more. It may sound impractical and a great deal more like a dreamer than a lumberjack; but to me they are The Source—just that."

"H'm," said Big John. "Shouldn't be surprised if you grew up to be a real chopper." His big, red, smooth-shaven face grew stern. "Young man, how came you to land here in the condition you did?"

"Because," said Yard, "it didn't seem as if there was anything to do that was worth the bother of doing. So I did nothing, and became a polite sort of bum—and then an impolite sort of bum."

"How about the booze?"

"I never had a real desire for it—haven't thought about a drink since I came here."

"H'm, just took to it failing any other occupation, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Well," said Big John, moving to the door, "I shall keep my eye on you. You're going at it right."

He stepped outside. The others followed. Big John had timed his movements to fit his design, for Nord and Langlois were just coming round from the barn. Beaumont walked to meet them, frowning. In an instant, it appeared, something had put him in a savage humor. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Mrs. Billings and Svea Nord on the piazza.

"What's the matter, Langlois?" he said angrily. "Can't you put the fear of God into your men? Some of 'em getting pretty cocky. Who's the tall young fellow there?" He jerked his head toward Yard.

"One of that Boston bunch," said Langlois. "Been gettin' fresh?"

"Used his mouth considerable," said Beaumont.

Langlois showed his teeth.

"Thought I'd fixed that bird, but if he needs more here's where he gets it. Don't worry none about me puttin' the fear of God into him. Jest watch!"

He strode to Yard, clutched his shoulder and swung him round so that they stood face to face.

"What's your game?" he snarled. "Haven't I taught you manners, eh? Seems like you need another lesson." He clenched his fist for the blow.

This time Yard did not flinch or cringe. He, too, had seen Svea Nord, and the recollection of their last meeting was like a brand applied to his naked flesh. She had seen his degradation once; it was a spectacle she should not witness again. He stepped one pace closer to Langlois, so that their bodies touched.

"Langlois," he said almost in a whisper, but steadily, "there's been a change in the last two months. It's fair to you to tell you. If you're looking for trouble with me I want you to know that this will be no one-punch affair. There was a time when I was middling fair with my fists. How about it?"

"I'm goin' to bust you open," snarled Langlois.

Yard wheeled and strode to the piazza, Langlois staring after him, unable to comprehend what was passing.

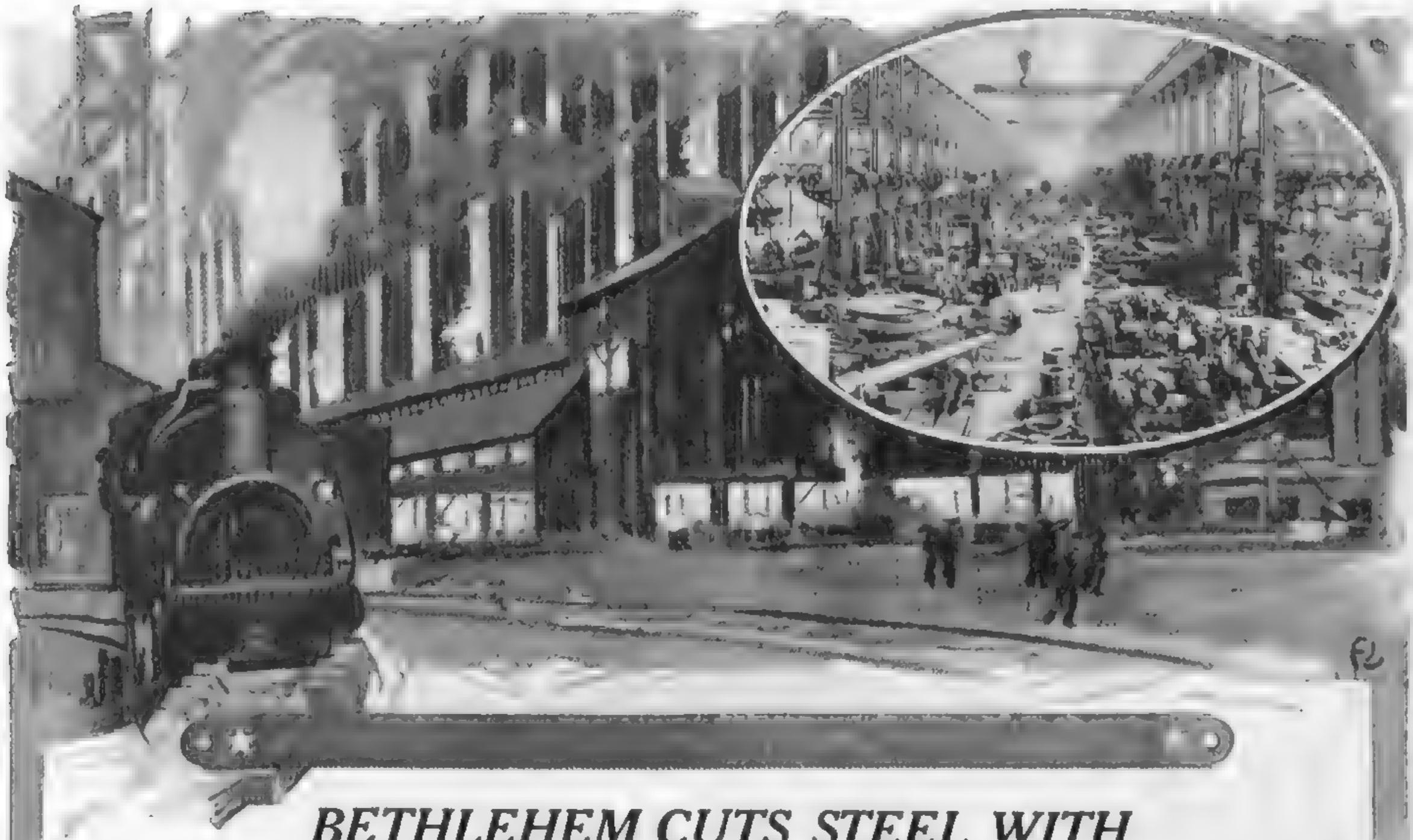
"Miss Nord," he said, "two months ago you saw that man knock me down and saw me afraid to return the blow. It was no fault of mine that you saw that episode, but you saw it. Now, in fairness to me, I ask you to see the one about to happen. It will not be pleasant, but I ask you to see it out." With that he turned and walked back to Langlois. "Ready," he said.

Langlois, now heated with rage, struck. Yard laid his head quickly on his shoulder, and the fist passed his ear. Then he countered and as his knuckles bruised themselves on Langlois' teeth he uttered a sound—a sound that was not a laugh but kin to it, for there was joy in it. Twice more he struck before Langlois could recover himself, and the boss went down. Yard stepped back and waited for him to rise. The boss got to his hands and knees and launched himself on the young man from that position, both arms driving viciously. Yard met him halfway, giving blow for blow. Breast to breast they stood, striking from the shoulder with the desire to maim behind each blow.

Suddenly Langlois sought to clinch and trip, but Yard's fist, coming up from his knee in a wicked uppercut, met him full on the jaw, and again he went down.

Savagely he flew at Yard now, with not fists alone but feet and teeth ready for use. A wicked kick missed the young man's kneecap, and he sank his fist in Langlois' stomach. The boss grunted, but came on. Now, with skill that rejoiced the hearts of

(Continued on Page 61)



BETHLEHEM CUTS STEEL WITH FASTEST CUTTING HACK SAWS

THAT the Bethlehem Steel Co., uses STAR BLADES is vitally significant for every manufacturer who saws metal. Because every tool the famous Bethlehem plant uses has first had to prove beyond question its ability to help extend their output to the last notch. You who are buying hack saw blades today—whether machine or hand blades—must realize that in the last analysis you are not buying blades at all but the output those blades will give you. It is not a question of getting blades at the lowest cost but of getting blades that *will give you the maximum number of cuts at the lowest cost.*

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

Machine and Hand ***Flexible and All Hard***

were the first modern blades ever manufactured and for thirty years they have held their quality supremacy. Hundreds of thousands of tests have been made to determine out of thousands of combinations exactly what relative dimensions, what shape and setting of teeth and what kind and hardness of steel would give the best cutting results.

Our special automatic machinery, with its gauges to the finest limits, makes possible a uniform quality of production that ordinary methods could not give and an unbelievable quantity production at a minimum of factory cost. It is significant that the present standard practice with other hack saw makers was abandoned by us more than twenty years ago for more efficient methods. The Star line includes machine and hand blades—flexible and all hard for every purpose. Whatever your metal sawing problem, there is a Star Blade that will give you the greatest cutting efficiency at the smallest blade and time cost.

Prove this fact for yourself by making the most drastic tests or place the burden of proof on us and we will demonstrate the greater efficiency in Star Blades to your thorough satisfaction. The more difficult the problem, the more we will welcome the chance to show you.

Address our Engineering Department at 200 River St., Millers Falls.

$500.00 FOR YOUR EXPERIENCE

Our position as authorities on metal sawing efficiency has made us a national clearing house of information on the results blade users are getting under all classes and kinds of conditions. To encourage this clearing house idea, we offer $500.00 in gold for the best articles on "How I Test Hack Saws."

Tell us your methods in detail (either on machine or hand blades) and give us your conclusions with absolute truth and frankness, including some of the records of your results. It is not necessary to be a Star user to win a place in this prize award. We want your experience whatever it is. Get your reply in as early as possible. Contest closes November 30. The best replies will be published in book form and in our advertising.

1st Prize	$250.00	4th Prize	$25.00
2d Prize	100.00	5th Prize	15.00
3d Prize	50.00	6th to 11th Prizes	$10.00 each

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And the *fragrant* fact gets you instantly—makes its pungent suggestion of something good. *Pure fragrance* is Nature's own guarantee of goodness. The *pure fragrance* of a fine tobacco is your certain guarantee of smoke comfort and satisfaction—"Your Nose Knows."

By its *pure fragrance* Your Nose Knows instantly the merit of

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The Perfect Tobacco

Made of the most *fragrant* leaves of the tobacco plant, the tender Burley leaves, ripened in the Blue Grass sunshine of Old Kentucky, mellowed, and carefully blended—Tuxedo has a *pure fragrance* all its own—"Your Nose Knows."

Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

(Continued from Page 58)

the men who watched, Yard began to cut the boss to ribbons. He fought not to exterminate with a blow, but to punish while he himself went unpunished. In and out he danced, chopping his adversary's face, and leaping away from the counter. Again and again he struck. Langlois' face took on queer contours. His lips were shredded, his eyes closing, he bellowed with rage.

Suddenly he darted to one side and snatched an ax from the woodpile. Yard was conscious of a woman's scream, then he was on his man before the ax could be swung aloft, and struck once, twice, with all his strength. He did not wait to see the result. He knew. Abruptly he turned toward the piazza without a glance at the man who lay motionless on the ground.

"I'm sorry, Miss Nord," he said; "but you had to see."

"Yes," she replied, her voice but a breath. "I had to see, and I am glad I saw."

"Thank you," he said gravely.

"I think," she said, trying to assume a matter-of-fact tone, "that you need a little attention. A little cold water ——"

He trod heavily toward the bunk house, for the intense exertion had taken its toll of him. Sim-sam met him, took his arm.

"Boy," the old lumberjack said tremulously, "I knowed it! I knowed it!"

They passed Nord and Beaumont.

"When you are washed up," said Big John, "come here. Bring your turkey."

It was the formula of dismissal in the woods, for a man's turkey is his personal effects. To be ordered to get it, is to be ordered to move out.

In fifteen minutes Yard returned.

"From now on," said Big John, "you're my man. Responsible to me. I need you. You go down with me."

"But the woods ——"

"You will come back. It is here I shall need you."

"I have a friend," said Yard diffidently. "Is it—can I not take him with me?"

"Can you trust him?"

"I am not sure I can trust myself without him."

"Fetch him," said Big John, for he knew men.

So it was that Big John Beaumont found his man; so it was that Van Twiller Yard and Sim-sam left Camp Four; so it was that a new figure to be reckoned with arose in the mountains of Vermont, a man who was but ninety days distant from free lunches and a bums' lodging house.

THE next day Big John Beaumont sat in his office talking pulp with Van Twiller Yard.

"I brought you down to the mill because I wanted you to know what we are up against and what we are trying to do. This morning the president of the largest user of sulphate pulp in America will be here. He wants to contract for our output, and I want you to hear what he has to say. I want you to hear, because I want you to do some dreaming about pulp, as you did about spruce. The Source—that was a good notion, young fellow."

Yard nodded.

"But sulphate is something else again. What do you know about it?"

"Only what you told me the other day."

"But you know it's different from the pulp we've been making before—different process, different result. Ground wood pulp makes print paper and the cheaper grades of papers. Sulphate goes to the making of Kraft, and Kraft is the toughest, firmest, most dependable wrapping paper in the world. It has strength. It stands strain, and that's why it is used in making all fiber and corrugated board containers. There's no substitute, and it's a virgin industry in America. We're building up something new. We're helping to make America independent. Now's our chance. Imports are shut off, or practically shut off. Our manufacturers must have a lot of things that they have depended on foreign manufacturers to get, and now it's up to Americans to manufacture those things for themselves. Somehow, young fellow, it looks to me like a sort of patriotism to go after that stuff, eh?"

"It does," said Yard.

"Also," said Beaumont, with a twinkle in his gray eyes, "it's a matter of profit. When I started building this new mill sulphate pulp sold at thirty dollars a ton. Today it's sixty-five. In six months it'll be a hundred. We made a nice profit at thirty. See?"

"It's enormous!" Yard said, and felt it.

"Our capacity will be fifty tons a day. Looks pretty sweet, eh? The mill will be ready to start in a month—I hope. You never can tell about mills. That day we shut down and begin to dismantle the ground wood-pulp mill. We're through with it. But you're still at your source—the source of a new industry. Can you dream about that?"

"I think," said Yard, speaking carefully as was his custom, "that it is better stuff for dreams than the other."

"Good! Now Swedish manufacturers, as I said, want to keep the game in their own hands. They were a bit late getting on to me, but they started at me hard. Their representatives are in this country, and they've made trouble. Already, in one way and another, they've cost us a month's delay and twenty-five thousand dollars extra cost." His jaw shut down with the firmness of steel doors closing. "But we've got away with it so far. Now their game will be to make a failure of the mill, and there are two ways to go at it: First, by messing up the manufacture; and, second, by gumming up the woods end so we don't get enough pulp-wood. And that's why I need a man. You're him."

There seemed to be no necessity for a reply, so Yard made none.

In half an hour the morning train arrived, bringing Mr. Knowles, president of the Republic Corrugated Container Company. Beaumont introduced Yard, and immediately the two older men fell upon their business like hounds upon a rabbit.

"I want your output, Beaumont, and I'm going to have it," commenced Knowles. "You know the situation. The cards are on the table. I've got to have sulphate to keep in business, and I'll pay for it—through the nose probably!"

"You want a contract at a stated price?"

"Yes. I'm tired of this shilly-shallying. Half the time our mills are down. Strawboard manufacturers, who have no reason in the world for it, are holding us up. There are seven of them, and they're in a tight combine. Got bids from the whole lot of them the other day. Seven men in the office. I took them into my room one at a time, and each made a price of twenty-seven dollars—and grinned in my face. And this sulphate thing. We used to buy all of one brand. Now brands have disappeared, and such shipments as come through are without brands. We get a wire to-day from a broker in Baltimore saying a certain vessel is about to dock with a lot of pulp, to be had at such-and-such a price. No matter what it is, I wire back to ship it. Immediately we get a wire saying that lot was sold ahead of us, but that another will land in a week, at five dollars more a ton. And there you are. I want to get into a chair where I can sit tight."

"What's your proposition?"

"You to guarantee delivery of an average of three hundred tons of sulpate a week for two years. Bonus at the end of each year—or penalty. Stiff one. Price to be flat."

"Good! We'll accept. Market on sulphate to-day is sixty-five dollars. In a couple of months it'll be a hundred or more. I'm no hog. Make a flat price of ninety dollars. Penalty or bonus of a hundred thousand a year."

"That makes about a million and a half a year."

"Counting the bonus, exactly a million five hundred and four thousand."

"Get your papers ready."

"Got 'em," said Beaumont. "Never waste time." He went to the door and called the bookkeeper, directing him to bring the contracts.

They were duly signed, witnessed and delivered—and the deal was made. Deliveries to commence not later than ninety days from date.

When Knowles was gone that afternoon, after inspecting the plant and dining with Beaumont and Yard, Big John said to the young man:

"You see, that's what we're up against. I stand to make a profit of upward of a million on that deal—or to lose half a million if we fall down. Your job is to see to it the woods end makes good."

"But," said Yard, "how about Nord? Isn't he woods boss? Won't he resent my meddling in his affairs?"

"Nord and I have talked this over. He'll be busy with the details. It's up to you to watch out for the Swedes. There won't be any clash."

"Then I'll tackle the job."

Your Car Is Judged by Its Finish

If the finish is kept in good condition your friends think you have a dandy car—but if it is allowed to get dull and grimy—it gives a poor impression—no matter how good the car may be mechanically.

JOHNSON'S *Liquid* PREPARED WAX

We are now making Johnson's Prepared Wax in Liquid Form—it polishes instantly with but very little rubbing. You can go over a good sized car in half-an-hour. Johnson's Liquid Wax is exactly the same as our Paste Wax except that it is a Liquid.

A Dust-Proof Auto Polish

Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax imparts a hard, dry, glasslike polish which does not collect or hold the dust. It preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather, adding years to its life and beauty. It covers up mars and scratches—prevents checking and cracking—sheds water—and prolongs the life of a "wash".

Splendid for Furniture

Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax cleans and polishes with one operation. It will quickly and permanently remove that bluish, cloudy appearance from your Piano, Victrola and Mahogany Furniture. Just the polish and protection you need for your floors and linoleum.

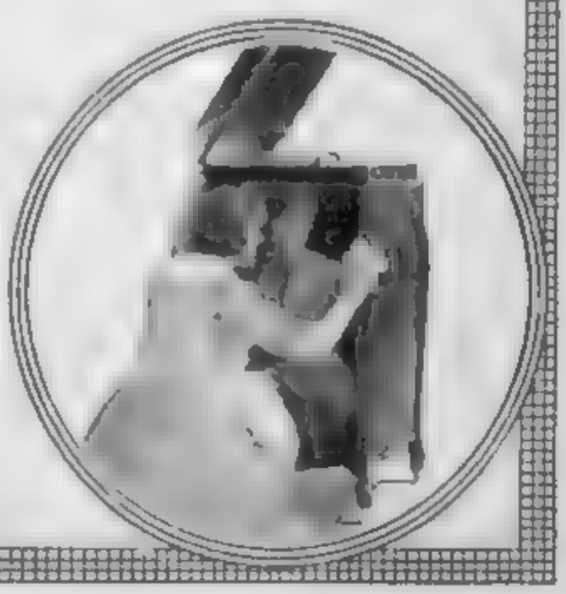
Tell your dealer that Johnson's Prepared Wax is now made in ***Liquid Form*** and insist upon him supplying you. If he is unable to do so we will prepay the express to any point in the U. S. East of the Rockies.

Quarts	$1.25
Pints	.75
Half-Pints	.50

(East of the Rockies)

Write for our folder on Keeping Your Car Young—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Dept. SP8, Racine, Wis.



A Built-in Service Guarantee

Speaking to the new salesman the dealer says: "Anyone who has ever used a Robbins & Myers Motor knows that one of these motors on any electrical device is a sure sign of quality. That's why the line of electric washing machines we carry is such a big seller. The Robbins & Myers Motor is a built-in guarantee of reliable service—our strongest sales help."

The successful dealer instinctively recognizes the value-standard of any electrically-driven device equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor.

He knows that the article will appeal to prudent buyers because of the quality; and that customers will remain satisfied because of the service.

For like reasons manufacturers of high-grade electrical devices see to it that their product is Robbins & Myers Motor equipped. High-grade construction plus R. & M. operating efficiency is a combination hard to beat.

Look for the Robbins & Myers Motor on whatever electrical device you may be considering—whether for the home, office, store or factory. Leading electrical devices for all services can be obtained with R. & M. motor equipment.

All sizes—1/40 to 30 horse-power. For all commercial currents. For all purposes. One quality—Robbins & Myers.

Users of electrical power; manufacturers of electrical devices; dealers—Robbins & Myers service means satisfaction for you.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors. Branches in All Principal Cities.

Robbins & Myers Motors

Beaumont smiled a little, for the last three words were not characteristic of Yard. They were too colloquial, too rough-and-tumble.

"Your salary," said Big John, "will be fifteen hundred a year and board. Make good, and drop in in a year, and we'll make that fifteen hundred look like a plugged copper. We've been getting out twenty thousand cords of pulpwood a year. It's up to the woods end to double it now. I'm through with you, young man. Your title is assistant woods boss; but you're responsible to me, and only me. Use your judgment when you have any. If you run out run down and spill it to me. Don't override an order given by Nord unless it's necessary, and be diplomatic if it is necessary. Nord's a good man, but limited. Now go to it."

The next few days were full of motion for Yard. In them he tried to become acquainted with the whole woods situation; the lay of the land; what to demand from each camp; where possible danger lay. He began at Camp Eight. This remotest camp lay in the heart of the forest, to be reached only by the narrow-gauge railroad. It was above the dam—that is, it lay beyond the point where the Eastern States Power Company had erected a huge dam across the East Branch, a storage dam, creating a lake where had once been a stream hidden by the forest. The lake was a matter of ten miles long by a mile wide, and in it the power company stored water in spring, winter and fall, to be fed down the East Branch as needed in the months of drought to its power stations below.

The track reaching to Camps Seven and Eight lay along this lake to the dam, then branched off in a huge curve to Five and Six and finally to Woods Headquarters. All logs from these camps must go by rail to the mills; there was no river to float them down. The logs from Seven and Eight, the two largest camps, must pass over the little railroad along the verge of the pond.

Here was a matter that Yard studied carefully. It seemed to him the railroad ran perilously near the water level. At the moment the water was some six feet lower, but, Yard thought, it might be made to rise three or even four feet above the tracks. Camps One, Two, Three and Four were set upon the banks of the tortuous East Branch, and the East Branch derived from the big pond. Its waters were the waters loosed by the power company to operate its turbines below, and down that river went most if not all of the pulpwood from the four camps. The hardwood for the sawmill was transported by rail, for hardwood logs cannot well be floated.

"Sim-sam," said Yard, "what would happen if the power company closed the tunnel at the dam, and kept it closed? Where would the East Branch go?"

"I calc'late there wouldn't be enough of it left to float a chip," said the old fellow.

"In which case," said Yard, "it would be up to the railroad to haul both pulpwood and hardwood—which it couldn't do. What do you know about this power company, Sim-sam?"

"Nothin', 'ceptin' it's got power plants all over the states hereabouts, and that a feller by name Ekstrom is boss of it."

"Named what?"

"Ekstrom."

"H'm!" said Yard. "Sounds Swedish."

"Almighty Swedish," agreed Sim-sam.

"It looks to me, Sim-sam, as if we ought to find out more about this concern. It has a gun pointed at our head, and the gun's loaded. Under the circumstances it might be well to know the disposition of the man holding the gun."

That evening Yard arrived at Woods' Headquarters in time for supper. His first act was to telephone Big John Beaumont.

"Get me all the information possible about the power company," he said; "the names of its officers and stockholders, and of the men who own the bonds. Also their nationality."

"All right, Yard," said Big John. He asked no questions; but his face expressed notable satisfaction.

"I knew it," he said to his stenographer, who did not in the least comprehend what he was talking about. "I've got a real man. He has the kind of eyes that see."

As for Yard, he went from the telephone to sit at table with Svea Nord. It was the first time he had dined with a young woman in more than a year. More important still, it was the first time he was to meet that particular young woman on terms of social equality.

She rose to meet him as he entered the room, and extended her hand.

"Mr. Yard," she said, "I cannot tell you how glad I am to welcome you here, and how wonderful it seems that you have made it possible."

Yard wished to say something, but hesitated, fearing to offend her.

"I don't think I could have done it if it hadn't been for you," he said finally.

"I had nothing to do with it," she said, "and I'd rather you didn't say such things. So many men seem to think they have to say pretty things to every woman they meet."

"But if a compliment is sincere, Miss Nord?"

"I think there is only one man who has a right to say those things to a woman."

"Most men have a theory that women like to hear pleasant things."

"With me only one thing really counts," she said simply—"the man himself, as he is every day. Words have nothing to do with it. I shouldn't look to him to do wonderful things, but just to do what he had to do, and to be true and trustworthy."

That evening Yard sought out Sim-sam.

"You've had experience, Sim-sam," he said. "You must know a great deal about women."

"I know consid'able about three. Two I've buried; one I got left back in town. I had to learn the first one, and it was a chore. When I took me the second, I says to myself: 'This'll be easy. I got 'em learned.' But I had to start the job all over. Then when I come to the third I felt perty sure I was eddicated right up to the hilt; but I fetched up agin another disapp'intment. There was more to learn about her than about the other two put together. Sure I know about wimmin—them three. You kin learn one of 'em by livin' with her for years, but what you learn hain't worth a darn to commence business with another. Boy, there hain't no sich thing as knowin' 'em in bulk."

"She said actions alone would count with her," Yard said, more than half to himself.

"Ho!" said Sim-sam. "Ketched, be you? Dum it all, if it don't happen to everybody! Well, young feller, if she says actions is what'll count, my advice to you is to be doggone active. If they want a thing, give it to 'em—and plenty."

"Just doing what a man has to do," said Yard. "That's sound. Not great deeds—just true and trustworthy. That's my job, Sim-sam. True and trustworthy—and me just graduated from a bum. It'll take a lot of doing to wipe that off the slate. If only she hadn't seen me then, Sim-sam."

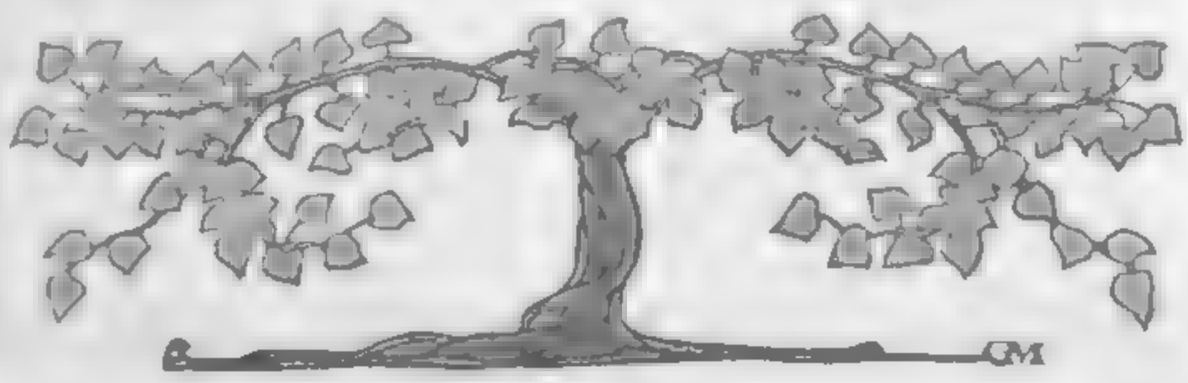
"Dunno about that, boy. Calc'late seein' you then and seein' how you clambered out of it 'll do more good 'n harm. It's got her int'rested. That's a p'int. Now you keep her int'rested, like I keep myself int'rested in them stories I make up when I'm follerin' lit'ry pursoots. Make a sort of kind of a story out of yourself for her to keep readin', and have it look all the time like it was goin' to end well.

"Now that's all you git out of me. I hain't no expert, but knowin' I hain't sort of qualifies me to pass out advice. Better git to bed so's to be fresh for them noble acts to-morrow."

Yard took the advice.

"True and trustworthy," he repeated to himself as he turned out his light. "That would be a mighty pleasant thing to have written on a fellow's tombstone."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



CORK INSERT

Transmission Linings for Fords

$3

per set of three

Outwear three sets of ordinary linings

They Make the Ford Brake BRAKE!

Just touch the brake pedal and braking action starts. The car glides to a quick, quiet stop. The annoying jar and chatter and the car-killing vibration—disappear.

You go into low or reverse without that lurch and annoying rattle—and pick up speed with the smoothness of a high-priced car.

ADVANCE
CORK INSERT
TRANSMISSION LININGS FOR FORDS

are a wonderful improvement over ordinary linings, which become hard and smooth from pressure, friction and oil; which grab when the brake is applied, and then slip and lose the contact.

This grabbing and slipping causes the annoying and costly rattle and vibration. Cork Insert Linings stop the slipping—replace it with smooth, sure transmission action. Cork has the permanent quality of "taking hold."

The buttons of cork, set into the highest-grade imported transmission fabric, engage the transmission drums with a positive grip. The corks never become hard or polished. They wear very slowly and retain their gripping qualities to the very last.

Outwear 3 Sets of Ordinary Linings

One set of Cork Inserts has served for 50,000 miles and is still running. Another set has a record thus far of 40,000 miles and many have been in continuous use for 12 to 18 months. These records tell their own story. Cork Inserts will not only give you a safer, better driving car, but save you the expense and annoyance of frequent lining replacements.

Insist on Cork Inserts

Next time you need new linings, say you want "Cork Inserts." If the dealer or garageman hasn't them, ask him to get them. Take nothing else. No substitute does the work as well. If you don't find them, send your dealer's name, remit three dollars, and we will mail you a set of Cork Insert Transmission Linings prepaid, and give your dealer credit for the sale. Use the coupon. INSIST ON CORK INSERTS.

Advance Automobile Accessories Corp.
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Dealer's Coupon

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( ) Send one dozen sets of Advance Cork Insert Transmission Linings for Fords.
( ) Send one dozen Advance Cork Insert Fan Belts, 1917 Ford.
( ) Send one dozen Advance Cork Insert Fan Belts, 1916 or earlier model Ford.
[Regular dealer discounts to apply.]

Name _____

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Fan Belt for Fords

Most engine trouble is caused by overheating. Overheating would largely be avoided if the fan were kept fanning by a belt that **wouldn't slip.**

Cork Insert Fan Belts don't slip. Circular pieces of cork are inserted into high grade oak leather, waterproofed and stretched, and backed up by heavy fabric. The corks eliminate the slipping.

They Keep the Fan Fanning —Keep the Motor Cool

Price, $1.00 for 1917 FORD
All Earlier 85c

ADVANCE
CORK INSERT
FAN BELT FOR FORDS

The Ford fan belt is subjected to very hard service. Grit and dirt are ground into its surface. It is splashed by oil and water, polished smooth by the burning friction, until the element of slip—lost motion—runs as high as 50%.

Lost Motion Reclaimed

Cork Insert Fan Belts make the fan turn with the motor by eliminating the slip. The corks are not affected by water or oil, grease or dirt. They retain their gripping qualities throughout the life of the belt, and greatly prolong its life.

Be sure to get a Cork Insert Fan Belt next time. Accept nothing else. It will outwear several of the ordinary kind. If your dealer can't supply you, send $1.00 for a 1917 Ford fan belt or 85 cents for belt to be used for earlier model, and we will mail it prepaid. Mention dealer's name and we will give him credit. Use coupon.

Ford Owner's Coupon

Check and Mail Today

Advance Automobile Accessories Corp.,
Dept. DD 56 East Randolph St., Chicago

Enclosed find $ _____
Send me ( ) 1 set Cork Insert Transmission Linings, $3.00
( ) 1 Ford Fan Belt (for 1917 Ford 1.00
( ) 1 Ford Fan Belt for 1916 or earlier Ford model .85

Name _____

City _____ State _____

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This Indiana Fleet Earned $50,000 NET—

Five of the Partlow Fleet of 7 Indiana Trucks

—Paid for Itself 6 Times in 4 Years

THIS Indiana Truck Fleet, shown above, earns $20 daily per truck—has made $50,000 ***net*** to date. Its ***earning power*** is practically undiminished. These sturdy trucks can continue to make big sums for years to come.

The owner's statement: "My fleet of Indiana Trucks have performed for me in an astonishing way. Since I bought them, which was about four years ago, they have earned $50,000 net for me, have turned over their investment no less than six times, and are still making money. Upkeep and gas consumption have been exceptionally small. These trucks paid for themselves in a very short time out of money they themselves earned. (Signed) J. L. Partlow," (Indianapolis, Indiana.)

J. L. PARTLOW
The Owner

Worm Drive

INDIANA TRUCKS

Remember—this is ***not*** one of the best Indiana records. Indiana Trucks have earned up to $100 a day. Indiana Trucks' ***earning power*** is the direct result of Indiana Trucks' 112% Reserve Strength built into the special motor—crankshaft—bearings—80,000 mile axles—frame.

Despite these big ***margins of safety*** in Indiana Worm Drive Trucks, there are big ***margins of saving*** on Indiana prices. They are lower by $100 to $1,000 per truck—1-ton, $1550; 2-ton, $2250; 3½-ton, $3000; 5-ton, $4000.

Your Indiana dealer will let you pay for your truck out of its earnings.

Write for Our Operating Costs Book

An authentic compilation of detailed costs of running Indiana Trucks. Strikes average of day-to-day records. It will give you a new idea of truck ***earning power***. Send for it.

MOTORIZE AND ECONOMIZE INDIANA AND ALL TRUCK LOAD

INDIANA TRUCK CORPORATION
Dept. 21, Marion, Indiana
Service Stations in 200 Cities

DEALERS Wire us today for our plan that puts trucks on your floor without large financial outlay.

INDIANA Records Prove INDIANA Earning Power

WHAT YOU WILL FIND WHEN YOU GET TO FRANCE

(Continued from Page 16)

In parentheses, the man must be trained so that he does not become jumpy. The practice that some young officers may have adopted, perhaps unconsciously, of creeping stealthily behind a sentry and unnecessarily surprising him should be condemned. Such things always result in dividing the man's attention. I have been told of a case in which a man, on being told by his noncommissioned officer for the tenth time from which direction the enemy was expected to come, replied cannily, "Yus; but the orficer, 'e comes that way," pointing to the rear.

As the platoon commander inspects the men at morning stand-to he must note their physical condition, their spirits and cleanliness, the reserve stores, latrines and cookhouses, and the thousand and one things that are to be found about and are integral parts of a trench system. The morning inspection and its results should not be a matter of decentralized, subordinate responsibility. The man on the spot must remedy defects at once, unasked, unaided, and, Larry would have added, unhonored and unsung. Once the man on the spot lets the thing slide or leaves it to the other fellow, chaos is come to the trench.

The morning stand-to frequently goes far toward taking away what little of the romance of war may have been left to the waking dreams of the platoon commander. Given new men, a cold, wet morning and a bad trench, a thoroughly made inspection will involve no light task. The inspection concluded, stand-down is ordered by the company commander, and the day's work goes on.

Then it is that the men learn the value of the phrase "It's got to be done." This phrase, the Sage Youth says, together with "Carry on, sergeant," is believed by many men to be the real cause of Britain's greatness. Certain it is that a hundred times a day in the trenches one finds it fits the needs that continually arise.

Working parties are put at all sorts of jobs. Rations must be fetched from the cookhouse—if the command has a cookhouse in or near the front line. Above all, the question of the defense of the line must not be forgotten. Sentry groups with periscopes must be posted at intervals; and it is vitally necessary to impress the men at the periscopes that the safety of the platoon is in their keeping, and theirs alone.

The war in Europe, as well as former wars, has shown that the Anglo-Saxon has splendid fighting qualities, but he is naturally careless and overconfident. Nowhere are these characteristics more noticeable than in the matter of sentries. Some of the men of the best of regiments will require constant supervision. During the time a platoon is in the front-line trenches its commander will have no rest if he does his full duty. I once overheard one of the most experienced generals of the British Army strongly recommend that the platoon leaders or senior noncommissioned officers post sentries in each section of the line.

Double Sentries Advisable

"Too often this duty is relegated," he said, "to a junior noncommissioned officer, and general slackness often results. Personally I would never allow single sentries at night. In former wars double sentries have been found advisable, and I see no reason to alter this excellent rule because the troops are sheltered in trenches. Too much importance cannot be laid on the continual cautioning that is required to encourage vigilance. It is the only price at which success in trench warfare can be secured."

Afternoons in the front-line trenches are usually, when possible, devoted to rest. If special work entails the employment of men in shifts rest should be arranged for them in their time off. Generally the best plan is for every available man to work for a definite period and rest for a definite period. Here lies ample opportunity for the good organizer. He can so order events that every man in his platoon is content and the maximum amount of work is accomplished; or his men may be disgruntled for the reason that they never know what time they can call their own. In such cases the work suffers.

As to mealtime in the trenches, a noon dinner is preferable. After an early supper, or tea, as the British call it, comes the evening stand-to, which entails an inspection identical with that made at morning stand-to. After stand-down, night work is told off, and once again the trench settles down to work, but with a difference, for the darkness lends confidence and permits of greater freedom of action. The thought of the commander of a section is "What can I do now that cannot be done in daylight?" The answer fixes the tasks of the working parties.

One thing looms conspicuous at night, particularly. That is wire. Is it still there, out in front, or has the *Boche* high explosive thinned or removed it? The only way in which an answer to such a question can be obtained is by going out and seeing for oneself. Personal reconnaissance is far the best road to knowledge along that line. If more wire is needed it must be put out at once. As every coil of wire has to be carried up from the back areas, training in the best way to put out wire is absolutely essential. The untrained man can easily put out fifty coils of wire and wonder, next morning when he looks through a periscope, what on earth he did with the stuff.

The Junior Sub and His Job

Patrols should go out at night to insure that No Man's Land does not become German land, to cover working parties in front of their own trenches, to catch enemy working parties, and to scupper any enemy patrols with which they may come into contact. Patrolling is nerve-testing work at first, but many adventurous souls develop a real taste for it. The platoon commander must see that such men are not sent out each night, as that sort of man is of the highest possible value, and experience has shown only too plainly that men on patrol have, as it is put at the Front, only a certain number of chances. In other words, patrolling is work that asks a high sacrifice—the highest sacrifice that the soldier can make if it is continued sufficiently long.

A Lewis gun is frequently sent out with the patrol. If the patrol has no Lewis gun and discovers an exposed enemy working party it is advisable to return to the home trench and turn loose the machine guns in the trench. The Hun has developed a dislike for the Lewis gun akin to his aversion for the Mills bomb and the Stokes mortar.

The man who counts most in a trench from the administrative point of view is the platoon commander. He is, under normal circumstances, a junior officer—junior subs, the British Army terms them. It is the platoon commander in France to-day who is winning this war, as much as any one class of officers or men can be said to be winning it. No amount of good staff work or generalship can succeed without him. His work ranges from accepting the confidences of Private Jones, whose wife has sold up the home, to the taking over of the whole scheme of operations in a tight corner when the senior officers are out of action.

My friend Larry is a platoon commander. He once told me, in most serious mood: "The men will follow a good officer anywhere. They fervently remark, at times, that they have no desire whatever to accompany a bad officer to the particular locality to which, soldierlike, they do not hesitate to verbally consign him."

Larry's men followed him, at Vimy Ridge, on an occasion when he deemed it necessary to work right through our barrage—curtain of shell fire. They got through with marvelously few casualties, "did in the bloomin' *Boche*," who had a machine-gun post that was proving very nasty, and then took such shelter as they could get while the terrible shell curtain moved over them, on to the Front. Again they seemed to bear charmed lives, for they had but one or two hit.

Larry's worshipers, for no other term would describe the relation in which his men stand toward him, outboast all corners after that escapade.

It is such boys as Larry who are beating the *Boche* in France and Flanders. When America sends her quota to the work in hand, many a young officer of our new army will be doing that sort of service. They are proud, in England, of their wonderful young

Larrys. We shall be not a whit less proud of our boys; and I, for one, would stake my life that they will give us all and more than we could ask of them.

God bless them!

To write intelligently and intelligibly of the preparation for an attack, and not convey useful information to the enemy, requires care.

The actual scheme of operations so far as the attack proper is concerned has continually been undergoing change in this war. We have by no means reached finality in that matter yet. The instructions given the men who went over the top on the Somme were different from those given the men at Vimy Ridge and in front of Arras. Still other changes were introduced at Messines. Before these words are in print still further alterations in detail may have been put into practice.

But the general scheme is much the same, and has been since the creeping barrage was instituted. The first necessity in the inauguration of the creeping barrage was that the gunners should be able to register and shoot with almost superhuman perfection. On the Somme some of the newer British batteries fell short of General Sir Douglas Haig's ideals on this score. The marked improvement of the marksmanship of the British guns at Arras and at Messines was easily discernible by everyone in that sector.

That was one of the greatest factors at Vimy Ridge, which was an almost perfect push. Messines, too, was wonderfully successful. Every item in the British program was carried out like clockwork.

The explanation of the creeping barrage is hardly necessary. Simply, it is this: At zero time, known to all units, whose watches are carefully synchronized, the guns pour a heavy fire at a given line of front. The attacking troops approach so close to this barrage that they can almost reach out and touch the maelstrom in front of them. At say two minutes past the zero hour the barrage moves exactly twenty-five yards ahead. The men follow. At three minutes past zero the inferno of shot and shell takes another twenty-five-yard step forward. So the attack proceeds, the men in the attacking line following the barrage in always dangerous and sometimes unavoidably painful proximity to it.

A Tornado of High Explosive

The lifting of the barrage from the actual enemy trench and dugout area meant in the old days, when the curtain of fire moved with less uncanny precision and the infantry followed less closely on its heels, that the Hun machine gunners would come out of their underground shelters and open on the advancing troops. Drum fire is growing increasingly more terrible. The days of strain that usually precede an attack leave their mark on the stoutest *Boche*.

Even should a couple of Huns survive the tornado of high explosive and come into the air with their quick-firer as the barrage passes toward their rear, the attacking platoons, under the new régime, are upon the *Boches* before they can take breath. Many of the Huns at Vimy and at Messines peeked over the top of their ruined hiding places as the barrage lifted, only to find that Mills bombs were descending thereabouts like rain, that a fine big Canadian or British Tommy or kilted Scot or yelling Irishman was standing close at hand, with a Lewis gun slung to his hip, spraying bullets about as a gardener might spray water with a garden hose. Bayonets are there, too, in plenty; and the Hun has shown an unusual amount of respect for the British cold steel since the beginning of the war. In this he is wise, for bayonet work seems to come naturally to the English soldier.

Of the work through which the new American soldier will have to go before he can take part in an actual charge I can speak more freely, though I might say in passing that the following advice has been most carefully compiled at a divisional headquarters in France, and subjected to the scrutiny of the censor before it crossed the channel. No censorship can be too strict.

To the uninitiated it would perhaps appear that no preparation is really necessary for an attack. That the men, after living for months in trenches, would be so glad to get out of them that one would only have to fire a pistol or say "Go!" That is where the uninitiated would be hopelessly wrong. Experience has proved that the more used a man gets to trenches the less inclination he has to leave them and go over the open.

In addition, trench life makes men totally unfit for active operations. In a trench a man gets no exercise. His condition after a fortnight's tour of duty is frequently appalling. Consequently he must be taken out and allowed to stretch himself, to play active games and to get the stiffness out of his joints generally, and all this quite apart from the actual martial training for operations of a kind he has forgotten all about.

With absolutely new troops this training is equally necessary, but new troops start with the great advantage that the trench idea has not become fixed in their minds.

The attack preparations start way back in the dim distance at the strategical fountainhead and filter through all the various headquarters down to the private soldier. They take cognizance of not only infantry but artillery, engineers, medical corps, aircraft, and every branch of the army—including, in a big show, the cavalry.

Of all these the infantry plays a not-to-be-despised part in the finished production. Guns and mortars may smash a position, machine guns splash lead all over it, planes circle above it and drop bombs, but it is the humble foot slogger who actually takes the place by going over and sitting on it.

The composition of a platoon comprises every infantry weapon. There is one section each of Lewis gunners, bombers, rifle grenadiers and riflemen, whose proficiency with the bayonet may have opportunity of demonstration. The platoon, therefore, is a self-contained unit; and the training of a battalion in the British formation becomes simply the training of sixteen platoons.

Training for an Attack

At least a fortnight is the minimum time necessary for the training of a normal battalion for an attack. For the first three days little is done but encouraging the men to shake off trench stiffness. The work consists chiefly of physical training, bayonet fighting, active games and recreation, with now and then a brief, bright and brotherly lecture to impress the men with the fact that war is not necessarily the same thing as trenches. This part of the training is most essential, for the attainment or non-attainment of good feeling and camaraderie may make or mar the whole of the subsequent work.

Given a feeling of well-being, health and fitness, training proper commences on the fourth day. This consists of the instruction of each specialist section in the use of its own arm. What is wanted, not only in the section but equally in the company and battalion, is plentiful instruction in tactical handling and little in mechanism. If a man can throw a bomb accurately for thirty-five yards he need not know much about the size and shape of the striker. A Lewis gunner who can bring up and fire his gun without being seen is of infinitely more use in a "schemozzle" than one who can repeat accurately the famous details regarding the peculiar orbit of the boss on the feed-arm-actuating-stud.

When trenches become untenable Lewis gunners nowadays have an added responsibility. They are supposed to conserve their weapons and themselves, which sometimes means exercising considerable ingenuity in the discovery and selection of a sheltering shell hole well to the front—in fact, farther forward than most folk would imagine. Each platoon must be taken out into the country and shown that ground is not merely country but a marvelous combination of contours, the knowledge and use of which mean success or failure.

If there is time each section should know something of the weapons of the other sections, but a specialist must always be most special with his own arm and not be converted into "a giddy harum-frodite." When the sections are able to manage their arms without their arms managing them the platoon is reassembled and the sections shown how to combine their efforts. This is where the platoon commander really comes into his own, for he can feel that his platoon is truly his, ready to carry out his wishes, a complete unit able to tackle almost anything; and it rests with him whether the platoon is to prove valuable or useless. The men are the best judges. They seldom make mistakes in their estimates. In training, their supreme denunciation is expressed in the exasperated "He dunno what he wants himself!" and their highest compliment is a satisfied and weary "He's all right!"

All training, but especially platoon training, has to be "swotted up." Disaster lies

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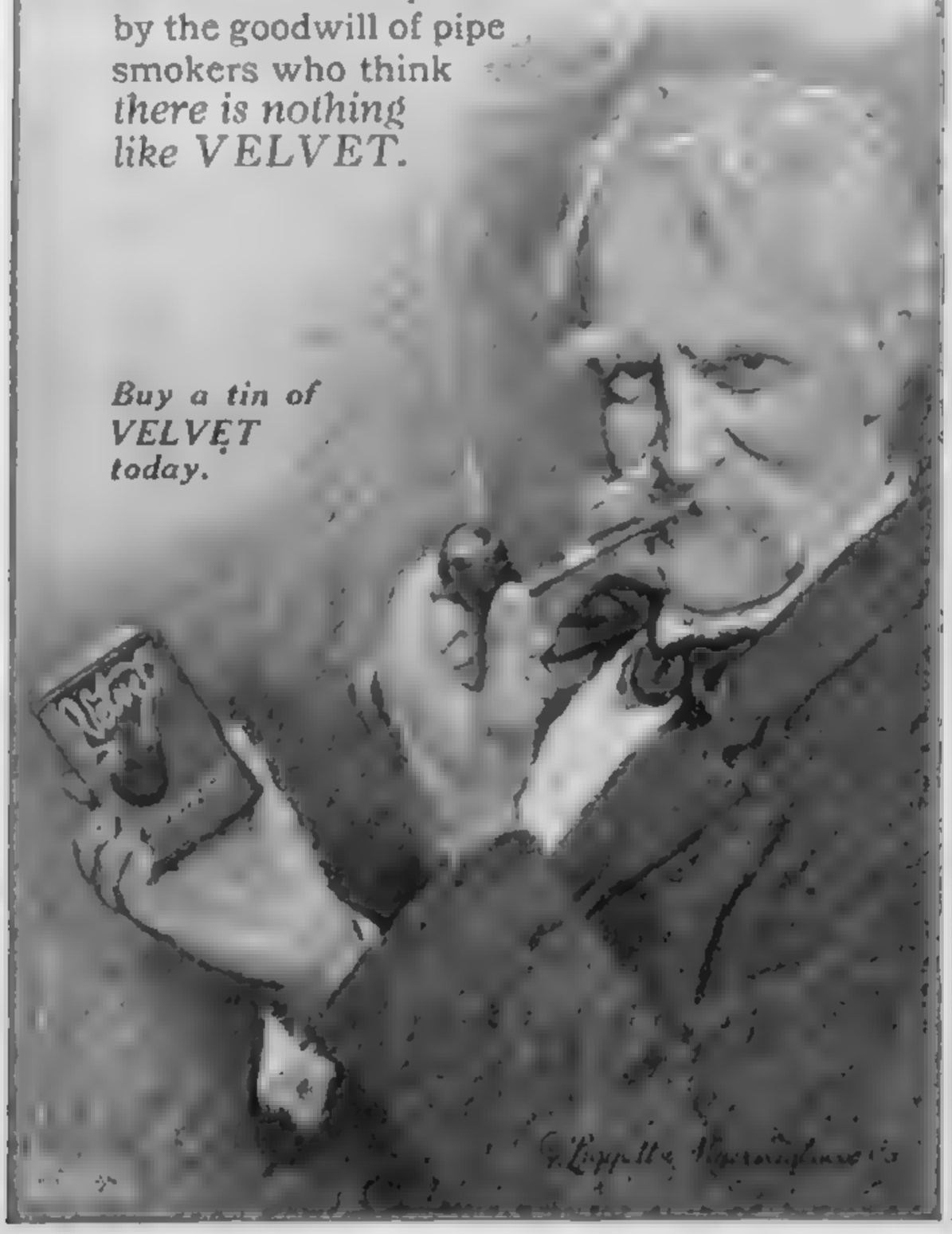

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in front of the officer who goes out in the morning with the idea of doing something with the men out there. He must know exactly what, where and when his training is going to be and not forget the fact that the men possess healthy appetites to be satisfied somewhere about midday. He must not coddle the men. He must not unreservedly damn them. Success lies between the two, and has to be discovered, not taught.

After about four days' platoon training the company is reassembled, and the platoon commander finds himself in receipt of orders, frequently brief and vague, and is called upon to use his platoon to carry them out. This is good for the platoon and excellent for the junior officer. In three or four days the company commander finds that he can issue orders with full knowledge of the manner in which each platoon will act upon them.

Battalion training follows that of the company, and the attack begins to take visible shape. Strange creatures known as moppers-up appear, followed by Vickers—machine-gun—sections and Stokes—trench-mortar—units. The battalion is introduced to a line of flags that represents the artillery barrage, which must be closely followed but treated with the greatest respect. The man who was in danger of becoming bored with the whole thing finds a new interest in the proceedings and decides that this is some show, sure enough, takes imaginary hostile trenches with a rush and a yell, and returns to his barn at night feeling as though he had himself, unaided, won the war.

It is usual in France now to practice the attack of a whole brigade combined, if time permits. This undoubtedly helps to weld the attack together.

Finally the fed-up, tired individual who left the trenches a fortnight before returns wearing his cap in a more jaunty manner, singing, full of beans and of offensive spirit, confident in himself and his leaders, ready to go over the top at any time and to do with a will anything he may be called upon to do.

What most Englishmen expect to find in the new American soldier, to judge from frequent conversations with British officers, is initiative and sound common sense. They will watch closely for evidences of good discipline. They have seen Canadian troops absorb discipline and become well-trained units in a comparatively short time, and know something of the sort of fighting man the American is likely to make.

In Front of Wieltje

The First Canadian Division won laurels one morning in April, 1915, by an action that showed clearly the great military value of individual initiative in the private soldier. That is the quality which was one of the predominant factors in making British generals think the Australian and New Zealand soldiers who were under their commands—and lost—at the Dardanelles the finest fighting men that had at that time been produced in the great world war. The Canadians were in dugouts in front of Wieltje and west of St. Julien, in the Ypres salient. Some of the Canadians were unaware of the gas attack the Hun had launched against the French, the first gas attack of the war, until the Germans had driven the French well back and come on after them to such close quarters that the gray lines were clearly visible to the surprised Canadian eyes.

Grabbing rifles and ammunition pouches, with no time for company or battalion formation, officers and men rushed toward the advancing lines of Huns and, seeking such cover as could be found, opened a fierce fire at short range. The natural, inborn individual fighting spirit of men raised in the open—men to whose hands the rifle was no stranger—met the situation with such instinctive cohesion of action that the Huns were driven back and the line saved.

Many of the lessons of the war may be so clearly stated that a man of common sense can grasp them at once. For instance, before the war a trench line was sought in a position that commanded a good field of fire—that is, one that had in front of it as much open ground as possible. This war soon taught that the most important item in the selection of a trench position was the extent to which the line could be hidden from the enemy gunners. The space commanded by the occupants of the trench and the nature of the terrain were secondary to the cardinal point of keeping the trenches well out of sight of enemy observers.

Thus engineers might, years ago, select a hilltop as a trench position, the line commanding the receding slope to the valley below. After the experience of the greatest of all wars, they would preferably place it fifty yards behind the summit. More than fifty yards of field of fire is desirable, but not absolutely necessary. A fifty-yard space can be so covered with wire entanglements as sufficiently to delay an attacking enemy.

Deep, narrow trenches, with traverses to restrict the area of damage from shells bursting in the actual trench and to protect from enfilade fire, are demanded by the newer conditions, but great care has to be taken that they should not be constructed in ground of so soft a nature that howitzer fire can demolish them too easily. We found it possible sometimes to select trench lines that could be well concealed, but which, if taken by the enemy, would be under perfect observation from our own gunners and by them rendered untenable for the Huns.

Mock pessimism at the Front is always in evidence. A subaltern of an infantry battalion that had long occupied the Ploegsteert trenches paid a visit to a brother officer in another division, which had been marooned in the Kemmel trenches for what had seemed an interminable period.

"You will notice," said the Kemmel man, "my men are planting daffodils on the parapets to hide 'em. We hope to have the line quite invisible in the course of time."

"Humph!" replied he of Ploegsteert. "You are a lot of blooming optimists. My men have planted acorns in front of our ditch!"

Friends and Allies

An experienced officer of the British artillery sent me a few lines not long ago that may interest the American gunners-to-be.

"You have asked me to give you some notes from the gunner's point of view," he wrote, "which may be of use and interest to American gunners when entering on their first experience of trench warfare.

"I suspect that the first shock which awaits the American gunner is the discovery of how small a part shooting plays in his daily life. On an average day the personnel of a battery—one hundred and ninety-nine in all—is employed roughly as follows: forty men on the guns and telephones—four per gun detachment is fairly generous; fifty-seven men in the horse lines; say another thirty to include officers and their servants, cooks, saddlers and other employed men; and the remaining seventy-two are in all probability digging. They may be digging gun pits or potato patches, but it is not long before the gunner finds that the spade is mightier than the gun.

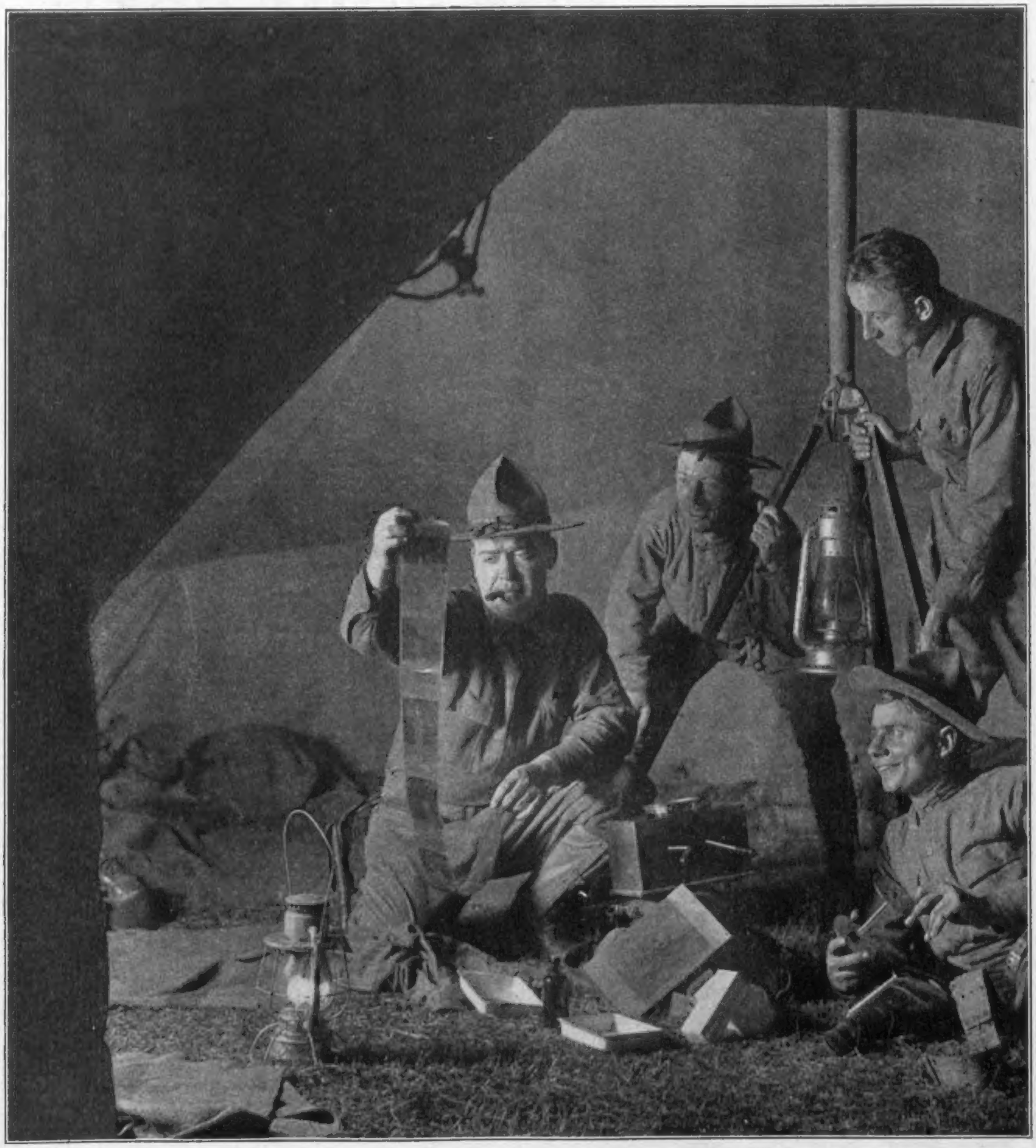
"I am under the impression that the troops from overseas have not accepted this prosaic point of view, and still cling to the outworn creed that the soldier's duty is to kill his enemy, and to devote his periods of leisure from his legitimate occupation to such amusement as his fancy bids. He certainly excels in either rôle. But they are red-letter days on which Huns are killed in bulk.

"From some standpoints it is impossible to advise the newcomer to trench warfare. Along some lines he must buy his experience like everybody else. A volume of morals and maxims might be written. I suggest two: The reward for misplaced heroism is a court-martial. That should be written up in every O. P.—observation post—and gun pit. It is misplaced heroism to show yourself in your O. P. or when approaching it. The loss of your own unworthy person matters little. The loss of your O. P. matters much.

"Again: The Hun is not the fool you think him. Well-trodden tracks leading to six rectangles, with defined shadows, will suggest to a hostile airman an occupied battery position. Slope the walls of your gun pits and carry the tracks well past the position, and you may live happily and undisturbed for months.

"Exercise of the imagination will save from the greater follies of trench warfare. A well-developed sense of humor will relieve its greater tedium. The American soldier will arrive in France well equipped with both, and may create a new school on the Western Front. If he will combine with all this the accumulated experience of those who have fought here for long months and the discipline of the old army, he will be a valued ally and a welcome friend."

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Coleman. The third will appear in an early number.



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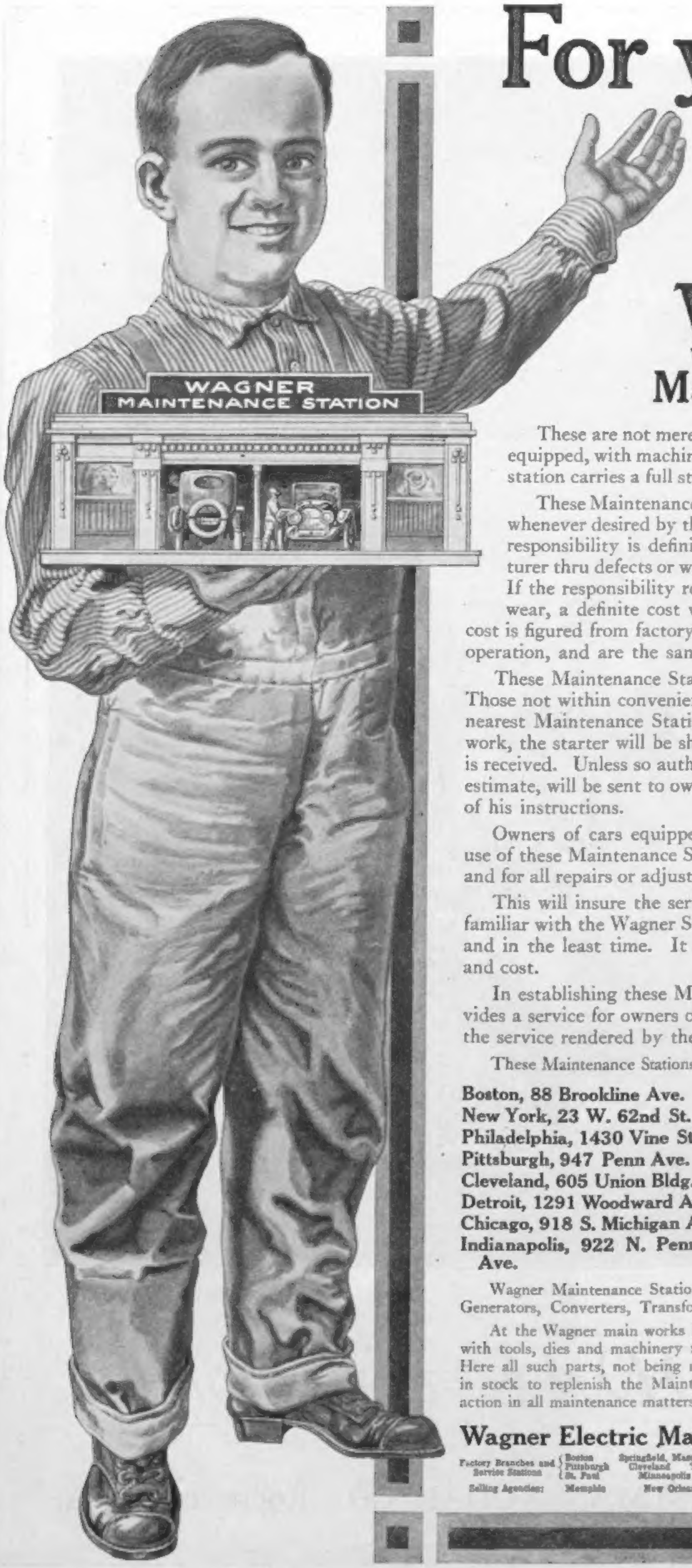

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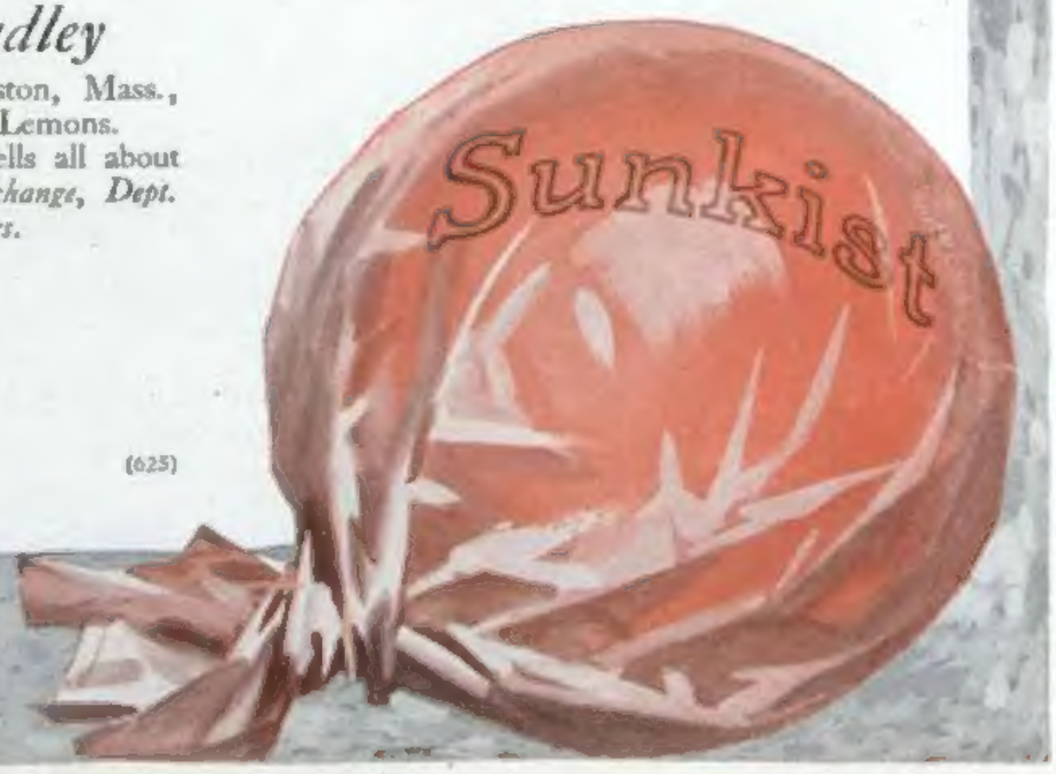

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